May, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

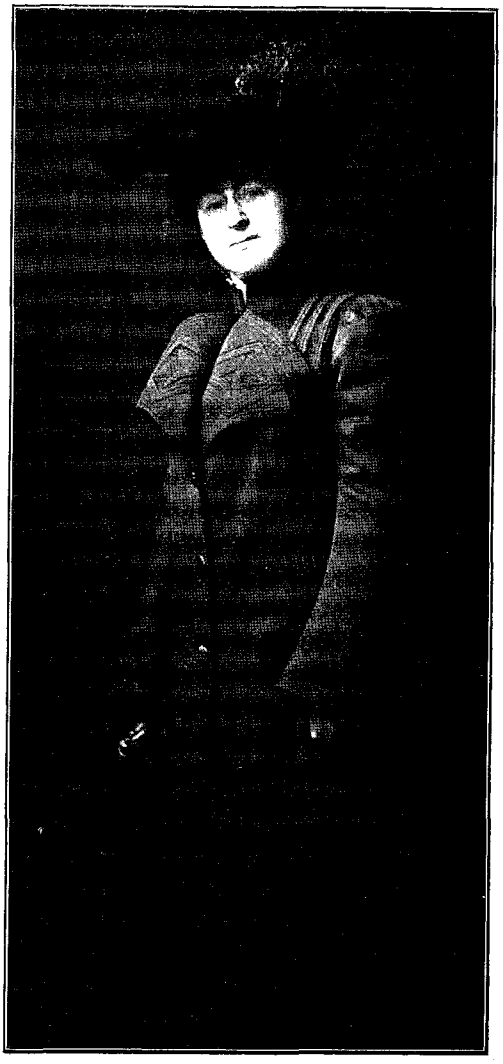
A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.*" Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Miss Miriam Michelson

Miss Miriam Michelson, whose fascinating novel, *In the Bishop's Carriage,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a Californian by birth, and still makes her home in San Francisco. In that city she began to write on special assignments for the newspapers and later as a dramatic critic. Afterward, she spent two years in Philadelphia, where she was a member of the staff of the *North American,* finding time also to write for the magazines. Her short stories have been invariably successful and have attracted much attention; so that, two years ago, she dropped newspaper writing altogether and gave her whole time to purely literary work. *In the Bishop's Carriage* is her first novel, and it shows in every page and every line a natural gift cultivated and trained by intelligent effort. The *Century* has already accepted the manuscript of a second book, which is, we believe, to appear first in serial form. Miss Michelson is an accomplished linguist and has travelled much, both of which facts serve partly to explain alike the attractiveness of her style and the breadth and sympathy of her understanding. It is a long time since we came upon the work of a new writer of so much promise.



MIRIAM MICHELSON.

Literary Bachelors and Benedicts

Mr. Stewart Edward White has just gone over to the ranks of the benedicts, and there are now comparatively few American authors of national reputation who are still bachelors, even among the younger men. A few years ago it

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was different, but one by one the writers have been drifting away from Bohemia —if one may use that word merely as a figure of speech—and single blessedness, and now you must go up and down the list of those whose novels are to be found among the "best sellers" with a very careful scrutiny before you can find the names of the two or three men who have not yet taken unto themselves spouses. And the contagion seems also to be rapidly spreading to the women who write.

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As to Mr. White. Years ago, when he was in college, his athletic education was under the supervision of a trainer who has since turned his talents to a variety of occupations and has finally become a bookmaker at one of the racetracks not far from New York City. The other day on the street he met Mr. T. Gilbert White, the brother of the author, and they began to talk of old times.

"And what is Stewart doing now?" asked the man of sporting proclivities.

"Oh," replied Mr. Gilbert White, "Stewart has taken to making books."

The other's face spread in a smile of perfect sympathy and understanding.

"That so? Say, that's fine. And what circuit is he on?"

GILBERT WHITE.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
Quelling a Riot.

Mr. Gilbert White has had a success as a portrait painter which falls but little short of that won by his brother in literature. He has been represented by a number of pictures at the Paris Salon, where a portrait painter must be very good to get any chance at all, as everything else takes precedence of portraits. Nevertheless for one person who knows anything about his work there are a hundred who are familiar with the work of his elder brother, and in consequence Gilbert's personality is overshadowed in a manner that is at times a little trying to fraternal affection. The other evening he was at a little reception, and, as "Mr. White," attracted no particular attention. Quite casually some one happened to mention his relationship to the author of *The Blazed Trail,* and in an instant he found himself surrounded by a bevy of excited and enthusiastic women.

"So you are Stewart Edward White's brother?" they gushed.

"I am not," he retorted defiantly.

"But we were told you were."

"It is not so. The fact is, Stewart Edward White is *my* brother."

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The Author of The Darrow Enigma

Mr. Melvin L. Severy, the author of *The Darrow Enigma*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, claims attention not merely because he has written a detective story which is very much out of the ordinary, but because he confesses to a variety of interests and occupations which is absolutely unprecedented in our experience. We are printing his own account of his career just as he put it down, because to expand or alter it in any way would be to paint the lily. "I was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, August 5th, 1863," he writes, "and resided in that town until my sixth year, when I went to Walpole, Massachusetts, where I lived until I was fourteen, since which time I have lived in Boston and suburbs. I began the study of law, but discontinued it on account of my health. Gave three years to the study of art and subsequently taught and lectured upon its various subjects. Followed the stage, off and on, for a matter of ten years, doing stenographic and literary work between seasons. Have written about a dozen plays, published a collection of short stories, a scientific work, edited a Boston paper for

MELVIN L. SEVERY.

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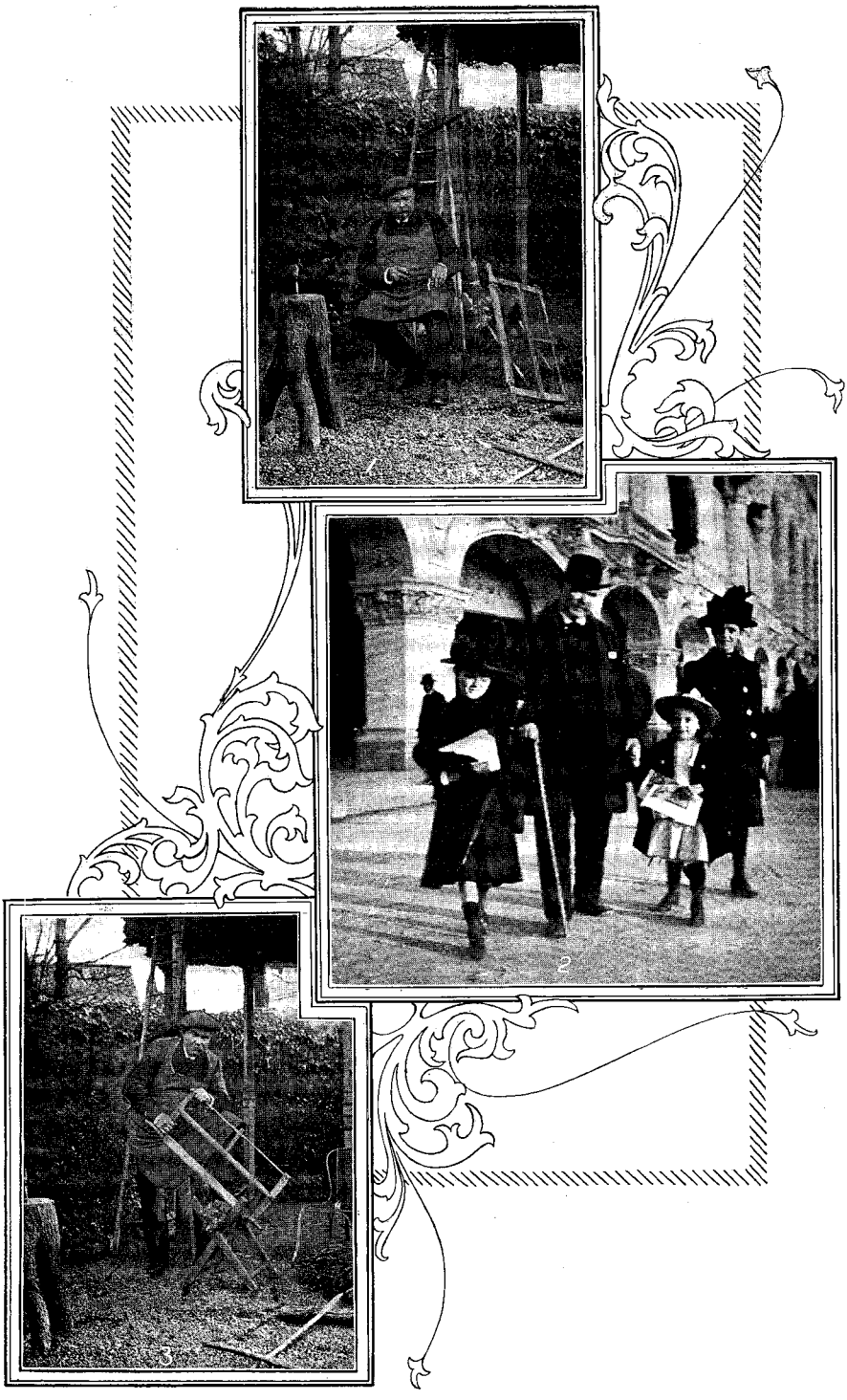

FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF CHARLES WAGNER.
I. In His Workshop. II. Out for a Walk. III. In His Workshop.

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FAMILIAR GLIMPSES OF CHARLES WAGNER.
I. His Children. II. Maison, femme et enfants. III. En route. IV. Father and Daughter.

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

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MRS. MACKAY.

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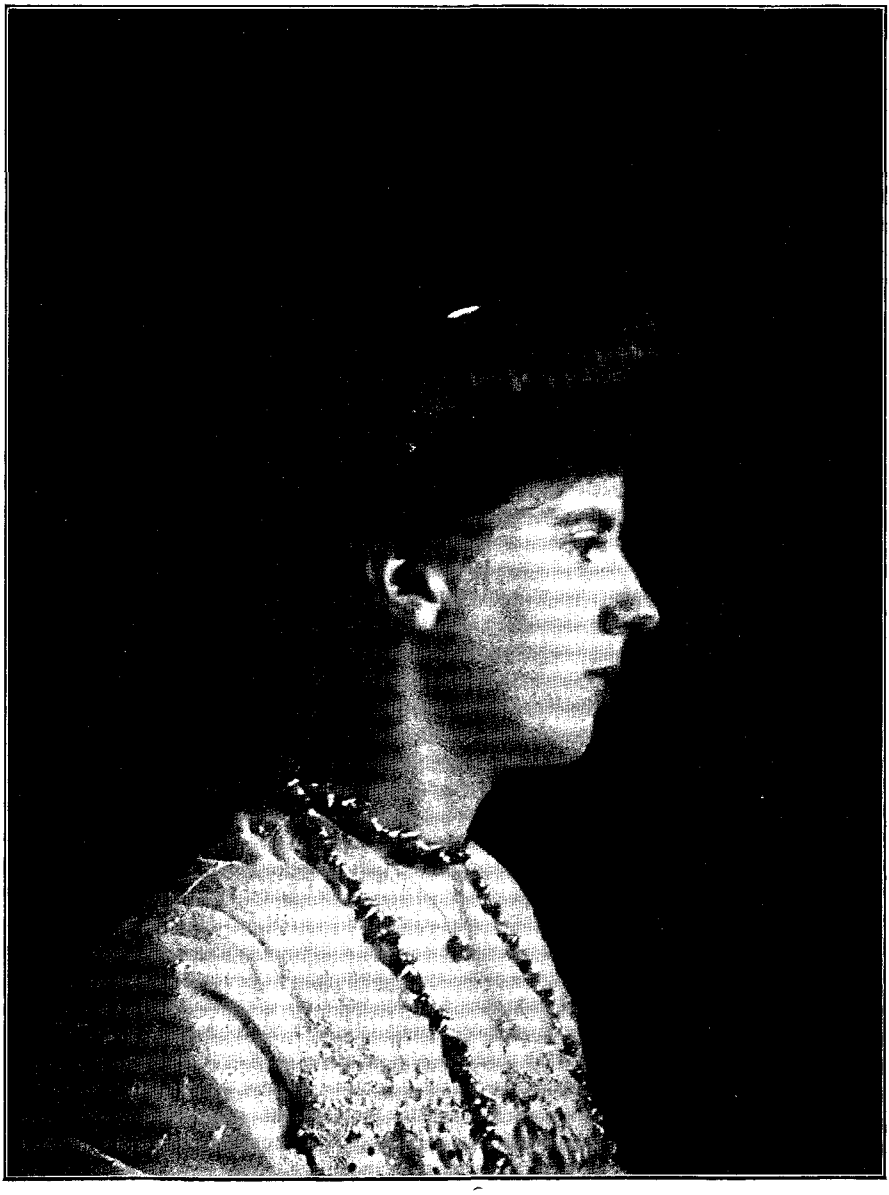
a time, also a monthly magazine, and did more or less special work on a Boston daily. Have written a considerable number of sociological articles for a Chicago weekly, besides odd articles for them and the general press. Have from boyhood been a student of science and an inventor. Have taken out between one and two hundred American and foreign patents upon a variety of inventions. In 1898, delivered two addresses before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, and demonstrated a new process of printing invented by me, and for which I was awarded the John Scott Medal given by the city of Philadelphia upon the recommendation of the Franklin Institute. I am now, with the assistance of my associates, engaged in perfecting an invention destined, we believe, to revolutionise tone production. This is known as the 'Choralcelo.' For the past two years painting has been my chief source of recreation."



MARGERY WILLIAMS.

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Miss Margery Williams

When the readers of *The Price of Youth* discovered that its author was a young English girl, they could scarcely believe the assertion. That book is so intimately and locally American in its scenes, its people, and its New Jersey dialect, as to make such an authorship appear impossible. Nevertheless, this is the case, and it justifies us in regarding the novel as a *tour de force* equal to that of Kipling in *Captains Courageous.* Indeed, Miss Williams's Jerseymen and Jerseywomen are actually truer to the life than were Kipling's Cape Ann fishermen; for dwellers upon Cape Ann have always declared that there are flaws in the dialect of *Captains Courageous.* Miss Williams is twenty-two years of age, and has spent several of those years in this country; yet no casual residence here could enable her to reproduce so perfectly not only American provincial types but American provincial atmosphere, were she not a sensitive artist *jusqu'au bout des ongles.* We are glad to be able to gratify our readers and hers with her portrait.

Sir Edwin Arnold

Sir Edwin Arnold's death has naturally led the critics to write new appreciations of the one poem by which he secured a transient and yet brilliant popularity just twenty-five years ago. A rather clever snap judgment has been passed upon the book in styling it "journalism in verse"; but this is somewhat more witty than fair. Sir Edwin was, after all, by training and also by virtue of hard study, a scholar. He had acquired a sense of form from the Greek which he had read at Oxford. He had saturated himself with Orientalism during his life in India, where for six years he was principal of the Government College at Poona. He had a really unusual knowledge of Buddhism and of the sacred texts, and something in his nature made the native side of Indian life appeal very strongly to him. In a less degree he was an English Oriental, just as Edward Henry Palmer was an English Oriental—not by birth and race, but by sympathy and instinct. This is what made *The Light of Asia* something more than "journalism in verse." Those who read it were able to enter, if ever so little, into the spirit of that philosophy which belongs so peculiarly to the East and which nevertheless has a subtle fascination for many of us Westerners who are wearied and repelled by the clash and whirl and fruitless turmoil of our modern life. Sir Edwin, in fact, wrote at precisely the psychological moment when a great surge of intellectual curiosity was setting towards the East. This curiosity was gratified while at the same time the imagination was touched by what Sir Edwin wrote, and his subject had the freshness and charm of novelty. The freshness and the novelty have now worn off; and when we go back to-day and read *The Light of Asia* we fail to feel that which its early readers felt. The poem, so far as concerns its style and manner, is much too fluent; indeed, at times it is more than fluent, it is fluid. Its author wrote too easily. One who composes as Arnold did, in a railway train while going back and forth each day between his office and his home, cannot expect to leave behind him lines that will live in the memory or thoughts so perfectly expressed as to be admitted into the world's anthology of what is really best. Perhaps much of the effectiveness of the poem came from the unconscious incorporation into it of what other men had written many years before. Thus such a line as

"Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain"

is an undoubted reminiscence of Macaulay's ballad; while such phrases as "exceedingly sorrowful" possess great dignity and impressiveness,—only they are not Sir Edwin Arnold's, but belong rather to the translators of the King James Bible. Perhaps the truest poetry that Arnold ever wrote is to be found, not in *The Light of Asia,* but in the string of richly Oriental compositions which make up his *Pearls of the Faith.*

The War and the Newspapers

The Russo-Japanese war has so far proved very trying to the nerves of journalists all over the world. Immense sums have been spent in cablegrams, while the amount of actual news obtained has been of microscopic proportions.

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Even now, nobody really knows what has actually happened in the East, except in the most sketchy sort of a way; and yet the amount of cabling already done has probably been as expensive as that which told the story of the Franco-Prussian war from its beginning to its end. It was very clever of the Japanese to welcome all the war correspondents to Tokio with a bland pretense of sending them directly to the front, and then to box them all up safely where they could not possibly find out anything at all. The number of coolies, interpreters, guides, pack-animals, and ponies that have been eating their heads off at the expense of English and American newspapers must be enormous. So far as we have observed, the New York *Times* has easily scored on all its rivals by going in with its London namesake and sharing the expense of a special dispatch-boat and a wireless telegraphic plant. This combination has resulted in the most coherent series of dispatches that have so far come from the Far East. The newspaper artists, on the other hand, have drawn freely on their imaginations. The public has been treated to a most wonderful group of marine pictures in which Russian and Japanese battleships are shown pouring broadsides into each other at the very moderate distance of ten yards or thereabouts. When we consider that most of this fighting was really done at a range of several miles, these pictures pass into the category of the comic. An accurate illustration of a modern naval battle would represent a vast expanse of sea with a few very small smudges scattered about in the horizon. *Collier's Weekly* has been the only publication to secure photographic illustrations that show things as they actually looked.

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Our National Airs

It seems to be an established fact that the American national air *par excellence* is henceforth to be the *Star Spangled Banner*. The Army regulations have for some time recognised this as the air to be played by regimental bands at the lowering and raising of the national colours; and now Secretary Moody has established the same rule in the Navy. This is quite as it should be, since the *Star Spangled Banner* is the most spirited and stirring of all the patriotic airs which are known to all Americans. It matters not that the music is of English origin. As President Lincoln said of *Dixie*, we have fairly captured it and may consider it our own by right of conquest. Whenever it is played in any part of the world, those who hear it and are thrilled by it think of just one thing, and that is of the flag —the symbol of all that is sacred and inspiring to a true American. There is no reason for complaining, as some have done, that *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle* have now been thrust aside. A country may have many national airs while recognising only one of them as being preëminently *the* national air. *Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, The Red, White and Blue, Dixie, Rally Round the Flag, John Brown's Body,* and *Marching Through Georgia* will always be immensely popular at patriotic gatherings; but it is only when we hear the strains of the *Star Spangled Banner* that we shall bare our heads and stand while it is being played, as the English do when they listen to *God Save the King,* and as they never do for their other patriotic songs, such as *Rule Brittania, The British Grenadiers,* and *Soldiers of the King.*

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John Brown's Body

Mr. Louis C. Elson, in his lately published *History of American Music,* has something to say about *John Brown's Body* which is quite new to us. According to Mr. Elson, this immensely popular song, which has a swing to it that makes you think at once of a regiment on the march, did not originally refer to old John Brown of Ossawatomie. This history of the song is bound up in that of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, known as "the Tigers," and originally commanded by Col. Fletcher Webster, a son of the great Daniel. Mr. Elson takes up the story as follows:

> One day, while the regiment was still at Fort Warren, Captain Halgreen heard two new recruits from Maine, in the throes of homesickness, most mournfully singing the hymn, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" He was struck by the melody, and taught it to some of "the Tigers." It spread like wildfire, and at once became a camp-tune. As there was no rhyme or complex construction to the words,

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the men soon found that they could add their own improvisations to the tune, a fact which made it all the more popular. Meanwhile Gilmore, who frequently came to the fort with his band, caused his men to "vamp" the tune (that is, to improvise harmonies to it), and often accompanied the singing of it. The words grew chiefly about a good-natured Scot named John Brown, who had enlisted in the regiment; and all the allusions to "John Brown" are merely rough fun made out of the similarity of names, and are not tributes to the celebrated hero of Ossawatomie and Harper's Ferry. They often sang the musical jests standing around their companion, who took all their fun good-naturedly. This John Brown afterwards lost his life trying to swim a river during a retreat of the Union forces. . . . And now came the moment when the camp-song was to become national property. Fletcher Webster's regiment was called to the front. As the men crossed Boston Common on their way to the old Providence depot, they sang their camp-song, one thousand strong, with a band supporting the harmony. Boston went wild over it that day. The next morning in New York, the regiment was halted on Broadway, and there again they sang their song amid the wildest frenzy of the public. It mattered little that the people could not fully comprehend the words, the tune was one of the "swingiest" of marches, the whole affair was redolent of the camp, and "Glory Hallelujah" was sung by the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment from city to city, from camp to camp, until it became national.

The American Newspaper Series

In this issue of THE BOOKMAN we are printing "The European Correspondent," the third in the series of papers on "The American Newspaper." The article is from the pen of Mr. Edward A. Dithmar, the well-known critic and journalist, who is now the editor of the New York *Times Saturday Review*. Mr. Dithmar undertook a few years ago the task of thoroughly reorganising the news service of the New York *Times* in various European capitals, and was for some time himself engaged in the work of a European correspondent. The fourth paper in the series, to be published in the June number, will deal with the New Journalism, or as a great many prefer to call it, the Yellow Journalism. This is a subject which just now is of paramount interest and importance, and in the pages of THE BOOKMAN it will be analysed and discussed by its most brilliant living exponent, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The fifth paper, appearing in our magazine for July, between the two great national conventions, will very fittingly deal with "The Newspaper and Politics." The author of this article is Mr. Edward Riggs, of the New York *Sun*, the president of the "Amen Corner," and probably the most widely known writer on politics in this country. This paper will tell of national conventions, of presidential inaugurations, and will be filled with anecdotes of famous politicians and statesmen and bits of the secret history of our political life during the last twenty years. The paper for August will treat of "The Reporter." It will be written by Mr. Edward W. Townsend, who had a singularly eventful journalistic career in San Francisco and in New York before he became widely known through his creation of Chimmie Fadden. An idea of the scope and interest of this series is suggested by Mr. Anderson's article on "The War Correspondent," and Mr. Lefèvre's article on "The Newspaper and Wall Street," which appeared respectively in the March and April numbers.

Softly Come and Softly Go

About a year ago we noted the interesting fact that the name of W. M. Laffan had quietly appeared at the head of the New York *Sun's* editorial columns. We likewise remarked that the circumstance had not received a single line of comment in any New York newspaper. Now we observe that the name of W. M. Laffan has been silently eliminated, and that the *Sun's* contemporaries maintain this same mysterious silence. Of a verity, the occult processes of New York journalism are tortuous and inscrutable.

Mark Twain at Ebb Tide

There is something unutterably pathetic about a book like Mark Twain's *Extracts from Adam's Diary*. It shows just how far a man who was once a great humourist can fall. We thought when we read *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story* that Mark Twain could do no worse. But we were wrong. The other book may have been more ridiculous; but this one is more pitiable. We glance at the paper wrapper; we see the advertisement of the "Complete Works of Mark Twain"; we read the titles: *The Adventures of*

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Huckleberry Finn, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras, Life on the Mississippi, The Gilded Age, The Innocents Abroad, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, and we remember a man who through the sheer strength and originality of his genius won the world's laughter. Then we read *Extracts from Adam's Diary.* Had these Extracts been written by a man without a great name, no amount of "pull" or adroit argument would have enabled him to palm them off on a first-class metropolitan daily as "Sunday Special" matter.

Burnand and Bosh

Books like Sir Frank Burnand's recently published *Records and Reminiscences* have the effect of hardening the literary conscience. The fact that probably in not one line of the volume has the editor of *Punch* departed one iota from the actual facts, leads us to regard truth and accuracy with less respect. The book is honest, but it is so unutterably priggish and dull that we find ourselves thinking with great kindliness of the gorgeous "whoppers" with which the elder Dumas used to fill his volumes of travel, and the filched anecdotes which the late Albert Vandam crammed into that amusing fake *An Englishman in Paris.* At least they succeeded in entertaining us; whereas Sir Frank Burnand has proved himself only a bore. Here is a man who for years has sat at the *Punch* table, who has rubbed elbows with every one worth while in literary, musical and artistic England, and yet can find nothing more interesting to write about than himself. With perfect gravity he fills page after page with unimportant details of his boyhood, and the record of his own personal sayings and thoughts. If he takes you to the Garrick Club or the Cider Cellar and falls in with Thackeray, he never lets you forget that it is with Sir Frank Burnand with whom the book has to do.

Mr. Herford and The "Cycle"

After an absence of a year or two Mr. Oliver Herford came back from England recently, his head filled with innumerable ideas for the dissemination of American humour in particular and the elevation of American literature in general. Among other things, he concluded that it would be an excellent idea to publish a magazine of his own and straightway enthusiastically set to work mapping out the plan and purpose of such a periodical. By the time that he had decided what the contents of the magazine should be the idea had assumed such tangible form that it dawned upon him that it would be an excellent thing to have some advertising. That would help in carrying along the first two numbers until the day when the world awoke to a proper appreciation of the magnitude of its new blessing. So he straightway rushed off to the offices of a reputable and conservative magazine —let us call it *The Cycle*—to which he had been a frequent contributor, and assembling the editors in solemn conclave pointed out to them the inestimable benefits they would derive from advertising in the new publication. Now, the editors in question are gentlemen of the utmost courtesy and tact. They pointed out diplomatically that the future of such a magazine would be, to say the least, exceedingly hazardous. They hemmed and hawed, endeavouring to dissuade him. But he was not to be dissuaded. Finally they resorted to the *argumentum ad hominem.* "In addition," they urged, "there are temperamental difficulties. Undoubtedly you are enthusiastic now, but it seems to us that two weeks or three weeks, or four weeks hence you probably will have tired of the idea and then, of course, there will be no magazine." "Gentlemen," retorted Mr. Herford with the utmost suavity, "that does not follow in the least. Years ago I became tired of *The Cycle.* Yet, gentlemen, *The Cycle* still exists."

Chimmie Fadden Returns

Probably not one in ten of the readers of the tales dealing with the experiences and philosophy of Chimmie Fadden have paused to realise that underlying the droll utterances and phraseology there is a story, or, in fact, several stories of human interest. It is in this respect that Chimmie differs radically from his Chicago rival, Mr. Martin Dooley. Once upon a time Mr. Dooley came over from Ireland and set up his saloon in the Archey Road. Since then he has had his friends and cronies. He has mixed in ward politics, and taken a

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keen interest in those immediately about him as well as in the broader questions of war and peace and the Philippines and the Census and Race Suicide, but about himself he has no story to tell. Chimmie, on the other hand, not only has views on life to express, but he himself has lived as well. He has been a philosopher, but he has been a lover, a husband, and a father as well, and these rôles have played as much a part in his existence as has the task of opening "small bots" for Mr. Paul or escorting His Whiskers and friend from Boston to the masquerade ball of the Roseleaf Outing and Life Saving Association.

Five or six of these books have appeared since Chimmie made his first bow to the public in the columns of the New York *Sun,* and in the course of these volumes a great deal has happened to people of higher social standing than Chimmie and the Duchess. When the late Charles A. Dana asked for an explanation of the extraordinary popularity of a series of sketches which he had regarded, in spite of its merit, as being merely fugitive, Mr. Townsend ascribed it to the unspoken love of Chimmie Fadden and of Mr. Paul for Miss Fannie. That this argument was sound was very quickly shown by the number of protests which came to the author for marrying his heroine to the unsympathetic Burton instead of to Chimmie's amiable and thirsty counsellor and friend. In the course of subsequent volumes, Mr. Townsend remedied all that. Burton was conveniently disposed of, and after a brief period of widowhood Miss Fannie took unto herself a second spouse, this time the right one. Here and there in some of the later volumes there has been lacking something of the spontaneity and humour of the first. That, however, cannot be said of the little book which came from the press a few weeks ago. *Sure* is not only as good a Chimmie Fadden book as any which has preceded it—in some respects it is a great deal better, and makes one rather skeptical over Mr. Townsend's avowed intention that it shall be the last. We recall no papers dealing with the little Bowery boy that have been more brimful of genuine humour than "It is to Laugh" and "The Ambitions of Kiddie Fadden," the two with which the present volume closes. They go far to confirm our opinion of the high place which Chimmie Fadden as well as Mr. Martin Dooley holds in modern American humour.

M. Brunetière's Latest Work

Lovers and students of French literature will be pleased to hear that M. Brunetière has at last begun the publication of his long announced exhaustive history of French literature. The work will consist of five volumes, dealing not with the whole literary productions of the French, but only with the period from 1515 to 1830. The author thus leaves out the mediæval period, which every one knows he is not fully competent to treat, and the more recent period, which is not sufficiently remote to admit of a thoroughly historical handling. His subject, moreover, presents itself to his mind as constituting, as it were, a complete literary drama or episode, the divisions of which might be called the formation, the triumph, and the disruption of the classical ideal. The title of the work is *Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique,* and the installment already published consists of the first third (240 pages) of the first volume, dealing with *Le Mouvement de la Renaissance.* The authors studied in it are Clément Marot, Rabelais and Calerie. In his preface M. Brunetière almost promises that the whole volume will be complete by February, 1905. The publisher is Charles Delagrave.

Speaking of M. Brunetière, it is said that he just failed to be recommended by the professors in the Collège de France for the chair left vacant by the death of Emile Deschanel. The learned assemblage failed to agree upon any candidate, the chief competitor of M. Brunetière being Prof. Abel Lefranc, who is known by a number of publications on sixteenth century literature. M. Brunetière's failure is ascribed mostly to the opposition and influence of Paul Deschanel, the academician and ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, who has not forgiven the learned critic's severe handling of his father's entertaining, but somewhat shallow, books on seventeenth century authors.

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Literary Slips

Our remarks in the last issue with regard to anachronisms and other slips in the works of contemporaneous novelists have stirred up one or two authors from whom we have received protesting letters. Thus Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., says that the fashionable New York lady described by him in *The One Woman* as having had "supper" or "tea" at seven P.M. was not really "fashionable" at the time when she chose this hour for a light meal. She had been fashionable before that and had plunged madly into the social whirl, but had presently discovered the hollowness of such frivolity and had therefore given it up. Presumably at the same time she changed her dinner hour. We accept Mr. Dixon's explanation and would print his letter in full were it not a little too long for our purpose.

Wordsworth, Roosevelt, and Leupp

We were delighted the other evening, in reading one of Mr. Francis E. Leupp's Washington letters, to come upon the following adorable bit of *naïveté*:

> Wordsworth, like the President, was a writer.

We feel irresistibly impelled to compose a suitable parallel:

> Shakespeare, like Mr. F. E. Leupp, was a writer.

We have also received a letter from Mr. Irving Bacheller which it gives us great pleasure to publish herewith:

To the Editors of The Bookman:

Gentlemen—In your article on the inaccuracy of authors you say:

And we all remember how Mr. Irving Bacheller in *Darrel* made his schoolmaster quote Maeterlinck before that gentleman was born and hang up "chromos" fifty years before they were invented.

You are in error as to the facts and your love of accuracy will make you quick to correct them as follows:

1. No character in *Darrel* "quoted" Maeterlinck.

2. The schoolmaster did not hang up the "chromos."

3. Chromos were not invented fifty years after Darrel hung them as you seem to think. If you had said fifty years *before* Darrel you would have been nearly right, as the art of chromo lithography was invented in 1796. In 1825 chromos were in great demand in America, Pendleton of Boston being then a very large dealer. Of this, Weitenkampf's article on Painter Lithography in *Scribner's Magazine* of the spring of 1903 (was it April?) will give you, I think, all the confirmation you desire.

Kindly make the correction.

Yours cordially,
Irving Bacheller.

With regard to this matter we have merely to say that perhaps we should have used the word "paraphrase" instead of "quote." At any rate, the schoolmaster (in *Darrel of the Blessed Isles*) came so near to quoting Maeterlinck that Mr. Bacheller felt it necessary to insert a foot-note to the effect that the passage was drawn from Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*. As to "chromos," Mr. Bacheller confounds the old chromo-lithographs—always called "lithographs"—with the real chromos, which were first made by photographic process, about 1868-70.

The Tent of Major Marchand

The famous tiara of Saïtaphernes over which the Parisians were laughing so loudly a year ago and out of which came a new and picturesque addition to the argot of the Ville Lumière was a no more successful hoax than the one to which *Le Matin* fell a victim a few weeks ago. The hoax is the more telling because *Le Matin* is one of the shrewdest, most progressive, and yet conservative of Parisian newspapers. The joke refers to the Marchand Mission and has to do with a tent. Some time ago a vast amount of government rubbish was put up for sale, among it being two camp-stools, marked "Mission Marchand," and a tent. The newspaper bought that tent and camp-stools. It paid something over one hundred francs for them and got several thousand francs of advertising out of the bargain by setting up the tent and camp-stools in the office and inviting all Paris to come and look at them and cry: "Vive Marchand and *Le Matin!*" Unfortunately, it soon became known that the tent was quite as unauthentic as the tiara of laughable memory, and that only the camp-stools were the genuine articles. The tent was one that had been used

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in a French expedition to French and Portuguese Guinea, and the thousands of people who had kow-towed to it felt much aggrieved at having been put off with a mere Guinea tent instead of the one wherein Major Marchand and Lord Kitchener sipped champagne in Fashoda.

A Mot of M. Donnay

The Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch* relates an amusing anecdote of M. Maurice Donnay, the well-known French dramatist. Donnay is as inveterate a maker of *mots* as was Aurelien Scholl himself, and much sought after by those foolish folk who keep an album for the autographs and sayings of distinguished people. Dining with Dr. Cristal, a well-known Marseilles physician, the other evening, Donnay was asked for an impromptu quatrain. "Delighted," he said, and, under his host's eye, he wrote—

> Depuis que le Docteur Cristal
> Soigne des familles entières,
> On a démoli l'hôpital.

"Really," said the doctor, "you are too flattering. I——" "Let me finish," said Donnay; and he continued—

> On a démoli l'hôpital,
> Et l'on a fait deux cimetières.

The Day of the Dog

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's *The Day of the Dog* is in one respect unique. It is the only dog story that we can recall in which the reader's sympathies are not with the dog. True, the dog is responsible for the whole story. Had it not been for his unamiable attitude Mrs. Delancey probably would never have escaped from the clutches of the rascally Mr. Austin or taken that wild ride across country that led right up to the altar for a second matrimonial venture. Nevertheless, even that fails to condone the objectionable actions of the dog. The working out of this story, we understand, caused Mr. McCutcheon a good deal of trouble. It was a matter of comparative ease to get his hero and heroine perched side by side on a beam in the top of a coach house, while at the foot of the ladder a vicious bull-dog growled ominously and waited gloatingly for his prey. The trouble came when the author tried to look about for a means by which he could logically dispose of the presence of the dog and enable the young lawyer and the fascinating widow to descend in safety.

The hero of the story, Crosby, a young lawyer, makes a visit to a small town in Illinois for the purpose of seeing a client of his firm and securing her signature to some legal papers. Reaching the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Austin, the lawyer finds no one at home, and the course of his investigations leads him to a coach house where he is confronted by a savage bull-dog, which finally forces him to make a dash up a ladder and seek safety on a beam. Two small boys attracted to the scene by the growling of the dog view his discomfiture with huge amusement. Finally, the wicked Austin himself appears. To him the lawyer tells his name and states the nature of his business. Now there are manifold reasons why Mr. Austin does not wish Mrs. Delancey and the lawyer to come together. He himself, by specious falsehoods, has persuaded his sister-in-law to accept a compromise by which she will receive one hundred thousand dollars instead of the half million to which she is really entitled. So he refuses to call off the bull-dog and is about to leave the lawyer imprisoned on the beam until he can put the lady on a train that will carry her far away from legal advice when she herself appears. Then the complications begin. Mrs. Delancey has a mind of her own, and perhaps a latent distrust of her brother-in-law, and she consents to listen while the lawyer, perched on the beam above, tells her of the real condition of her financial affairs despite the vigourous protests of Mr. Austin. In fact, she goes so far as to climb the ladder and sit on the beam beside him, whereat the rascally brother-in-law in high dudgeon goes away leaving them to the tender mercies of the dog.

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Here you have the situation which confronted Mr. McCutcheon at one period of the story and kept him thinking hard for some weeks. Finally, he hit upon a means of getting the dog out of the way without having to make use of the desperate plan which Crosby so heroically suggested. But even when they are able to descend the ladder and escape from the coach house their troubles are by no means at an end. There are the excitements of a pursuit, of a flood, of a wild ride across country, of a desperate encounter with the sheriff, whom Crosby finally holds up with a nickel-plated menthol inhaler, before we take leave of them comfortably seated in swinging chairs in a Pullman car, building bright dreams of early wedding bells and a rose-tinted future.

The New Sienkiewicz Book

In the preface to *Life and Death and Other Stories and Legends,* by Henry L. Sienkiewicz, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator, writes of the genesis of some of these slight sketches. Of "Is He the Dearest One?" he says: "About fourteen years ago there was a famine, or at least hunger, in Silesia. Though that land is a German possession at present, it was once a part of the Polish Commonwealth, and there are many un-Germanised Poles in it yet. The mother in this sketch is Poland. Yasko, the most unfortunate of her sons, is Silesia. Poor, ill-fated, he neglects his own language, forgets his mother; but she does not forget him, as was shown on the occasion of that hunger in Silesia. The Poles of Russian Poland collected one million marks and sent them to Yasko.

The ship "Purple" in "A Legend of the Sea," represents Poland and its career, and is a very brief summary of the essence and meaning of Polish history. Like some of the author's most beautiful short productions, it was written for a benevolent object, all the money obtained for it being devoted to that object. All persons who have read "Charcoal Sketches" in Sienkiewicz's *Hania* will be interested to learn the origin of that production. It was written mainly and finished in Los Angeles, California, but was begun in Anaheim Landing, as is described in the sketch, "The Cranes," which is included in this volume. Besides being begun in Anaheim Landing, the whole plan of "Charcoal Sketches" was worked out there. "The Cranes" appeared in Lemberg, a few years ago, in a paper which was published for one day only, and was made up of contributions from Polish authors, who gave these contributions for a benevolent purpose. By the way, we are glad to see that *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge,* and *Pan Michael* are now being announced as "The Zagloba Romances." This is as it should be.

The Later Style of H—— J——

The question which naturally arises in reading this skit from the London *Outlook,* is whether, after all, it is really parody. Of course it was meant as such, but a good many of us in thinking over the books of the distinguished author's "later style" will fail to find the exaggeration on which parody is based.

THE FOUNTAIN PEN.

By H * * * y J * * * s.

(Author of "The Sacred Fount," etc.)

(270 pages omitted.)

And still the indefinably vital conclusion, the more tense inward essence, eluded me.

And still I kept it up:

"It was my sacred fount—"

"Don't you see that's just where it is?"

She out-distanced my thought.

"It was my sac—"

"For your sake," she charmingly said. "The question is what wouldn't I do?"

This, in its futile subtlety, left us where we were. She was wonderful. To see how she delicately failed to evade the obvious.

"The point of it is," I began.

"It's gold, I know," she splendidly said. "Do you miss it still? And I who see it—oh, but with a clearness!"

"I wish I could grasp it," I frankly admitted.

She exquisitely sat down. She was prodigious.

"Why," she said, and her smile was ethereally a paradox, "there it is." She roundly faced me. "It's as plain," she wonderfully said, "as the nose on my face."

I took her.

"If it's no plainer than that, dear Lady!"

* * * * *

400 more pages.

* * * * *

"You're of an astuteness," and I fairly, with the word, scratched my head.

"I do see effects," she triumphantly set forth. "But the nothing of everything does so desperately bedazzle us. Yet it's of a simplicity!

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It's simply sticking out of you!"

Moved at last, intrinsically, to the depths of my slower nature, I leaned forward.

She was, as always, purely perfectly right. The lost Fountain Pen *was* sticking out of me, and, as I inclined towards her in that moment of predestined indirectness, it fell from my breast pocket and lay, almost unanswerably, on the floor between us.

"This"—I had to say it—"is too grossly simple."

"You shouldn't let it drop," she inimitably said; "one so naturally keeps it up!"

Guy Wetmore Carryl

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's sudden death last month cut short a career which had just begun to attract serious attention. Mr. Carryl was in the thirty-first year of his age and had already had a good deal of literary experience, both editorially and as an author; but it was not until he published his charming collection of Parisian stories, entitled *Zut,* that he gave evidence of anything beyond mere cleverness. His verses were ingenious in the unexpectedness of their rhymes, yet they often seemed laboured and were not particularly easy to read. The stories of *Zut,* however, were little gems, as neat, as pointed, and almost as truly Parisian as though they had been written in French by a native of Lutetia. Mr. Carryl, in fact, had just found himself at the time his life was cut short; and not merely his personal friends alone but all his readers are right in thinking that American literature is probably the poorer for his death.

SHOULD HE COME BACK.

(*Translation from Materlinck.*)

"Should he come back this way
To seek your gate?"
"Tell him how each long day
I did but wait."

"And should he question still,
Knowing me not?"
"Pity, as sisters will,
His grievous lot."

"And if he ask your place?
How speak the thing?"
"Give him (and turn your face)
My golden ring."

"And if he quest the damp,
Dull dwelling o'er?"
"Show him the lightless lamp,
The open door."

"And if his heart ask wild
How fell your sleep?"
"Then tell him that I smiled,
Lest he should weep."

Agnes Lee.

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BOHEMIA.

(A DIALOGUE.)

Scene: A 35-cent table d'hôte. Pierre and Achille vis-a-vis over a dappled table-cloth.

Pierre

Yes, I have read your verse, Achille.
You show not thought alone—you feel.
Such symbolism, and again
A spice of—I might say Verlaine;
But with new spirit and new tone—
A style and manner all your own.
Where did you sell it? Has it been
Yet published in a magazine?

Achille

A magazine! What can it do?
Discerning editors are few.
I hate the hypocritic smirk
With which they all reject my work.
I write no longer for the press—

Pierre

Ah, editorial sightlessness!
The merest trash would serve their ends—
They buy the poems of their friends.
There's a small matter which—

Achille (feverishly)

Ahem,—
Your paintings, let us talk of them.
They're marvels.

Pierre

Here's a thing of mine
Which I regard as rather fine.

Achille

Such atmosphere! such breadth of line!
Such daring treatment! (Pass the wine)
Force with imagination blent.
Let's see—what does it represent?

Pierre

Why do you hold it upside down?

Achille

Ah, pardon!—thus. Such blue, such brown!
You've sold it?

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Pierre
Thousand thunders, no!
See how the Shylock dealers grow
To riches while the buyers cease
To recognise the masterpiece.

Achille
Quite so. Their fat wits all demand
Cheap art that they can understand.

Pierre (suggestively)
Real Art must starve.

Achille (nervously)
Too true, Pierre.

Pierre
Speaking of starving, that affair—
That loan—I need it very much.

Achille (aside as he rises to go)
I though he'd try to make a touch.
(aloud)
Yes, yes—I know. But fates are such—
(reaches for hat)
Pierre
Why haste, companion? Must you go?

Achille
Even a genius works at times.
I have a stirring mood for rhymes.
Good-night, dear friend. (Exit)

Pierre
Alas, good-night!
(finishing the claret which Achille has left)
My dearest curse be on his pate—
I'll drink his wine at any rate.

Wallace Irwin.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

III.

THE EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

By Edward A. Dithmar.

THE American journalist sent to a European capital to collect news for his paper at home is soon made painfully aware of the lack of certain important sources of information, of which he has been accustomed to make free use, without in the least appreciating his advantages. For the first time he begins to understand clearly the large value of the service to the American press of the always accessible police station "blotter," the communicative sergeant behind the tall desk; the open register of guests' names in every American hotel office, and the much-abused hotel clerk who tells all he knows, freely, and is always ready to put a newspaper man in the way of getting information. There comes to the newly exiled American reporter, no matter how well he may be placed in London or Paris, comparatively speaking, a belated appreciation of the usefulness to the newsgetter of publicly filed papers in the law courts, and the general willingness of court clerks and officers to help him in his calling.

The easy accessibility of the American public officers, Federal, State and municipal, now seems to him as a lost boon, a priceless gift with which he trifled while it was in his possession and always undervalued. He misses the privilege of being able to present his visiting card, with the title of his newspaper engraved or written in a corner, to any prominent financier or merchant almost any hour of the day or evening, at his office, his club, or his home, with a certainty in, say, seven cases out of ten (not to flatter unduly the amiability of the American magnate), of being politely, even sympathetically, received. Speaking broadly, not only every public officer, great or small, in this country, but every American citizen, helps the newspaper man because of his admiration for and belief in his daily newspaper; although he may occasionally permit himself to express his dissatisfaction with the workings of the universe by uttering some common cant about the methods of the press. There are exceptions, of course, sometimes in the highest places; but these are always so few as merely to lend a piquant zest to the reporter's daily routine.

In England and on the European Continent the ubiquitous, interrogating reporter, even if he bear the best credentials, is invariably regarded with suspicion. The correspondent of an American paper must adopt entirely new tactics, and adapt himself to a strange set of traditions. He may, after a time, be privileged to talk with a Cabinet officer, or an important under secretary, a foreign diplomatist, a great banker (other than Mr. Alfred Rothschild) if he can obtain a letter of introduction from the right person, and can spare the time to wait two or three days for an appointment. He may thus get the information he desires, or he may not; but he soon learns that a wide circle of influential acquaintances, including men and women in many walks of life, is a prime essential to success in his new field of endeavour. This is as true of Paris, Berlin, Rome, and St. Petersburg as it is of London, which by all the foreign correspondents I have met is held to be the hardest city in the world in which to get news, harder than Lhasa would be, I fancy, if one could only get to Lhasa. But while there may be less difficulty in making people talk in Berlin, for example, there is one great advantage over his fellows in other capitals that a London correspondent enjoys. Very few Englishmen care a rap what is printed about their country or its institutions in any American newspaper. If he manage to escape libel suits, the correspondent may rest assured that the folks he meets (excepting

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a few of his compatriots) neither know nor care what he writes or whether he can write at all. He is well-treated or the reverse, accordingly as he is socially endowed. If he have the power to make himself agreeable, to give entertainment in return for entertainment, he soon finds himself in circles where things worth knowing are known and freely talked about. The rest depends upon his comprehension, energy, and tact. Only a fool betrays confidences. Only a knave intentionally circulates untruths. Fools and knaves never thrive as foreign correspondents of American newspapers.

In Paris the conditions are much the same as in London, with a more genial and communicative spirit prevailing in hotels and other public places; but in Berlin and St. Petersburg all officialdom is keenly sensitive to adverse criticism, and everything the correspondent writes, even if it escape the censor before it reaches the ocean cable or the mail-bag, counts either for or against his reputation, and a too frank utterance of opinion or the indiscreet publication of a fact may bring immediate disgrace to an American journalist and thus hopelessly destroy his usefulness at that post.

I have spoken, thus far, of the American correspondent abroad as a reporter, or newsgatherer, and have purposely dwelt upon the lack in all Europe of those common news-getting facilities which are known to the youngest and least experienced reporters in the United States. For I firmly believe that without the news-getting skill of the good reporter, the patience and tact which can be acquired only by a reporter's experience, no journalist, however accomplished he may otherwise be, can long succeed as a correspondent of an American daily abroad. Once in a while a valuable piece of news may hit a man who is not looking for it, but a correspondent whose acquisitive faculty is not ever on the alert, would, as likely as not, fail to recognise a piece of news when he met it accidentally. All the great correspondents, including Mr. Smalley, have had, largely developed, the traditional "nose for news." Some of them, perhaps, would never have personally consulted a police "blotter" or asked questions of a hotel clerk, if visible "blotters" and intelligent, responsive hotel clerks existed in Europe. An admirable plan, often put into practice, is for a correspondent who is in the "social swim," and in touch with eminent personages, to employ one or two assistants, who are quite unknown, to "work up" the news from his "tips." This is expensive, of course, but special cable correspondence from Europe is never cheap stuff with which to fill a newspaper. The press rate of ten cents a word is high, while the most careful correspondent's expenses for travelling and assistance are necessarily heavy. Then, too, in London or any other large city a correspondent, to keep in close communication with the world, must have an "address," away from his business office if he have one, which is not always necessary. He must not dwell, for instance, in Camberwell or Islington. He must have "W." or "S.W." on his letter-heads or people will neither call upon him nor answer his letters. Rents and the other expenses of living in the centre of things in London are high. A salary that might seem reasonable at home for a capable editorial writer or an expert reviewer would be entirely too small for a first-rate London or Paris correspondent.

One of the important news centres of London is the inner lobby of the House of Commons. No newspaper man has access to that place unless he is entitled to a seat in the press gallery—a rare privilege. Not all London journals have representatives in the reporters' gallery, by any means. Alfred Harmsworth had to buy a Scotch newspaper with a time-honoured title to a gallery seat to get a representative of his widely circulated *Daily Mail* in the gallery and inner lobby. No American correspondent enjoys this privilege of button-holing a member of Parliament in his lair except Mr. James Tuohy, of the New York *World,* who is also the London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, and in that capacity is admitted to the House. Mr. Tuohy is an Irishman, of course, genial, energetic, and well-informed, and, although I believe he has never visited the United States, yet he manages to send to his newspaper just what it wants. Mr. Tuohy is gifted with that birthright of most Irishmen, adaptiveness. A true-born British journalist, no matter how zealous and industrious he may be, rarely catches exactly the spirit of American

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newspaper work. Indeed, most American journalists stationed in London believe that a long residence there deranges one's point of view and that a correspondent should return home for a short stay every third year or so to recover his American bearings and clear his system of the London atmosphere.

The narrow streets and alleys in the City of London near the Bank of England are always full of news if one knows how to get hold of it. A wise correspondent soon establishes trustworthy connections in that neighbourhood. It is not easy to establish them, but it can be done. The heads of the great houses, even of those having American relations, are generally quite inaccessible. The Governor and Board of Directors of the Bank of England are, traditionally, as far beyond the reach of an "interviewer" as the King himself. Yet James Creelman, as a reporter of the New York *Herald,* at the time of the Baring collapse, did actually interview a Governor of the Bank of England, the late William Lidderdale. A daily edition of the *Herald* was then published in London, under the supervision of the late Louis J. Jennings, editor of the New York *Times* in the era of the Tweed Ring exposures, who had as his chief assistant Ralph D. Blumenfeld, long associated with the *Herald,* at home and abroad, but now the editor of the *Daily Express* of London. Mr. Creelman sauntered into the office and informed them that he intended to see the Governor of the Bank. In spite of their remonstrances (for no Governor of that august institution had ever talked with a journalist, and what is the use of wasting valuable time?) Creelman went to the bank, forced his card to the chief's room through the obstacles set up by intervening functionaries, and caught Mr. Lidderdale at the "psychological moment." To the uniformed lackey at the outer portal, and the secretary who admitted the reporter to the financier's presence, it must have seemed as if the English Constitution was tottering in sympathy with the great house of Baring Brothers. Mr. Creelman had a notable dispatch in the New York *Herald* the next morning which was cabled back to the London evening papers.

The occasional performance of such seemingly impossible feats greatly increases the repute of the American correspondent abroad and helps to make his generally irritating life, with its manifold disappointments, worth living. David Graham Phillips, while he represented the New York *World* in London, sent the first news of the sinking of the *Royal Victoria* by the *Camperdown* to his paper. While the late Ballard Smith was in charge of the foreign service of the *World* he frequently sent important English and Continental news, political and social, to New York before the European newspapers got wind of it. The best of this sort of thing the correspondent can do, however, rarely equals the expectations of the managing editors and news editors at home. Their ideas of the capacity, endurance, and influence of "our man" in Paris, Rome, or London seem to be out of all proportion to the knowledge, sharply brought home to each of them every morning, of the limitations of the most expensive news service in a nation which gives the newspaper man every possible advantage. "Interview the Pope," "See Salisbury," "Get the Queen's private opinion of the Boer War," "Have a talk with the Kaiser and send 2,000 words rush." These are the kind of peremptory orders the European specials of a certain sort of American newspaper frequently receive from their home offices. The result, when the correspondent is new to the job, and feels that he must at least seem to obey orders from home, is often both startling and amusing. Many people refuse to believe that some of the stuff printed as the result of such wild orders is really cabled; but it is all actually sent by ocean telegraph and paid for. This sort of correspondence, however, counts for nothing, except to the discredit of the correspondent, and is confined to the purely "sensational" press.

When George W. Smalley was stationed in London as representative of the New York *Tribune,* he was easily the most distinguished member of the then small body of special correspondents. For a long term of years he kept many thousands of American readers well-informed of the drift of foreign affairs. Mr. Smalley is now the principal correspondent in the United States of the

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London *Times*. The late Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the New York *Times* from 1883 until 1897, achieved his greatest triumphs in that capacity during the Irish Home Rule agitation under Gladstone and Charles S. Parnell. Mr. Frederic's headquarters in those days were at the National Liberal Club in Whitehall Court. The Irish Member and the radical are seen in all their glory in the ample lounge of that big club in the small hours, when the House has risen, and the potash bubbles as it mingles with the usquebaugh. Mr. Frederic was deeply in sympathy with the Home Rule cause, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and other Liberal and Irish leaders. He was on the watch nearly every hour in the twenty-four, and he had early news of every incident of that memorable contest. The National Liberal Club is a centre for political information to this day for any correspondent who cares to hunt for it there. An annual subscription of six guineas entitles an outsider, who is properly sponsored, to the privileges of the club. Only subjects of King Edward and members of the Liberal Party are eligible for membership. Americans, however, can secure full membership in many of the London clubs. There are none in the Carlton and Junior Carlton, to be sure, but there are at least two in the equally famous and exclusive Athenæum, and more than that number in the Garrick. There must be a dozen Americans in the membership of the Savage Club, so pleasantly situated on Adelphi Terrace overlooking the Embankment gardens and the Thames. There are Americans, I know, in the Devonshire, White's, the National in Whitehall Gardens, and the Royal Societies. London clubs, however, are not news exchanges. It is a mistaken idea that journalists pick up good stories for the paper at their clubs. But every newspaper correspondent in London needs at least one good club.

In the eighties and early nineties the smoke-room of the Victoria Hotel, on Northumberland Avenue, was the evening rendezvous of many wideawake Americans, theatrical, "sporting," and commercial, and it was consequently a good place to pick up "pointers" for news. When Frank Marshall White, in 1889, succeeded Arthur Brisbane, now the right-hand man of W. R. Hearst, and the most formidable living enemy of strong drink, as London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, he found many a good story for his Sunday cable letter in Northumberland Avenue. Probably the spacious courtyard and terrace of the Hotel Cecil on summer afternoons is the place where one may meet most of the prominent Americans in London nowadays. They are all there, frequently, whether or not they lodge at the Cecil. At night the magnificent palm-room of the Carlton Hotel on Pall Mall is the liveliest spot in the British capital, even out of the season, for the Carlton is never empty, and Americans are always there. In this, and the other hotels controlled by that sagacious Frenchman, M. Ritz, there is a disposition to be obliging to the American journalist, wherein the management of M. Ritz's hotels differs from that of others. Lists of guests of a few prominent London hotels are now obtainable, but not those of the popular Cecil or the so-called Gordon syndicate's houses. The clerks and other officers, however, will tell nothing and generally know nothing. The carefully guarded registers of guests are ill-kept, and the names in them frequently misspelled. For ten successive weeks I received a list of "prominent Americans" stopping in one hotel which was headed each time by the name of a well-known English gentleman (perfectly familiar to everybody in London except the hotel clerk), who has never crossed the Atlantic in his life.

A popular idea is that the embassies are the most favoured resorts of correspondents in search of news. I believe a little information may sometimes be obtained by the right man at the Russian Embassy in London. Perhaps some of the Continental correspondents find communicative members of the legations of their own countries. Gen. Horace Porter, our Ambassador in Paris, is an approachable gentleman, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, when he was at Madrid, showed that he knew exactly how to get along with newspaper men. They tell a story of a certain American Ambassador in London who, in a great crisis, took the representatives of our newspapers into his confidence. He received them daily at the embassy and told them all he knew (or a good equiva-

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lent for it) without reservation. He also impressed upon them that a violation of his confidence would surely lead to trouble, perhaps to graver international complications than then existed. He at least let the correspondents know what not to say. In the favoured locution of this hour he "put them wise," and helped them to a clear understanding of the situation. His confidence was never violated. Ambassador Choate, as a prominent practising attorney in New York, counsel for great private and business interests, was always known to the reporters as the most inaccessible of public men. As United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's his attitude toward the mere newshunter could scarcely be expected to change. Correspondents rarely look to Mr. Choate for information. He is always courtesy's self to any American visiting London, and the newspaper correspondent is entitled to precisely the same privileges at the office of the embassy in Victoria Street as any of his fellow-countrymen. I suppose any American newspaper writer now stationed in London would gladly join me in testifying to the unfailing generosity and thoughtfulness of Mr. Henry White, the First Secretary of Legation, in his occasional dealings with journalists.

News is generally as scarce at the British Foreign Office as at the American Embassy. But Sir Thomas Sanderson, the permanent secretary, can always spare a quarter of an hour for a correspondent with whom he is personally acquainted. It is an established fact that members of the British Ministry are never "interviewed" for the press, but it is a feather in one's cap for the news correspondent to have some acquaintance with a Cabinet officer or two. Letters of introduction from the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, for instance, carry much weight, and he has been known to write them. Col. Sir Edward Bradford, the head of the London police system, is a man of vast powers and large influence, and a correspondent may derive much assistance from an acquaintance with him. A member of the present government who really cares what is printed about English affairs in the newspapers of the United States, and to whom some correspondents have been indebted for many courtesies, is Arthur Hamilton Lee, M.P. The advice of Sir Charles Dilke, in former years, was much sought, and I have no doubt that his views of the political situation are still frequently reflected in the cable dispatches.

To see a Member of Parliament when the House is in session one must wait in the outer lobby while his card is sent in. Sometimes the Member responds quickly, but if he is not in the chamber of the Commons he may be in one of the many committee rooms, in the smoke-room or library, on the terrace taking tea with a party of ladies, in the gallery of the House of Lords. The time consumed by the slow-moving British messenger to seek the Member through all the vast halls and corridors of St. Stephens's is precisely forty minutes. It is worth while to wait if the Member knows what you want to know and is habitually communicative.

In recent years one has been compelled to go to the Ambassador to secure certain privileges on special occasions. The demands of American writers, commissioned by many newspapers and periodicals, for places in the triforium of Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of King Edward VII., caused the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, to refer all the applications to Mr. Choate, who presently found plenty of trouble on his hands. The actual endorsement of majesty on one application for a place, the favour of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the positively autocratic Colonel Bradford were unavailing with the Duke until the application was approved by the Ambassador. Seats were found in the Abbey for only the representatives of a few leading journals and the New York Associated Press. There was room in the chapel royal at Windsor at the funeral of Queen Victoria for only one representative of American newspapers, so, of course, the Associated Press man was the privileged person. The special correspondent of any one journal has not only to contend with the favour naturally and rightly shown to the representative of an association of many hundreds of American newspapers on such unusual occasions as this. He also is always keenly aware of the fact that if his own news is not of a very unusual character, and of special interest to the particular clientèle of his own paper, his dispatches will likely be duplicated by the Associated Press.

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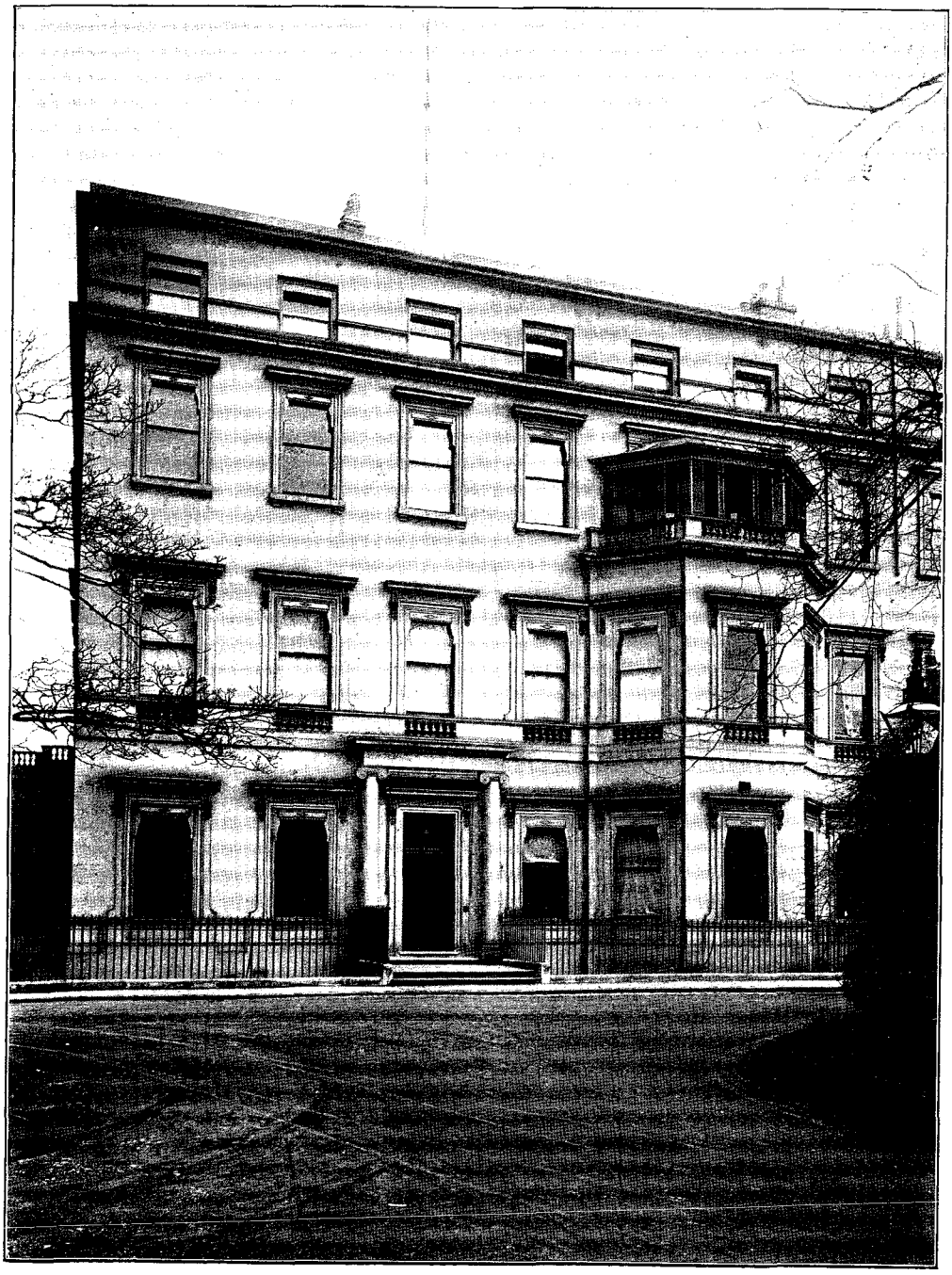

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, 4 CARLTON SQUARE, PALL MALL.

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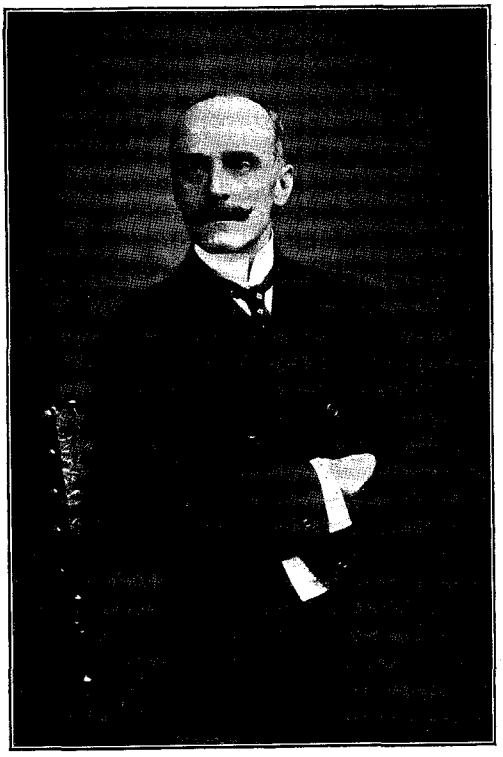

WALTER NEEF,
Correspondent of the Associated Press.

The foreign service of that admirably organised institution is at present the best the world of newspaperdom has ever known. Melville E. Stone, the general manager, visits the principal cities of Europe every year, sometimes twice in a year, and gives personal attention to the improvement of the methods of news collection and distribution. Walter Neef, the alert London manager, sitting in his well-appointed office in the Reuter Building, Old Jewry, E.C., is constantly in touch with all Europe. His chief assistant, William M. Goode, is a most skillful "interviewer" of personages who fancy they do not care to be "interviewed," and a descriptive writer of unusual ability. Besides the invaluable coöperation of the Reuter Company, which has agents of its own in all the news centres of the world, the Associated Press has competent specials in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, St. Petersburg, Rome, Madrid, and elsewhere on the Continent, as well as in Asia and Africa.

A sprightly rival of the Associated Press is the Laffan News Bureau, founded by William Mackay Laffan of the New York *Sun*. The chief of its foreign service is Henry R. Chamberlain,

THE HOME OF "THE THUNDERER."

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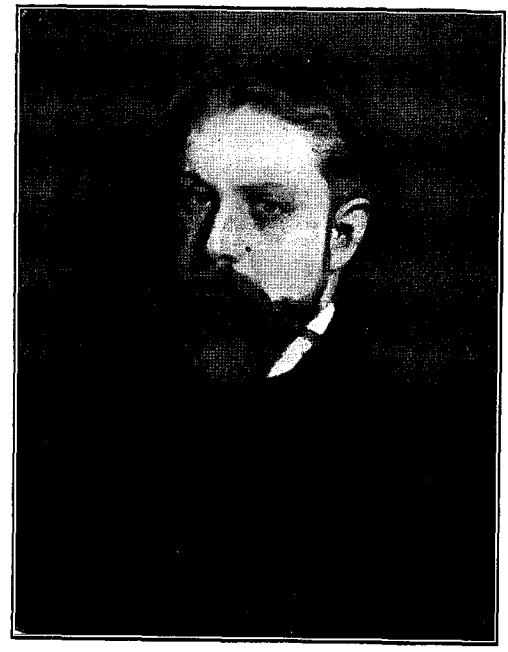
J. M. TUOHY.
Correspondent of the New York "World."



ROWLAND STRONG,
Paris Correspondent of the New York "Times."

I. N. FORD,
Correspondent of the New York "Tribune."

H. R. CHAMBERLAIN,
Head of the Laffan Service in Europe, and London Correspondent of the New York "Sun."

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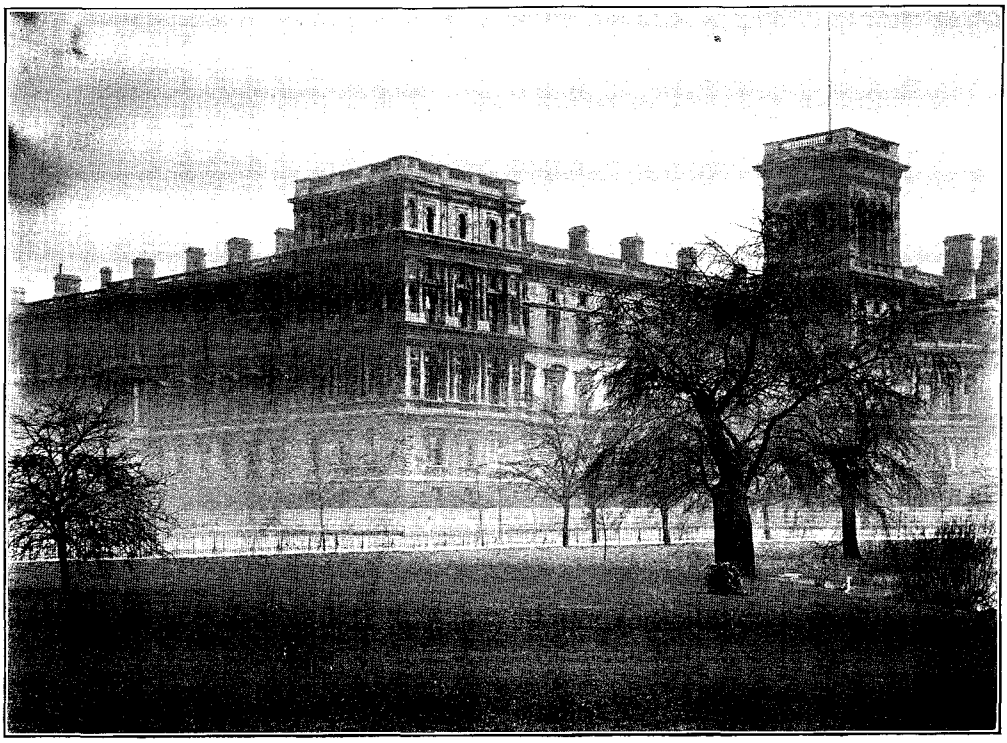
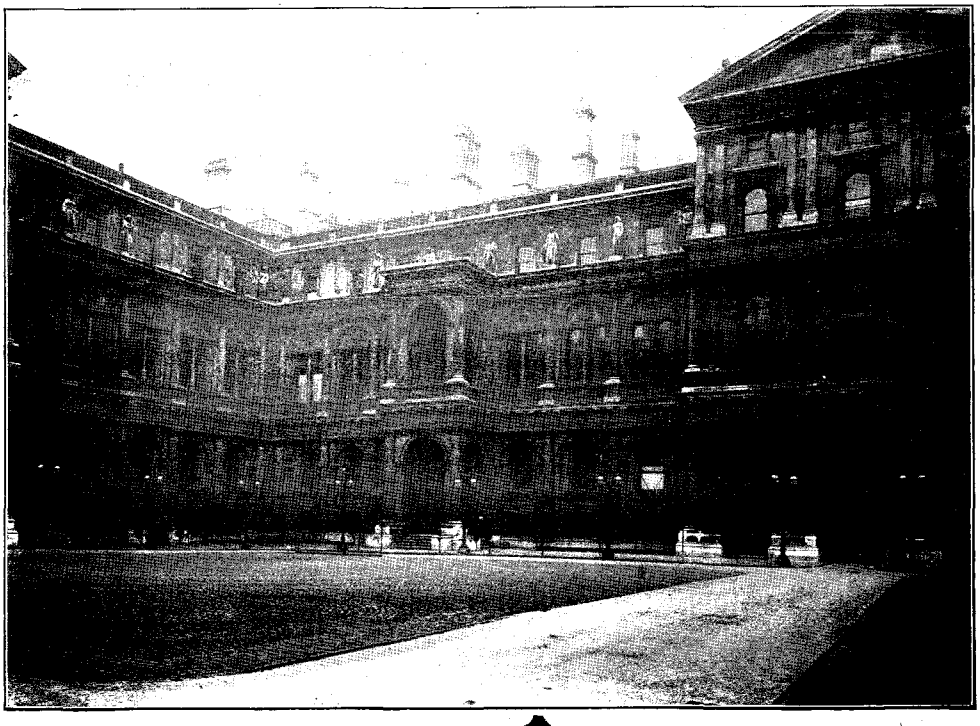


THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.



COURT YARD OF THE BRI[redacted]'FICE.

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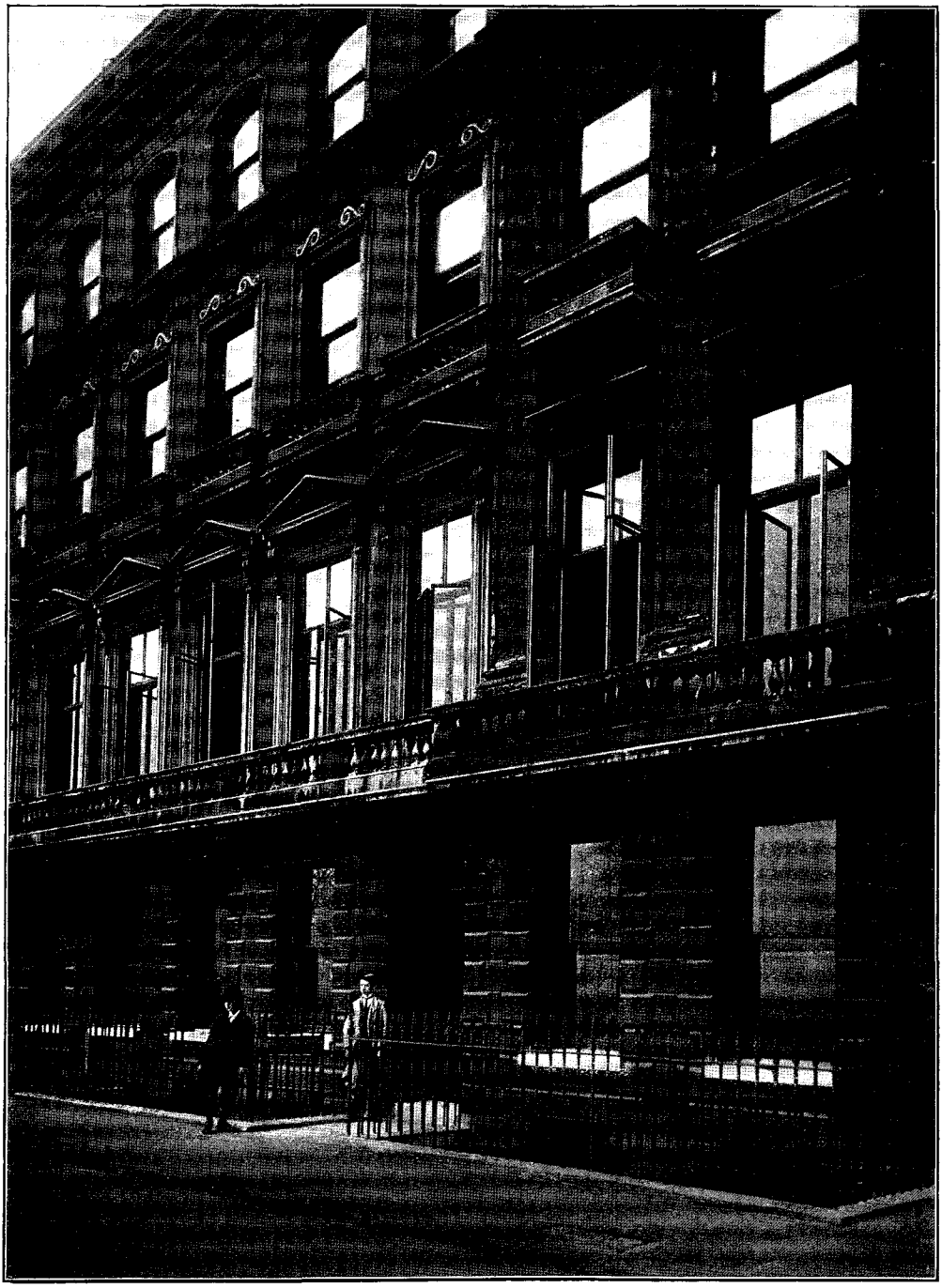

THE SAVAGE CLUB, 6 AND 7 ADELPHI TERRACE.

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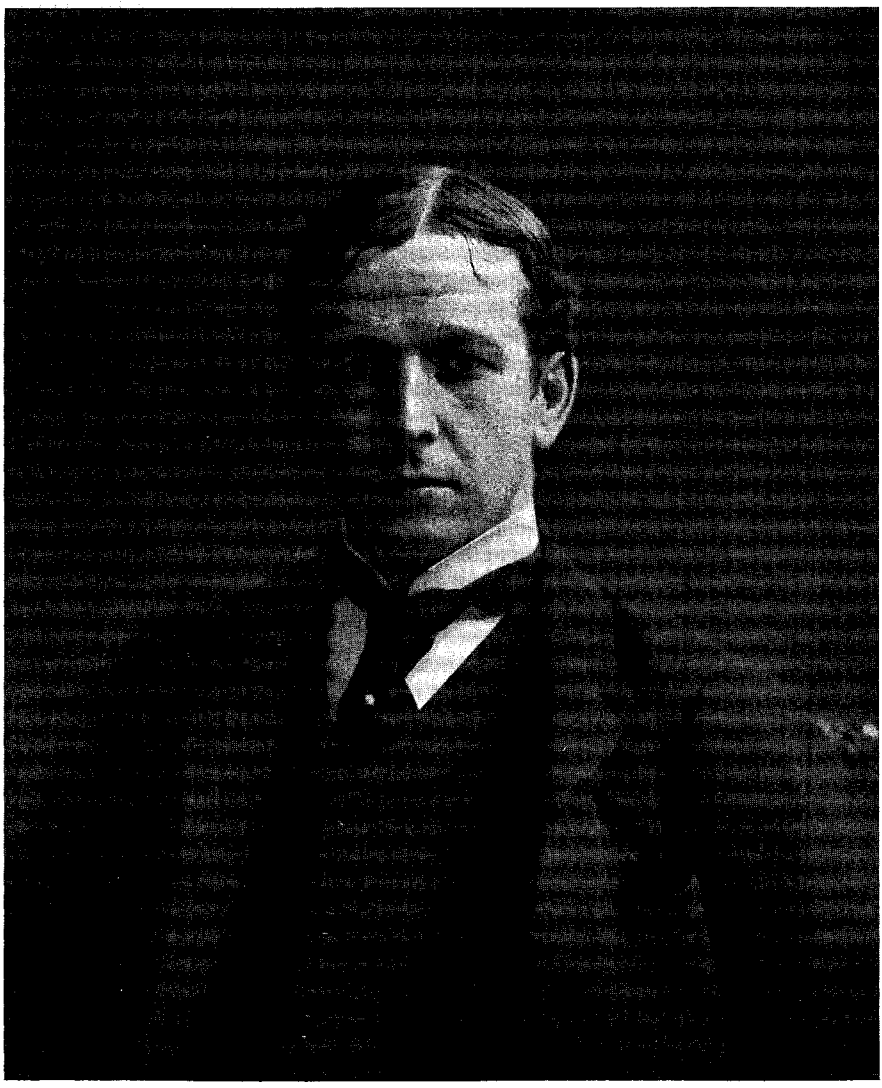
who is also the London correspondent of the *Sun*. Mr. Chamberlain travels all over the Continent yearly, from Christiania to Naples, from Paris to Moscow. In his absence Fred C. Grundy takes charge of the London end of the work. Frank B. Grundy and M. F. Laffan are also associated with the London office. The Laffan dispatches have the vivacity which pertains to the *Sun*. The bureau sells American and Continental news in Great Britain, English and American news on the Continent, news of the whole world in the United States. Victor Collins is its Paris man. The Scripps-McCrae League and Publishers' News Association have an efficient foreign service, managed from the London headquarters by Frank Van der Cook. Curtis Brown, the correspondent of the New York *Press*, also has a news syndicate which is found useful in various cities throughout the United States.

Isaac N. Ford, a journalist of large experience, has been the chief foreign correspondent of the New York *Tribune* for nine or ten years. Mr. Ford has many influential connections in London



ARTHUR BRISBANE,
Former European Correspondent of the "Sun."

Mr. Brisbane will contribute the fourth paper in this series of articles. In the June issue of THE BOOKMAN he will write of the "New or Yellow Journalism."

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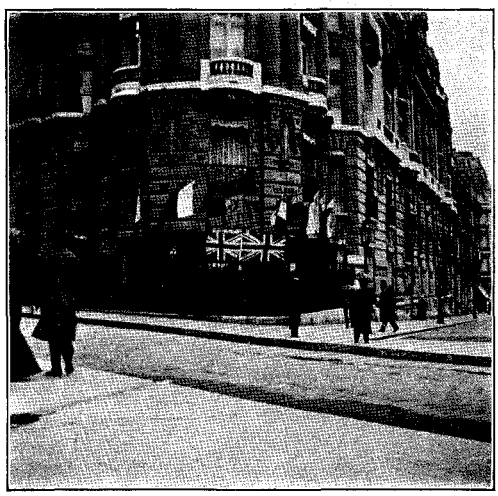
VICTOR COLLINS,
Paris Correspondent of the "Sun."

and on the Continent. He travels a great deal. His news dispatches reflecting the feeling in Europe during the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and the Boxer troubles in China were highly praised. Edwin F. Flynn, the representative of the New York *American and Journal,* has the help of the Central News Association in collecting special information. The correspondents of that paper on the Continent work under his direction.

The New York *Times,* since 1901, has had an office in the building of the London *Times* on Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and its correspondents have had the advantage of a service of early proofs of the Thunderer's matchless foreign dispatches, which have been particularly valuable to American readers since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. The *Times* is not obtainable in London until much later in the morning than most of the other papers, so that its dispatches do not reach other correspondents early enough to be of much service to them. As a general thing proofs of the London dailies are not very useful to American correspondents. You can buy copies of most of the morning papers at 3 A.M.—10 P.M. in New York. The *Daily Mail* and the *Express* can be got as early as 1.30 A.M. This alliance with the London *Times* is valuable in many other ways to the New York *Times,* the present representative of which in Queen Victoria Street is Robert W. Welch, who has been connected with the newspaper in various responsible positions for many years. Ernest Brain and Walter S. Scott, both members of the staff of the London *Times,* and Andrew J. Wilson, financial writer of the London *Chronicle,* have also done good work in London for the New York *Times* in recent years. Rowland Strong is the Paris correspondent, while Edward T. Heyn sends dispatches from Berlin, and B. C. de Wolf from Brussels. In 1900 an edition of the New York *Times* was published in Paris, at the Exposition, every day. A force of operators, machinists, and pressmen, with the linotype machines and presses, had been sent from New York. A page or more of fresh New York news daily, attractively presented, was greatly appreciated by the many thousands of Americans who went abroad that year.

All the foreign correspondence for which the New York *Herald* is famous now comes to it through the office of its Paris namesake, established by James Gordon Bennett in October, 1887. *Galignani's Messenger,* a sort of newspaper, published in English, had then existed in Paris many years. The only other American newspaper published in Paris before that time had been the short-lived *Morning News,* conducted by Samuel S. Chamberlain and A. C. Ives, on the basis of which the successful French newspaper, *Le Matin,* was founded. Mr. Bennett's idea was to establish a daily journal sure of circulation among permanent residents all over the Continent. A *Herald* man said the other day: "The European edition of the New York *Herald* is not strictly a newspaper for Americans. Its aim is to give the great news of the world with the preference, when possible, to American affairs; but it is also a daily 'society



James Gordon Bennett's Editorial Offices in Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysées.

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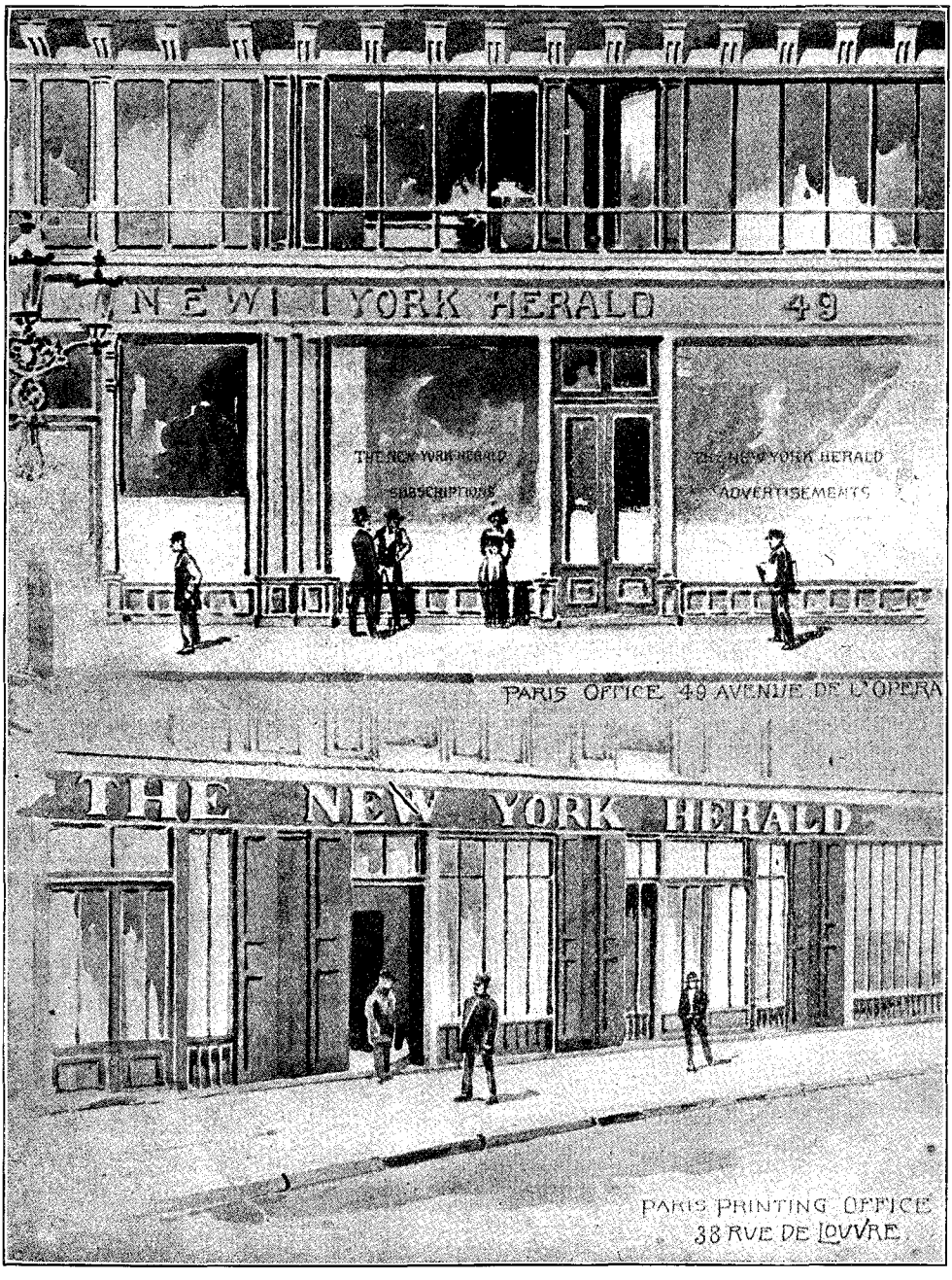

OFFICES OF THE PARIS "HERALD," 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA AND 38 RUE DE LOUVRE.

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paper.' It is read by the society people of every capital in Europe and is known in every Court. Mr. Bennett believes that such people are just as much interested in what their friends in other places are doing as they are in the actual news of the world." The Paris *Herald* also gives much attention to fashionable sports, especially to automobiling, which has been developed largely through Mr. Bennett's influence. Mr. Bennett dwells in Paris, at 104 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and from there directly controls his two newspapers. They have offices at 120 Champs Elysées, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra, and 38 Rue du Louvre. The Paris *Herald* has a regular staff, made up of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans. Mr. Bennett's principal lieutenants on the other side of the Atlantic are Charles Christianson and Percy Mitchell, but he has also a Paris editor, Robert J. Carter, formerly of the Baltimore *Herald;* an assistant editor, Elmer Stephenson; a titled society editor, Prince della Rocca; a business manager, and a full force of reporters, clerks, machinists, and printers. The *Herald* has an accredited correspondent in every large city of the world. Ernest Marshall is now at the head of the London office. The Paris *Herald* has a system of news exchange with certain French dailies, which for matters of great importance in America rely largely on the *Herald's* cables. It also exchanges proofs with the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* of London.

Thus ends the story I have to tell of the European correspondents. In spite of all these great preparations for emergency, which are doubled and redoubled if necessary for a great happening, like the trial of a Dreyfus, the death of a Queen, the coronation of a King, the obsequies of a Pope; in spite of all this array of experienced skill and energy patiently waiting on events, the art of newsgetting in foreign countries is still far from perfection. In reporting great events abroad our newspapers may now excel those of Europe, but in the ordinary day by day record our chroniclers still have to sift fact and opinion, baseless rumour, idle conjecture, half truths, and whole falsehoods, and the wheat is often hopelessly mixed with chaff. The whole governmental system of Europe is frequently opposed to the dissemination of the news. First and last the American journalist abroad must rely a great deal on the foreign newspapers. In England a correspondent is wise who takes in the great provincial dailies as well as those of London. The Glasgow *Herald,* Edinburgh *Scotsman,* and Manchester *Guardian* are often fairer and newsier than the papers of the capital. There are correspondents of the London press in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, the Near East, and the Far East, whose mission is not merely to hunt for facts and set them forth without adornment. The influence of these men and others like them is constantly exerted upon the American journalist abroad. But you may rest assured that there is rarely an American correspondent in a European capital (there may be one or two in Washington), who is ever looking for anything but the plain truth, about what has happened, or what is very likely to happen. Sometimes one of them finds something else and is temporarily deceived.

England's half-century old jealousy of Russia is nothing to us, yet we unwittingly find ourselves seeming to share it, and wonder why? It has come to us, year by year, as a sort of flavouring in our foreign news, which we get so largely from the English press. The reactionary obstructionists and atavists who sneer at and condemn the enforcement by the Combes administration in France of laws passed at the command of a majority of the French people, are nothing to us. Yet they are permitted to influence our opinions. The lesson is that we need to view all Europe, its chancelleries, its policies, its encrusted traditions, its journalism, from the most independent American point of view. There are always a lot of things about which we all want to know the exact truth. We have open minds for all facts, and we need more independent, clear-minded Americans in Europe to hunt out the simple facts for us. It seems to me there is a splendid era dawning for the zealous, well-equipped American newsman abroad.

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THE SCAR.

I saw a hoard of weary travelers
Pour forth to face life's battles at the dawn.
Each wrapped him in his cloak that fell away
From aching shoulder or from tired limb
As if by chance, it seemed to me who tried
To hide upon my breast a burning scar,
Living and hungry, that appeared to be
Existent, showing forth with all my care
Through heavy folds of cloth I clothed it in:—
A burning scar, whose memory made dark
The sun that shone for others and for me.

I paused and let them pass me as I stood
Sad and disheartened, questioning why each man
Held close his robe about him in one place
And only one. Then on an impulse sprang
Across the path of him who closest came,
Tore loose the robe he held about his throat
And there—red-lipped and crouching like a beast
Lay a huge scar I had not seen before.

Ah, then I understood! And as they passed,
Grasping their garments close lest I should see
What they would from me hide in their despair,
Each searched my face; but oh, I did not see,
But stood with bended head as if to add
A benediction to their suffering:
And thought how blind, how blind our eyes can be,
When one swift glance of introspection hides
The sorrow of the world, the cark and care;
How each heart hides its anguish and its woe,
How each man drapes his cloak to hide his scar.

Ruth Sterry.

EN ROUTE.

THE girl's voice drifted across the vacant sections of the Pullman Limited. The coach was scantily filled. Only some half-dozen travellers were making the Eastern trip from San Francisco. Of these, two were the girl and the woman who accompanied her. Two more were an old man and his wife, quiet old people who were now dozing comfortably. The other two were the men to whom the girl was talking.

"So both of you know old Fran?" she was saying delightedly. "Isn't it a glorious old place?"

Morton glanced at Ainsworth. After all it was distinctly up to him. That young gentlemen refused to leap, however, so Morton answered.

"That and more. Queer what an atmosphere there is about the little town, 'where the cars go up and down, that is builded on innumerable hills.'" He quoted Gelett Burgess, laughing. "It's a heady little place; fires you like wine, and too much of it—also like wine—intoxicates."

He glanced again indifferently at the girl. All the morning—they were now some twelve or fifteen hours our from

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San Francisco—there had been invitation from that section below where now the pale travelling companion of the girl lay back asleep. Yet opportunity had lagged, until that curve, still winding snake-like behind them, had come to pass, and the girl's really unpremeditated, because too awkward, fall near them had been achieved. Before that, they had talked, he and Ainsworth, about the possible connection between the girl and woman, if indeed there were any beyond the mere travellers' bond. Neither of them were precisely rare types, but their juxtaposition had a savor of oddity. His eyes rested in frank speculation on the girl's lips, garishly red; on her carmined cheeks; on her eyes, great fawn-coloured things, smutted under and over, actually smutted. It might almost seem, he reflected, that the thing was too badly done to be bad. He listened idly as she chattered.

"We had a great old spree night before last," she was saying. "Did you ever meet Jim Lorraine there? Too bad! He was great, old Jim was, taught me lots!" She laughed, and Ainsworth laughed with her. His laugh and Morton's slight smile seemed to satisfy her as to which of the two men was the better worth cultivating, and she devoted herself thenceforth to the younger one, though Morton got every now and then a defiantly annoyed and would-be seductive glance from the charcoaled eyes.

"We went down to a chop suey house, not one of the ordinary ones, but a place Jim didn't know any more about than I did. He didn't want to take me at first, was scared. Men are so absurd, won't take a girl places they never think twice about. Who did you know there? O!" as Ainsworth ran over names. "No, I don't know any of them. Did you know a Mrs. Haversam?" rather timidly. "She was my great friend there, the one I stayed with."

Morton made a telegram, which was handed to him at this point, the good excuse for escape, and spent the rest of the morning in the smoker. From the speculation resting actively in the girl's eyes he had foreseen some such outcome, and since Ainsworth seemed a lamb willing for slaughter, well and good! He had known many women who rouged or pencilled—though none with such untamed frankness. But they had been distinctly women of the world or of the half world. This girl he was not ready to place—she was so evidently of neither sphere. The only thing about the situation in fact that in any way appealed to him was the woman's relation to the girl. For the woman was of another world. Ladyhood born and bred was in every feature, every tone. Her forehead, her mouth, her hand with its long, slender fingers which betrayed no vagrant drop of blood—all was beyond reproach.

As he came back he passed Ainsworth and the girl on an outer platform, with their heads thrust from the doorway, daringly puffing cigarette smoke at the scenery. The girl at least supplied the daring. Morton recognised the cigarettes as Ainsworth's own. As he neared them the girl looked at him with the same defiant annoyance. She took her cigarette uncertainly from her lips, and held it for a moment. But as he passed she tossed her head and thrust the lighted wisp back again.

Morton was nearing the girl's pale travelling companion, when she suddenly roused and looked about her. Then she looked up at him and spoke directly and delicately and with perfect poise.

"Have you chanced to see my daughter anywhere recently?"

Mentally Morton staggered. So Ainsworth had been right in his random guess. It had been the boy's first wild solution, a solution which Morton had scorned as too melodramatic for life. Mother and daughter! He glanced keenly at the delicate features, that pale, blue-veined skin and the spiritual eyes, as he answered her. Then he went back after the daughter.

The girl threw back her head a little as he came up to her again. Her very pretty smile set from possible into emphatic artificiality.

"O!" she said when he had performed his mission. "I forgot. Mamma has to have her medicine. I'm much obliged, Mr. Morton. I know your name, you see," she added with a telling glance toward young Ainsworth.

"Then I'll demand yours," smiled Morton as he pushed open a door.

"He knows it," she said with a gesture toward young Dickie Ainsworth patting gaily along behind them. "Beatrice Merriman—till they call me Trixie. Everybody does, after they've known

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me two hours! He's begun it already. That's my name in old Fran."

After that matters speedily adjusted themselves. Morton and Mrs. Merriman soon discovered friendships in common, and settled into the semi-intimate association a long journey invites. Away from them, or across from them, Dickie Ainsworth and the girl chattered through the hours. Ainsworth was not interested in technical situations. He was merely highly entertained. He was quite blind to the outward signs of an inward yeastiness, for he disdained subtleties as "rot," and psychological problems as attenuated refinements unworthy of his sex.

"We missed it in not moving in Mrs. Haversam's set, Phil," he said that evening, as he and Morton sat together over their cigars. "She's a goer. Tricksie's been with her for two years, rebelled at a little town, couldn't and wouldn't nurse, and when she met Madam, five years older and already ten years married, and luck had it up her sleeve to make Madam like her—then ho for 'old Fran'!" The boy mimicked admirably.

"And O Lord, the life!" he continued. "What with learning to drink beer and like it, and learning not to drink too much wine, and being scared stiff for fear she'd never learn to breathe in smoke—O, it was a monkey of a time!" And the boy laughed and went to join the girl, whose evening furbishings were startling for a whizzing Limited Express.

Meantime Morton sat beside the mother, and listened to her quiet talk, every now and then catching in her eyes a gleam of something worse than fear when by chance her daughter's voice rose in speech or laughter above the quiet conversation elsewhere in progress. It was only by incidental reference that Mrs. Merriman ever mentioned her daughter's name and when she did there was such utter lack of the personal note as to make the mention a strange thing. There was no air of disapproval, of dissension; no revealing of any hidden thing. Yet neither then nor later did Morton see her with the girl that he did not catch the tragic note.

He learned by degrees that this trip was being taken at least partly for Mrs. Merriman's benefit, that she might profit by treatment from a foreign specialist then in New York. He learned that her daughter had also wished to come East—on the whole he was left in doubt as to whether Beatrice was accompanying her mother or Mrs. Merriman was chaperoning Beatrice. All his conclusions, then and later, were intensely favourable to the Merriman character and ideals; a fact that rendered the girl only more inexplicable. There was no strain of Bohemian blood, real or would be, in Mrs. Merriman. Her husband—he had been dead three years—had been a professor of philosophy in a small Western college. That too hardly savoured of Bohemia or of its vulgar borderlands.

Morton made no attempt toward a better acquaintance with the girl, though he no longer felt bored with her crudities nor repelled by her gaucheries. For her mother made her interesting. But the memory of the glances, uncertain, anxious, humiliated, from that soft-eyed woman, shot toward him as he talked now and then with the daughter, held him back from more than mere dutiful attention. The girl herself was far from her ease with him. She felt feebly about for talk, and she resented the impotency of resource which he made her feel. But when she did talk to him it was with utter self-centredness, wholly of personal experiences for whose relating she had a mild mania, and she seemed quite content that he should sit and listen in silence to the whole cheap little store of living that she held up for his delection.

And so matters went on up to the afternoon of the day before they reached New York. That afternoon Morton had joined Mrs. Merriman as she sat alone, and later Beatrice and Ainsworth wandered up from one of their incessant strolls over the train. Beatrice sat down on the arm of her mother's seat with her usual air of a bird of passage, ready poised for the next flight that fancy dictated, and Ainsworth stood in readiness to swoop after her. The trip had been a joy to him! She listened pertly to some conversation about some friends Mrs. Merriman and Morton had in common, and she varied the monotony of the too staid conversation by a series of daring *moues* directed at Ainsworth.

"So the Danwells went last year to New York," Morton concluded. "In fact, I heard much of them recently from a chum of mine. Helmer told me a good

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deal of the older boy—I have his letter here—here. He says—"

Morton stopped. His eyes happened to rest on the girl. A sudden light had sprung into her eyes; a warm flush stained her cheeks. Against the soft color the carmine paint looked crude and gaudy.

"Why!" she cried shrilly, "that's Dick's handwriting." Her curious eyes scanned the loose pages. "Do you know Dick, too! Dick Helmer?"

Morton's gaze shifted to Mrs. Merriman. A sudden paralyzing fear born of the latter half of Helmer's letter that did not treat of the Danwells, leaped, at the sight of that mother's strained eyes, to full growth. It was a little melodramatic situation such as only real life can hold. He turned back to the girl.

"I have known Dick Helmer for many years," he said briefly. His eyes were fastened sombrely on her, and her reply died on her lips.

She slipped hurriedly to her feet, and stood in uneasy defiance before him. His eyes made her resentfully ashamed. They seemed to go to the root of things, to pierce shams. Unconsciously and hurriedly she touched her cheeks with her handkerchief, stealthily, and surveyed its unflecked whiteness with relief. She fingered her belt buckle nervously. By the next morning she would certainly have that loosened part fastened on with something more than a skillfully bent pin. Yet it was quite firm. She wondered what he was thinking, wished restively he might say something—anything—Yet he never did. He never would.

"Then if—you know—Dick—you must know—" she began. But her cheeks flushed warmer and her bold eyes fell. And then her mother's hand reached lightly out and caught her wrist. The girl's eyes grew stormy. She laughed and tossed her head. She turned away and then she turned back.

"I want you to take me to the observation car, Mr. Morton," she said with stormy defiance in her voice. "Mamma will excuse you." She turned commanding eyes on her mother's white face. Then, as Morton got slowly and with intense reluctance to his feet, she led the way.

At the reading alcove she stopped, however, and sat quickly down.

"How did you know?" she demanded. Her eyes fell on the letter he still mechanically held. "He told you—in here," she said. She caught a corner of it. Her mood changed. Her great vanity once more protected her. She laughed a little. Whatever she might resent in this man's point of view regarding her she was at least secure in Helmer's.

"What does he say about me?" she asked. "O, please. Some of it, anyway." She held childishly to the sheet, yet through the scene a strain of artificiality ran like a scarlet thread. Half deliberately, without caring either way, Morton let the letter slip from his fingers. He was wondering almost cruelly if it could resurrect dead perceptions.

Beatrice took the letter with a laugh, and drew it quickly out. She made a running commentary as she read:

"Have something to tell you at last—wish you might be here—Vancouver too far—wedding the 24th—" She glanced at him with a curious mingling of shyness and boldness. "Dear me!" she cried later, "—a little French beauty—with pale, satiny skin—blue-veined and just flushed with color—slender pencilled eyebrows over two eyes—" She stopped again and frowned a little. The frown grew and deepened on to the end. She handed the letter back almost sullenly.

"Of course you wouldn't know," she said at last. "Dick was so busy describing me he forgot to tell my name. Nobody knew anything till just recently. I was only twenty and it was three years ago. Dick had to get started, and we went out to California, and with him in New York—well, I didn't care to spread it. It makes a difference in your fun to be an engaged girl." She laughed again, but in embarrassment; to hide a deeper emotion, the sudden culmination of all the discomfort and unrest that this man had produced within her, a feeling that was almost hate for him. But back of it lay an all-consuming fear.

Suddenly she threw back her shoulders. The dying sun shot its red fire across her face, lighting up her carmined cheeks and lips, and making all the darker her shadowed eyes. There was a boldness about her, a hardened curve to the mouth, that made Morton for a second lose his cool, impersonal attitude. In that moment the girl looked almost bad. He shuddered. Had Dick gone mad! Phrases from that letter rushed to his

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mind. "The dear soul behind those eyes—"; "a rare and wonderful conscience—." If it were change how in heaven's name had it been wrought!

"You don't like me," she said in crisp defiance. "You never have. You are sick over this. You like Mamma, but you've never liked me. You can see back of her steel riveted calm how she disapproves. I don't care. She kept me ignorant so long. I never had any real fun. Dick was my first lover. Every one at home thought I was bread and butter, and I was then, to be sure. But after we got out West, and I met Mrs. Haversam, and saw what she got out of life, and how she laughed at me, I simply went in for it. I love Dick. I love him yet. You needn't be afraid I don't. But I wanted a good time, some experience, some life, new sensations. I've had it, a lot. I've seen life. If that isn't a good thing for a girl I don't know what is. I've done a good many things that Mamma knows of, and doesn't like. A good many more—nobody knows. And it has improved me. You needn't say it hasn't. I was goody before—goody and narrow."

She stopped short. There was about her whole attitude a waiting for assent, approval. Only silence met her, and as it deepened her eyes grew angry. But back of the anger lurked that all consuming fear.

"Tell that man to leave those lights turned low," she said sharply as a porter approached the alcove. "I—want to talk."

Morton reluctantly motioned the man away.

"You don't like me," the girl repeated. "In one sense I don't give a rap. Only I—like to be liked. I know who you are now—that Harvard friend of Dick's. You're his friend. You know what he likes— I'm not the same girl I was—he adores Mamma—he told you about her in that letter, near the close—said she was the one woman a man would choose to bring up the girl he was to marry— I'm not like her—I'm changed in every fibre. I thought I was improved. I hated myself as I was. Do you think that he— I wish you'd tell me exactly what you think."

Morton spoke sharply. "You are taking things for granted in an absurd way," he said. "You are demanding absurdities. This is between him and you alone."

The girl stirred restlessly. "I wish I were a good Catholic, and you a priest," she said at last. "Then you would have to listen and tell me things. That always seemed so simple—to sin and confess and pray and be forgiven, and go away and sin again if you wanted to."

Again silence fell. Suddenly her laugh rang out, harsh and unnatural. "You'd have been a good Inquisitor!" she cried. "You'd have loved that torture where slow drops of water fall—hour after hour—"

Morton turned on her almost angrily. "You shall not insist," he said, "in putting me in judgment over you. I can't aspire to the place. But granting for argument's sake that our feeling toward each other is what you say it is—"

"But that's just it," cried the girl. "I can like you, like you immensely. So it's not mutual antipathy at all. Now, what is it?"

"Then I cannot explain it," said Morton doggedly.

The girl sighed wearily. After another long silence she spoke. "I put on rouge and I darken my eyes. Mrs. Haversam did. Did you know I did?"

Morton smiled slightly. "I had inferred as much," he said.

"I have to," she said quickly. "I haven't a bit of color. I want Dick to think I'm as lovely now as when—"

Morton laughed a little. "Dick seems to feel you need no change. Then Dick —he does not care for purely fleshly things."

She colored. "He cares though. All men care. They can't help it."

Morton merely shrugged his shoulders and made no defense of his sex, and she went on with growing slowness, yet as if she were irresistibly driven toward some appointed end.

"All of Mrs. Haversam's friends did it; laughed at me because I'd never done it. Everybody rouges in cities, they said. —I suppose I've done reckless things. At first I started to write Dick all about it, and then he didn't like one letter and I stopped.—I never told him about Jim Lorraine, not even his name. I never told him about—lots of things. I was meeting lots of men, different sorts—I always loved Dick, always, but I was seeing other sorts—I've been drunk. No-

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body knew that before. Nobody but Mrs. Haversam and the crowd. Drunk twice. They dared me to keep on, and I did. I didn't know how much I could take. That was the reason. They thought it was a great joke. They didn't think any less of me. They're not narrow. They all did it.—One night they dared me, and I dressed up in men's clothes and ragged. They fairly howled, they liked it.—Another night I put on tights. They liked that, too.—At first when I went there things were strange and I was green. I got over it.—I didn't mind putting on the tights.—I smoke cigars and cigarettes. I don't like them much, but you have to be sociable. I wanted some fun. No man but Dick—I never had but one sweetheart—till I got to be different. That's what men like better—Mrs. Haversam says so, and the crowds of men she has!—Mamma thinks it's terrible, that I'd better be dead, and she doesn't know a tenth—Dick doesn't know anything.—Mrs. Haversam said life was worth living or ending, and I wasn't going to be prudish. It's been a long time since any of Dick's sort—you and Mr. Ainsworth—and when I saw you didn't like me, that started me off.—But that letter of Dick's—he thinks I'm still the same—my conscience!—I wonder if I've got one now. Nothing seems wrong. There's not a fibre of me the same. I, myself, I love him as much as ever, more—but not a bit the same way—Tell me what he'll think of me? Tell me?"

It had grown quite dark. Above them the lamps flickered dimly. Even in their waverings the girl seemed motionless, save for a little shiver that now and then passed through her. Morton glanced at her once and was chilled. Her skin was bluish white, her eyes were haggard, and against the pallor her lips and cheeks showed purplish red.

"What can I say!" Morton said at length. It is a matter that is so utterly between you two—this is impotent answering, but—" He stopped with absolute finality.

The girl's lips curved into a smile twisted and distorted. "Never mind," she said briefly. "You've served your good purpose. I had to talk it out. It's too much to ask you to say anything. It's all happened queerly, though, your being on this train, and making me feel from the first—without ever trying to—that I wasn't improved, that I was some cheap, paper-bound thing. And you've been trying to find the relation to that lovely book back yonder." She nodded toward her mother's place with a dull, brooding look in her eyes. "And your being Dick's friend, and his having just written that letter to you about me—me three years back— No, don't talk. I'm just saying things. Do you mind taking Mamma out to dinner to-night? I want to stay here a little while longer. O, please don't talk. O, please go!"

She sat there for many minutes longer, staring steadily into the deep darkness without. Her lip was caught firmly between her teeth, and when it began to bleed slightly she did not notice it. After a time the porter came through and turned up the neglected lamps. She let him go almost beyond hearing before she called him, sharply. As he answered her question she looked at her watch. The man went out, and as he left she pulled a book across to her which was lying on a table and jerked from it a jagged fly-leaf. She began to write quickly:

"I can't face him. I'll get off at the next station, in ten minutes. The west-bound train goes through in half an hour. Don't let Mamma be scared. I'm not going to do anything reckless. When she's able to come home I'll be there to meet her. It isn't cowardice. It's simply so futile a thing to go on with the meeting through to the inevitable end. It's no use. Tell him what you please. When the continent's between us once again I'll write him, once more—"

She broke off abruptly. Already the train was slowing up. She folded the leaf into a shabby note, and, going quickly back to her seat, she caught up her handbag. As she reached the platform she pressed the paper into the porter's hand.

"For Mr. Morton," she said briefly.

She stepped swiftly from the train to the platform. Another moment, and she stood watching the long, brown, snake-like thing slip smoothly away on its gleaming path. She turned toward the waiting-room, but its smallness and its dreariness repelled her. She stopped. Only half an hour. Then the west-bound train was due. She began to walk slowly up and down the wooden platform.

Edna Kenton.

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SOME RECENT LANDSCAPES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

PART II.

NOTHING could better show the delightful way in which American landscape can be treated than J. Alden Weir's "Windham, Connecticut." Here is just a simple little New England town, and it is as picturesque as any Norman village or English hamlet. It is early spring and the leaves of the trees have the light-hearted fresh green that give the May world so holiday an air. The little square is a delightful revelation of the charm in a scene most of us would pass indifferently by. His "Day in June" has a hot, blue sky, with globular clouds passing over it. No subtle, hazy effects aimed for here, just a frank blue sky, the kind into which Jefferies used to love to gaze while flat on his back on the greensward. At first you do not notice the white horse with the boy on it, returning from leading the cows to pasture, they are treated in so perfect a landscape feeling, yet approach and you will see the strong bare-backed horse, the lad astride him in his plain blue shirt, suspenders, round shoulders and all. Looking at it one feels certain that the old way of having the landscape painted by one hand and the figure by another would not do here at all. Boy and horse and clouds and hot sky and cool grass—all is conceived with one mind, painted with one hand.

"On the James River," by F. W. Kost, is a picture with great individual charm. In fact, any student of Kost's paintings must feel that he has always something to say. Perhaps the most beautiful note in this picture of Virginia country is the warm, mellow claret of the sun-touched clouds. Soon these clouds will swallow up the last twilight gold, lingering above the roofs of the simple farm buildings. Beyond the turn in the river, lies the faint haze of low rolling hills.

"Off Galilee" gives us a bit of the fishermen's settlement near Seabright, N. J., which was swept away by fire some years ago. The monochrome effect of pale clouded sky, pale ice-houses, and pale sand, lends a certain weird fascination to the picture perfectly in keeping with the character of the sand dune country.

There is a delightful and characteristic painting, "The Brush Burner," at Mr. Kost's studio, a picture full of attraction for the lover of the woods. The stooping form of the brush burner has life and action, the fire has a real crackle, the blue smoke sweeps briskly across the picture and finally ascends into the blue-grey sky of a cool autumn day.

Sartain's "Hackensack Meadows" is an exquisite rendering of a scene familiar to the average Jersey commuter who scarcely glances at it from the car window as he is whirled by. The low lying, widespread marshes are yellow-green in the afternoon sun. The foreground is in the shadow of the clouds—great yellow-grey clouds, very beautiful, very soft, very cloudlike. How much lies in the handling of a cloud! There are clouds that lie flat on the canvas as sticky white circles, there are clouds that look nearer to us than the trees, and there are clouds as these of Sartain's that lift us off into the ether, off out of and beyond the picture before us.

Ochtman's "Autumn Sunrise" received the Webb prize at this season's exhibit of the Society of American artists, and was purchased by Mr. Carnegie. This is no prismatic sunrise, but just a quiet, soft sunrise on a cloudy day. There is an intimate charm in the picture, in the distant hills, tenderly treated, in the unpretentious home, so perfectly a part of the landscape, in the touch of the early sunlight on the slanting roof.

Another of Ochtman's recent paintings, still in his studio, is "Early Evening," very lovely, bathed in its soft, purplish pink glow. The rising moon lights up the bit of river, but is not directly reflected in it.

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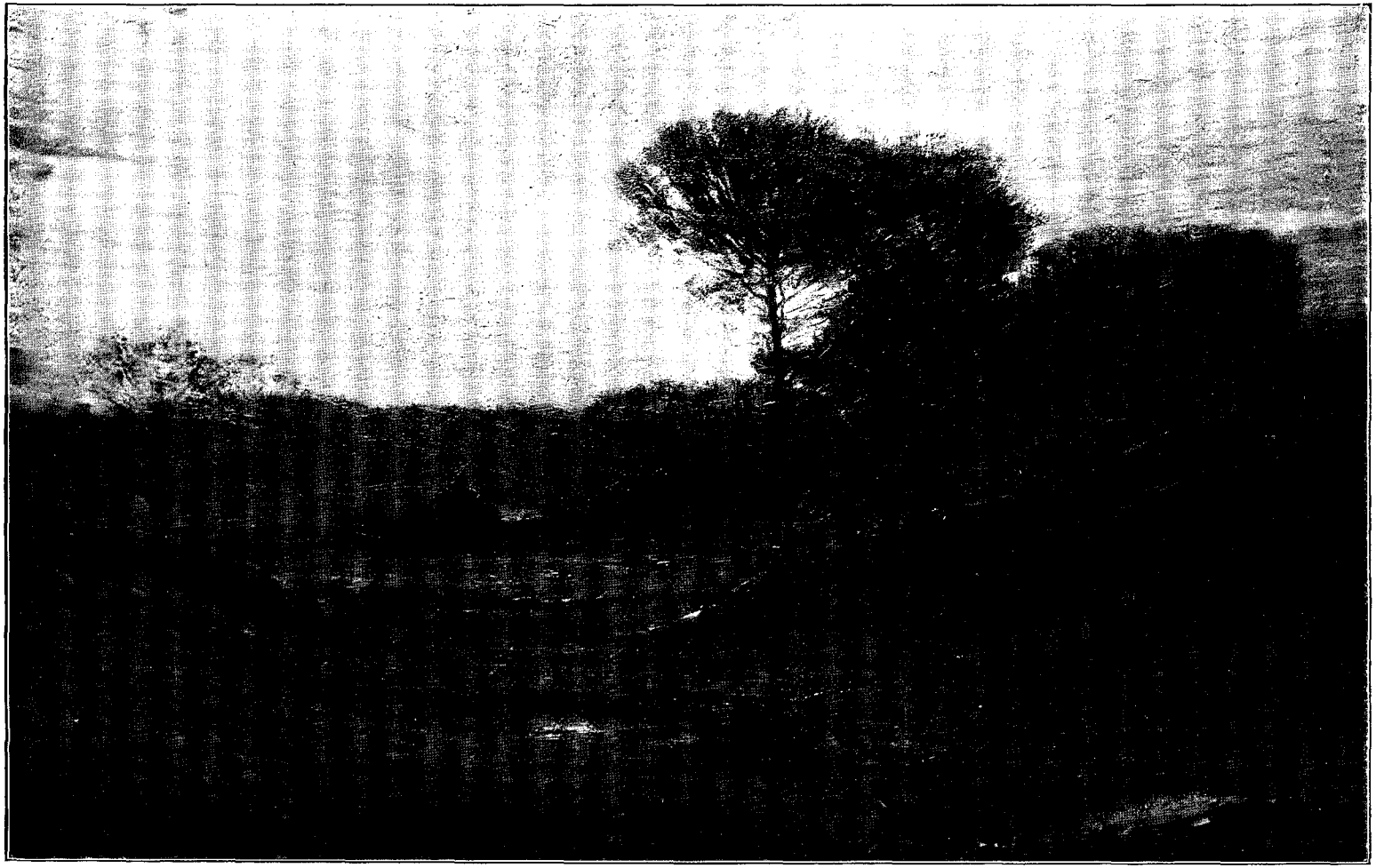

OCHTMAN'S AUTUMN SUNRISE.
This painting received the Webb Prize at this season's exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

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HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

Foster's "Murky Evening," also shown at the Society Exhibit, is full of suggestion. The sheep driven home by the country lad are dimly seen in the gathering dusk. A very lovely picture of Lake Ontario hangs in his studio, the lake shining silvery in the sun, which is felt behind great grey clouds. The burnt-over land in the foreground with the grim bare trunks gives just the right note contrasting with the silver of water and sky. At the Society Exhibit is his "Clump of Butternuts" with a peculiarly intimate appeal. It is a bit of country such as one might see about the Bronx, a friendly, rolling country, a lively little rill threading its way under the stone fence.

At this same exhibit there are many landscapes of which I should like to be able to speak more fully. They are by Bruce Crane, Will S. Robinson, H. Bolton Jones, Charles Warren Eaton, Mygatt, Kent, Foote, McCrea, and Lee. In one there is the charm of colour, in another a tender poetry, in a third a virile touch; in one it is the charm of a rising hill road, in another the cool dusk of pines, in still another the blossoming life of spring, or again the grimness of a mountain, or it may be the lovely tone of summer night—but whatever it is in each one is the note of sincerity and the true landscape feeling.

Walter Clark has been working lately at some interesting phases of Florida landscape. One picture of Mosquito Inlet is peculiarly soft in colour, the slender russet beach grasses, the loose sand blown over the beach, the pelicans and gulls hovering about in great number, the sea with the golden autumnal gleam.

Doubtless many think of that superb artist, Horatio Walker, as the Millet of the Western Hemisphere. There is Millet's human interest, his sincerity and directness. There is also in him the largeness and optimism of Walt Whitman, but a Whitman with a technique with which no critic can quarrel. As interesting as are these impressive pictures in the black and white, they are first and foremost great paintings, great in all the qualities that make great painting. Few can give us scenes so full of human interest and rise at the same time so far above it. His "Sheep at Pasture" reproduces here admirably, though of course the originality and beauty of its colour is absent. It was impossible to get a reproduction of his very latest

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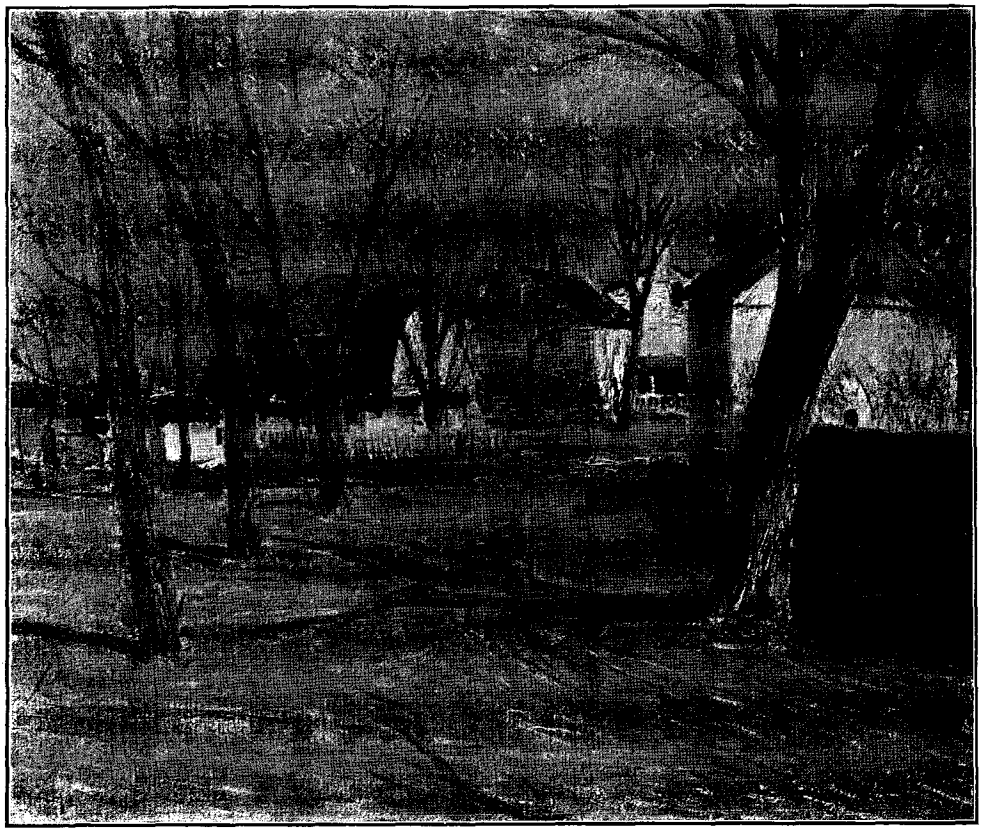

EARLY SPRING, WINDHAM, OONN.
By Weir.

painting, which as I write has just arrived at the Montross Gallery, his "Ice Cutters," a picture so individual, so big that it defies word painting. Indeed I do not know but there would be a certain cruelty in a black and white reproduction, for its colour strikes one at once as simply unique—unlike any other painting one has seen. There is the cold green of scintillating ice cakes, the pale lemon of the dying winter day, the purple grey of heavy clouds, the dark green of sombre pines, the strong brown and roan of the sturdy horse, the rich red of the blanket, the pale violet shadows in the snow. And this charm of colour united with vigour and action—do I not say all when I say it is great Art?

At the same exquisite little exhibit at the Montross Gallery are two characteristic landscapes by Ryder: one a tiny canvas holding big distances in it and a wealth of rich colour, the other like some precious old tapestry with an old-world stateliness in composition and mellowness in tone. A soft true night piece by Alexander Schilling is very beautiful and without anything of the spectacular which seems to creep so easily into night scenes.

How impossible to translate into words the charm, tender, elusive, delicate of a landscape by Tryon! As difficult to catch on the point of a pen as on the edge of the brush the ghost of a pale November twilight lingering in the distant trees, the mystery of peace, the calming touch of early eve, the coolness settling down over the earth, the tree tops melting into the soft horizon as Emerson's trees, diffusing themselves

> "in the air
> As if they loved the element, and hasted
> To dissipate their being into it."

Yet Tryon has succeeded with his brush. No one is more uniquely the interpreter of the most subtle appeals of

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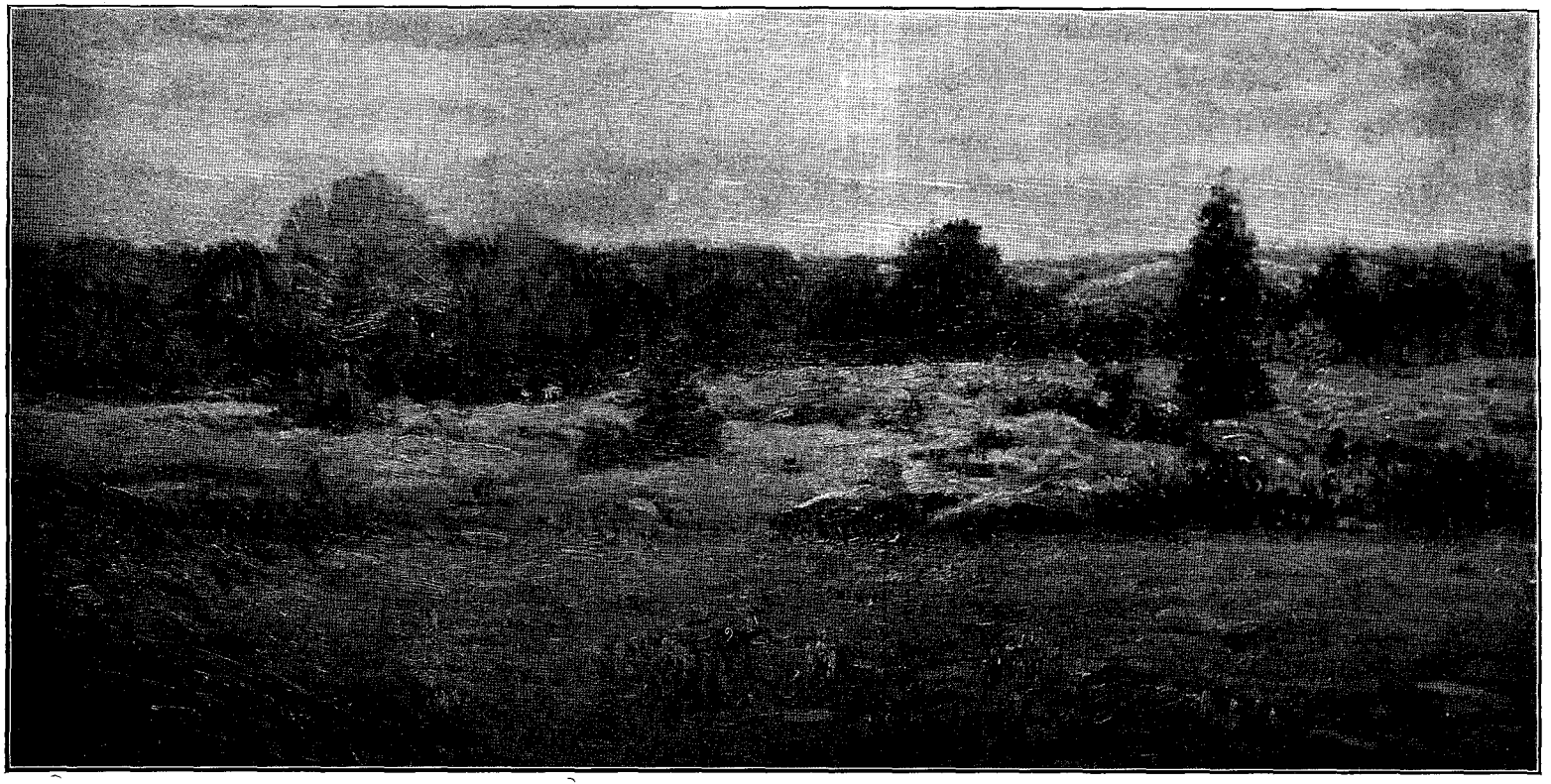

PASTURE LANDS, OCTOBER.
By Tryon.

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nature. So many of his wonderful landscapes haunt my memory that it is difficult to speak only of his recent work.

The "Pasture Lands: October" reveals new beauties the longer one looks into it (one never looks at but into Tryon's pictures). Less delicately elusive than a great deal of his work, it can fairly well be reproduced—even without the marvellous work of a Schilling poring two years over one plate. Gaze on the original for a while and the same peace settles on your heart as if you were actually in the open. And so completely do you seem to stand in the picture, it is all around you, not merely hanging there before you. This picture hangs at the Montross Gallery as well as the lovely "Early Morning: September," in which there is the soft early light stealing over the landscape—just the quiet appeal of purple hills and lemon horizon and trees alive to their leaflet tips.

There is really nothing to be said of one who does not care for Tryon. But one may pity.

One great fact impresses itself upon me—how easy it is to enjoy these paintings. The time has gone by when a visit to a studio meant a painful adjustment on the part of the visitor who had a leaning toward truthfulness and at the same time a desire not to cut too poor a figure: hence the pitiful attempt to see cows, trees, meadows, and snow-fields in a saturnalia of colour, or to see the face of one's friend as an animated rainbow or his hands as a Joseph's coat of many colours. To-day there is no need to key oneself up artificially to the artistic point of view. The studio visitor may be at his ease; he may not see all that the artist sees, but there will be no violent upheaval of cherished convictions.

And for all that we are glad the struggle waged by the Impressionists is over, none the less are we grateful for what it accomplished. In Art it is too apt to be forgotten that a battle cannot be fought and won without sacrificing something of repose and sanity. But if the battle was worth while and the fruits of victory ours, it is ungrateful, to say the least, to assail the methods of the victors. By whatever means, through whatever struggle, "God Almighty's daylight" was at last brought into landscape painting. Read the protests of men like Hogarth and Constable against "The grime and slime and soot" that were the colour ideal of the contemporary connoisseur, and one will have some idea of the difficulties of the war that has been waged and won for us. Suppose at one time our eyes did blink at the extraordinary vividness of colour? So do the eyes of a blind man restored to sight and brought out into the sunlight. Nothing perhaps can better show us the road we have travelled than the anecdote told of the celebrated connoisseur Beaumont, who, while admiring a landscape by Constable, yet admonished him that it should have had in it more of the quality of an old brown fiddle. For answer, as they were seated out of doors, Constable merely arose, entered the house and returned with an old brown fiddle which he quietly laid beside Beaumont on the living green grass.

That piquant and interesting, if not always convincing, critic Mr. James Huneker, has lately compared Richard Strauss, the composer, to Monet, the painter; both producing marvellous and unexpected effects by decomposition, in the one case of colour, in the other of sound. The analogy holds perfectly good, and bears out what was said in the first installment of this paper of the overstatement and sense of struggle in much of our modern music. The battle waged by Monet is over and Art has gained immensely thereby. Hence we have in painting repose, restraint, and accomplishment, while in music the battle still rages and the ears are assailed as in the early days of Impressionistic battle the eyes were blinded. In painting, new problems, new controversies may arise in the future, but let us enjoy the moment as it is, enjoy the fact that we have an art that appeals to the emotions and that at the same time is restful—a rare combination. It is easy to be restful when the emotional appeal is absent, so easy to be hysterical and overstrained when it is there. Of course, on the walls of our galleries there may be seen to-day plenty of work that is strained and showing desire rather than acomplishment; plenty of work that is mere weak imitation of some old master or—most significant—weak imitation of our American masters; but on the whole we may boast to-day of an art very much greater, I think, than is generally realised by the American public. How shall we

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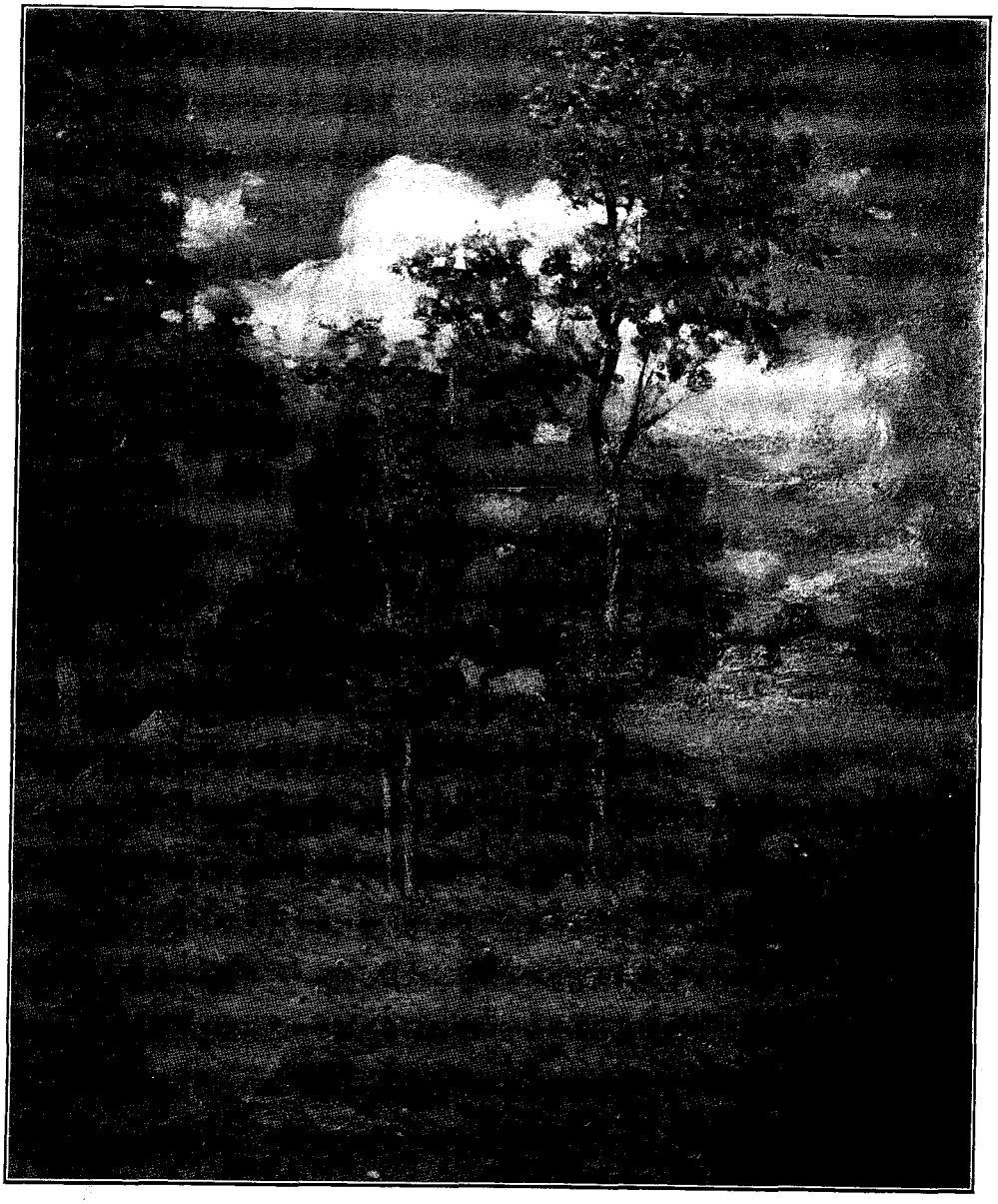
reassure this American public? It seems to me that the way lies scarcely through the bullying criticism that is so much in vogue. Surely one cannot be scolded into loving. The gallery-visiting public is already too much brow-beaten. Is there anything more uncomfortable than the attitude of the average gallery visitor sneaking away from a chance encounter with a friend for fear of being committed to a choice? If you tell an untruth and endeavour to select what you ought to like, there is always the chance that you are wrong and have but burdened your conscience in vain. If you tell the truth, in the event of being wrong, at least you have enjoyed yourself, and there always remains the chance that you might hit it right. Make up your mind to like something, to like it very much indeed and in time you will like the right thing. I am not at all sure but that a great Art



A DAY IN JUNE
By Weir

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may be sustained better by a public with a strong love of the wrong thing than one with a pretended liking of the right thing. I have not the slightest pretense in writing this paper to encourage American Art. It does not need me. It will soon have its day. It is on the point of having it now. It is not American Art that needs encouragement, but rather the American public. It needs to be told "Go to the studios and galleries and enjoy what you see. Forget the rule of the great name. Forget all about what you ought to like, but like very much what you do like."

A young American painter, recently returned from abroad, had a visit one day at his studio in Paris from an Australian bushranger.

"Come over with me to the Salon," said the bushranger. "I want you to tell me if a picture there is good or not."

"Why," asked the artist, "do you want to know that?"

"Because," was the reply, "there is a painting there of sheep that reminds me of home so powerfully that I choked when I saw it. The sheep are huddled together just as they lie on my own farm. The country round about is just the country I was brought up in, and it made me positively homesick just to look at it. I'd like to buy it if you say it's good art."

"Good art be hanged!" exclaimed the artist, showing a good deal of common sense for one so young. "If that picture means all that to you, buy it! It will mean more to you than any number of Corots. Go ahead and buy it and don't ask me or any other artist if it is good for anything. It is good for you, and that's enough."

I had the opportunity recently of listening to the signally attractive and authoritative lady who has recently returned to her native shores after an absence in Europe of some thirty years or so, twenty-nine of which, if I mistake not, were spent in adoration before the canvases of Botticelli. Her artistic creed is what she herself dubbed quite frankly, "the old-fogy cult." There was much in her talk that would make interesting reading, but its chief bearing upon the subject of this paper was the conversation which took place while the chastened and subdued audience (for were we not Americans, and, worse yet, New Yorkers, and was not a Bostonian imported for the occasion to witness our discomfiture?) was drowning its sorrow in many cups of tea. I approached the impressive and authoritative lady and suggested that her dicta swept aside as absolutely unimportant all Landscape Art, and that only the painting of the Figure remained. After admitting she found it in her heart to forgive Claude and Poussin (she had visited Mr. Freer's collection of Tryons, but of course did not care for them at all), she drew herself up to the most impressive height and voiced the following remarkable sentiment. I fairly seemed to see little shivers of delight go down the spines of the little group of admirers that surrounded her—

"Ah, Nature, how I love Nature! *But we have nature, so we do not need to paint her.*"

In the coupé going home—that repository of repartees—I exclaimed aloud:

"But after all we do have the Figure!"

The lady forgot that the world has moved since that day, when in congratulating Constable upon his election to the Royal Academy, Lawrence admonished him that he should be particularly gratified because he was only a landscapist!

Landscape art as an art form needs no apologisers to-day nor need the attitude of the American onlooker be longer that of an apologetic reservation, "It is not Corot, it is not Rousseau, it is not Daubigny nor Diaz." It is not, indeed, but there is no reason why it should be. It is Homer Martin, it is Wyant, it is Innes, it is Blakelock, it is Tryon and Horatio Walker. *Annie Nathan Meyer.*

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EXPIATION.

There came a Sin to me—too strong! and I too weak to bar my door.
I knew him for some snaring Wrong; but he protested loud and long; Joy was the name he bore.
To drown my doubts he crossed my sill and bade me taste his brimming bowl,
But, ere my lips had drunk their fill, whispered, "A paltry price—thy soul!"

Oh, but that bliss must be complete! Light, for its sake, such sacrifice.
What though I half divined the cheat? the wine, the wine it was so sweet! I paid my Sin his price.
"Too dear the draught," I whispered low, as in my house I heard a cry,
"For human frailty to forego, for thirst like mine to pass it by!"

Now wingeth Death his way to me; offers his sweet forgetful cup.
All-potent though its waters be to quench the fires of memory, I will not take it up.
My heart shall burn with bitter thirst, while Death's dark healing wings sweep by,
My lips shall drain the dregs accursed, that whoso drinks shall long to die!

"Nay, but my name is Peace," he cries. What if it be that same old Sin?
A likeness lingers in his eyes that bids me doubt the thin disguise; He shall not enter in!
My habitation is unfit for Death; for Peace there is no room.
Here with my ruined Soul I sit and wait the unfolding of our doom.

Louise Betts Edwards.

CHARLES WAGNER.*

IT is not perhaps so much the multiplication of our needs as the many ways and ease of satisfying them that have introduced into modern life that complexity of which M. Wagner complains. The effect of all progress in discovery, invention, and thought has been to simplify and straighten life out, and that olden time simplicity in manners and ideas which he bade us reverence and cherish must be looked for solely in the special conditions accompanying the lives of the humble and lowly—the poor in purse and spirit, for it is certainly not to be found in the prandial performances of the Romans, the frills and furbelows of the Grand Monarch's time, or the metaphysical muddles of the schoolmen.

But this modern Parisian pastor is no twentieth-century Rousseau. He invents no such Eden as that "state of Nature" which worked so potent a charm in the human mind a hundred and fifty years ago, for he realises that against the impulse in the direction of simplicity in all the relations of life given by the wizard of Geneva, there has been no positive reaction.

These three books of M. Wagner may be said briefly to be a plea for a new direction of the mind as will bring about a better state of human relations; *The Simple Life* dealing with the relations of a man to the world at large; *The Better Way* with his relations to the Inner Self, and *By the Fireside* with the more intimate external relations in the family and the home.

If we gather together enough to form a picture of man in his relation to the outer world we find ourselves confronted with a concise statement of the weapons employed by mediocrity to win prominence and success. "In politics, finance, business, even in science, art, literature, and religion, there is everywhere disguise, trickery, wire-pulling; one truth for the public, another for the initiated.

**The Simple Life; The Better Way; By the Fireside.* By Charles Wagner. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

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. . . The very people who deceive others with the most ability, are in turn deceived when they need to count upon the sincerity of their neighbours." "It is not well to confide oneself to a doctor who is wholly engrossed in his fees, for the spring of his action is the desire to garnish his purse with the contents of yours. If it is to his interest that you should suffer longer, he is capable of fostering your malady instead of fortifying your strength." "One of the chief puerilities of our time is the love of advertisement. Some people are so consumed with this desire that we are justified in declaring them consumed with the itch of publicity. In their eyes obscurity is the height of ignominy; so they do their best to keep their names in every mouth."

All of this is true enough, but these conditions are more deeply rooted in the economic world than M. Wagner would have us believe. They did not come in with the locomotive, the telegraph, and the telephone. They are a characteristic of his grandfather's day as they are of his own. He does not know his Balzac or he would not complain that craft, diplomacy, and subtle legerdemain have suddenly developed to complicate affairs in the business world of to-day. Have these influences ever been more rampant in modern life than as they are described in *Lost Illusions* and *César Birotteau* as characteristic of the early years of the last century?

The persistency of a disease, however, does not decrease the necessity for a remedy. M. Wagner proposes a conduct of life that will avoid all hurry and restlessness, will bring about simpler thoughts, forms of speech and conceptions of duty in all relations with our fellowmen. Beginning in the family circle the new spirit will gradually be infused by the growing children into public life, and humanity will be free of the innumerable complexities that constantly operate to its deterioration.

In *The Better Way*, our author is on surer ground for it is easy to see that he would be a better guide for the inner life than for the outer world, which lies too often beyond him. There runs a strain of sadness through this little volume for the thought lingers much on the death of a son just on the threshold of young manhood. His hopes and doubts and fears, the desolation and despair are answered and sustained by a "friend," who is no other than his own inner self, always the bearer of fine spiritual gifts to enrich and fortify every crisis of the soul whether it be one of joy or one of sorrow. The "friend" proves himself a trustworthy guide at every turn of the difficult road. He leads to one fine end. "The peace of the soul is the key to the world. Through it all things are ordered and disposed in their places. In it the painful problem of life resolves into harmony."

By the Fireside is the least satisfactory of the three volumes. M. Wagner is fully aware of the economic forces that are changing the character of home life, but his vague suggestions and schemes would react against the inevitable tendencies of modern domestic life. On the subject of the home, he and Mrs. Gilman would never agree. He is not prone to regret the past but in the pages the wish occurs more than once for a return to some of the conditions of home life of bygone days. He lays too much stress on that which tends to hinder the development of individuality, and which is now recognised as the weak feature of family life. The thought, too, is often commonplace and suggests that the author should conduct some department of manners and morals in a woman's magazine.

But, after all, it is not as a philosopher or preacher, but as a lover of his fellow men, that M. Wagner has the strongest claim to their attention.

"I have lived with rich and poor," he says in one place, "with wise and ignorant, city folks and peasants, Germans and French, believers and atheists, the champions of the past and the champions of the present, and I have understood and loved them all. I love life and humanity under all their *wholesome, sincere* forms, in all their griefs and their hopes, and even in all the tempests of thought and deed."

If we omit the italicised words this might have been written by Whitman himself. It is impossible not to detect a trace of Puritanism in M. Wagner's Whitmanism, but this will only help to spread the gospel of Humanity, for those who find the good grey poet too strong meat will like better the flavour of the Frenchman's thought.

George H. Casamajor.

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REINCARNATION.

We were lovers when first we met, my sweet,
Or ever the Sphinx was planned,
And I kissed the prints of your sandaled feet
In the soft Saharan sand.
You wore a gown that was not so slow
And I wore a cheerful smile,
In the lonesome land of the Long Ago
On a neck of the nervous Nile.

You were a maiden of Rome, my pet,
Toga'd and trim and tall,
And the flirt of your fan I remember yet
As my legion marched for Gaul.
But we stoically stayed our trembling tears—
That day in the brave year One—
For we knew that our love could vanquish years
And make a century run.

In Ethelbert's time we sought, my dear,
A bower of bitumen shade
Where the beasts and the birds did not look queer
To a tapestry man and maid.
And we saw no cloud in the saffron sky
As you gave me a four-leaved rose,
But love leaped high as we said good-bye
For your pa wore pointed toes.

Once more, on the age-old feast of birds,
I thrill with the same sweet fears.
Do I ask too much if I crave kind words
But once in a thousand years?
It is not my fault in the pitiless plan
Of the centuries whir and whirl,
If I am only a Remington man
While you are a Gibson girl.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

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BUILDING THE COMIC OPERA.

By Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

WHILE the construction of a comic opera is by no means an exact science, the work, to gain a lasting success, must contain at least two primary ingredients — humour and tunefulness. There have been operas which with but a modicum of either requisite have gained an ephemeral popularity through a gorgeousness of production and a wealth of pretty girls. There have been musical comedies which through the introduction of some clever "specialty" have temporarily caught the public's fancy and incidentally its shekels. But such as these can no more last than can their interpolated songs which, like "Mr. Dooley," "Hiawatha," "Bedelia," and the rest, sweep the country with a wave of popularity to-day and to-morrow are relegated to the barrel-organ and oblivion; while songs like "Answer," "Oh, Promise Me," and the "Rosary" we love as dear old friends and cheerfully applaud whenever we hear them adequately rendered.

Doubtless there are but few thinking people who have not wondered why it is impossible in these days to write a consistent comic opera, or, if not impossible, why some one does not do it. With the evident predisposition of the public for musical pieces over comedy and drama the opportunities for writers of librettos certainly seem golden. There are many clever musicians simply hungering for a good "book," and there are many hungry managers scouring Europe and America for completed works of any promise. Most of those they accept, alas! end with the promise and never reach fulfillment. Again the question "Why?"

A brief review of some of the difficulties which an author and composer must meet and surmount ere they see the finished product of their collaboration submitted to the public for approval may cast some light on a subject which is dark to many; and may further inspire in the public at large a more charitable spirit of tolerance for the perpetrators who, though fully conscious of the shortcomings of their offerings, suffer in silence the more because they feel that they are not altogether to blame for much that they know to be blameworthy.

To begin with, there is the story or plot. Whatever it be it must contain a sufficient variety of characters to insure for the composer a prima donna, a soubrette, and an alto or perhaps a character woman, a tenor or high baritone, a basso, and one or two comedians—not of course, omitting the ubiquitous chorus. It must have the locale—Spanish, Dutch, French-Canadian, Oriental—in which the composer feels himself best fitted to suggest and maintain the atmosphere by his music. The scenic artist must also have his wants attended to in the way of two or three original suggestions for stage-settings. These little wing-clipping preliminaries settled upon, the question arises, shall the piece contain a "star" part, and if so, shall it be for a man or woman? For the comedian, or for the prima donna? The story in mind will possibly settle that for itself as characters in most stories are quite as difficult to manage as are real "stars," and have a way of strenuously asserting themselves in spite of the author's efforts to suppress them. The characters then, with their relative values, the locale, and, in a general way, the story having been decided upon, the real difficulties begin. The average comic opera contains about twenty musical numbers, and it is in writing the story in such a way as to conserve the proper order of these that the author finds one of his greatest tasks. Solos, love duets, trios, comic songs, ensemble numbers and finales must be arranged in such sequence as to insure variety of topic, rhythm, costuming, and "business" for the chorus. The various principals' numbers must be so apportioned as to give each his or her share of prominence at proper intervals, and woe betide the luckless librettist who attempts to bring any one of them on the stage too soon. Whatever the author's original idea for a new effect or an odd

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situation he must shape it so as to let the chorus and some of the minor characters fill out the first five minutes and "warm up the house" before contriving his entrances for the more important members of the cast. Hence the invariable "opening chorus" and the few moments "footless" dialogue that follows.

In American productions it is thought to be a great advantage if the "star" can be given some sort of an odd or startling entrance, as, for example, the coming to life of the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz,* the emergence of Frank Daniels from the safe in *The Office Boy,* "Dolly Varden's" appearance showing only her feet and ankles as she walks inside of a sedan-chair, "Sergeant Kitty's" entrance as a postillion on horseback, or Raymond Hitchcock's sudden descent in his patent fire-escape balcony in *The Yankee Consul.* The object, of course, is to "get a laugh," or, if not, at least to concentrate the attention; and if after that the first few lines "tell" your actor has his audience with him ready and willing to be amused.

"It would seem," you will say, "that all this, though difficult, might be done and done with some semblance of continuity

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK AS "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

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and realism." It is done—on paper. Few librettists who are in any way worthy of the name complete a comic opera which does not to their mind contain a reasonably well-connected plot, counter-plot, climax, and denouement. The lyrics are not dragged in by the heels, but are the natural expression of a well-developed situation. There are no inconsistencies of dialogue, no anachronisms. Even the chorus enter and exit with reasons for their movements; and each separate scene and number forms a coincident part of an harmonious whole. Mr. Author while making no public pretentions to greatness, secretly expects that when the piece is put on at least a few discerning critics will justly head their reviews, "At Last the American Gilbert!" What happens? Many things which are no one's fault, but are largely the result of human limitations.

Let it be supposed that the principal rôle is that of the comedian. The contract for the production is signed, and the manager begins the selection of his cast. He happens upon a prima donna out of work whom he knows will prove a drawing card with the public. He gives her a contract, agreeing to "star" her, and Mr. Author is told to "fatten up" her part with more lines, more scenes, and more musical numbers. That, perhaps, is not hard to do, but now it is found impossible to secure any one who can adequately fill the tenor rôle. Those available who can sing it, can not act it, and those who might do both can not look it. The only alternative is to fill the part with a baritone, transpose his ballad a couple of tones, and cut out his love-duet with the prima donna. She, however, must have a number in that place, and after several unsuccessful attempts to suit her she decides that she'd like to have the song which the soubrette sings in the first act. "It's really the best song in the piece, and should naturally go to the 'star' anyhow." So, in spite of the author's modest suggestion that this is a "good-night" song, and wholly inappropriate to a morning scene, it goes in the second act. Some sort of dialogue must be invented to introduce it, and the music cue will doubtless be "listen and I'll tell you about it." The song, however, does not make the expected hit and it is discovered that the reason, which should have at once been obvious, is that it immediately follows the comedian's topical song which has been laughed at and encored to the echo. A topical song fits in anywhere, so that is in turn shifted to the first act which is "a little weak in comedy, anyhow." Then there is the chorus, in whose graceful gyrations every competent stage-manager takes such infinite pride. Occasion must be made for them to appear at frequent intervals in varied costumes, and if the author does not make the occasion, the stage-manager will. For it is with them that he finds full opportunity for the display of his talent in originating intricate movements and effective stage pictures.

Now the composer finds that owing to the kaleidoscopic shifting of songs, a concerted number for full chorus is left minus the men, who are at this time in their dressing-rooms changing from soldiers to brigands for the next scene. Something must be done—some further change must be made to rectify this, and a little more shifting takes place. A character of secondary importance which the author confidently expected would prove a surprise—does! He's so surprisingly bad in the part that numbers of his scenes are cut out bodily. They may have in them some very necessary explanatory dialogue, but a musical piece can not be allowed to drag for an instant. "Ginger!" is the word, "ginger!" And thus by degrees the seemingly necessary changes take place until in the end he will be indeed a wise author who knows his own plot.

Consider now for a moment that a drama contains some two hours of dialogue, while in a musical play forty-five minutes of talk is excessive. Consider, further, that should an interruption occur even in the most carefully constructed play, during which a clever soloist flanked by a bevy of diverting young women claim the attention of the audience for from three to six minutes, would it not be hard thereafter to pick up the story and regain the interest? In a comic opera not alone one, but eighteen or twenty of these interruptions occur—distractions for both the eye and the ear. These might not prove such serious breaks if every song exactly fitted every situation, but that can scarcely be for many reasons, a few of which have been noted. The pretty, simple, direct little

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comic opera stories told in such works as those of Offenbach, Lecocq, Audran, Millocker, Planquette, and Gilbert and Sullivan went out with the advent of the modern "production" in which "show-girls" and scenic effects, costumes and cake-walks were, or were thought to be, what the public wanted and would pay to see. Rag-time and coon songs were interpolated hit or miss into the reigning musical pieces, elaborate "business" was devised for the choruses, and the public thereupon offered its acclaim. But if signs do not fail, the fickle public is rapidly growing tired; and the astute manager who will substitute daintiness for display, consistency for chaos, and "atmosphere" for unsanitary ventilation, will find that, after all, the great majority of the American people are intelligent, discriminating human beings who would rather hear good voices and clearly enunciated lines than see a lot of expensive scenery or light-headed chorus girls moving uncomfortably in Paris creations to which and in which they are manifestly unaccustomed.

An author and composer naturally have a great regard for their Art. A manager's primary regard is for the box-office, and his anxiety to score a substantial success at times inspires him to interpolate more or less "non-union" numbers in spite of the usually lively protest of author and composer. *Sergeant Kitty, Prince of Pilsen, Dolly Varden, Babette,* and *The Yankee Consul* are entirely free from any work but that of the authors. But from among the scores of musical pieces which have had successful runs on Broadway in the past five years, comparatively few can be recalled which have not contained one or more interpolations. These, of course, take the place of original numbers which did not seem to "go." It must not be thought, however, that because a song does not "go" it is necessarily devoid of merit. A multitude of things may conspire to kill an intrinsically good number. It may be badly placed, or badly interpreted, badly orchestrated, or badly conducted. The "business" of the chorus, or of some other member of the cast may inadvertently attract the attention and kill the applause, and that same song in other hands may later prove an enormous success. Take the case of "Nancy Brown." It was first sung, unsuccessfully by no less a personage than Peter Dailey in Augustus Thomas's ill-fated musical comedy, *Champagne Charley.* It was sung by Marie Cahill shortly afterwards in *The Wild Rose,* and proved the hit of Broadway for the season. As an example of how far this interpolating habit can go it may be interesting to note that Marie Cahill's husband is authority for the statement that not one of the original numbers—even to the finale—is now left in *Nancy Brown,* in which play Miss Cahill is at present starring. It must seem a far cry from Henry K. Hadley to Cole & Johnson; but as the box-office has not suffered it seems to be "up to" the theatre-going public to explain.

No reasonable author should doubt that in making changes his manager is earnestly endeavouring to do what in his belief will advantage the play. There is sometimes a difference in relative beliefs regarding the matter—that's all. A play is the child of an author's brain; and parents are proverbially inclined to grow peevish and fretful when others undertake to correct their children.

Perhaps at once the saddest and most laughable case of managerial correction extant may be laid at the door of Mr. William A. Brady. Some years ago, as Clay M. Greene tells the story, an elderly couple from somewhere down on Cape Cod submitted a manuscript to Mr. Brady which he hurriedly read and carelessly accepted. It was a comedy of rural New England life and in the minds of the authors it bid fair to prove an American *She Stoops to Conquer.* Mr. Brady decided to make an immediate production. He engaged his cast and the authors were present and read the play to the actors at first rehearsal, after which they shook the unholy dust of the modern Gomorrah from their feet and hied back to quiet Cape Cod to await the date that should see the opening performance. Two days' rehearsal was more than enough to prove that the play as it stood was impossible. They had gone too far, however, to now retract, and Mr. Grismer—Brady's partner—suddenly offered the brilliant suggestion that they turn the play into a musical comedy. To think was to act; and Mr. Greene was deputised to bring about the metamorphosis. Such of the cast as could sing were retained, others were substituted, the song-factories were called upon, and in the usual number of weeks the piece

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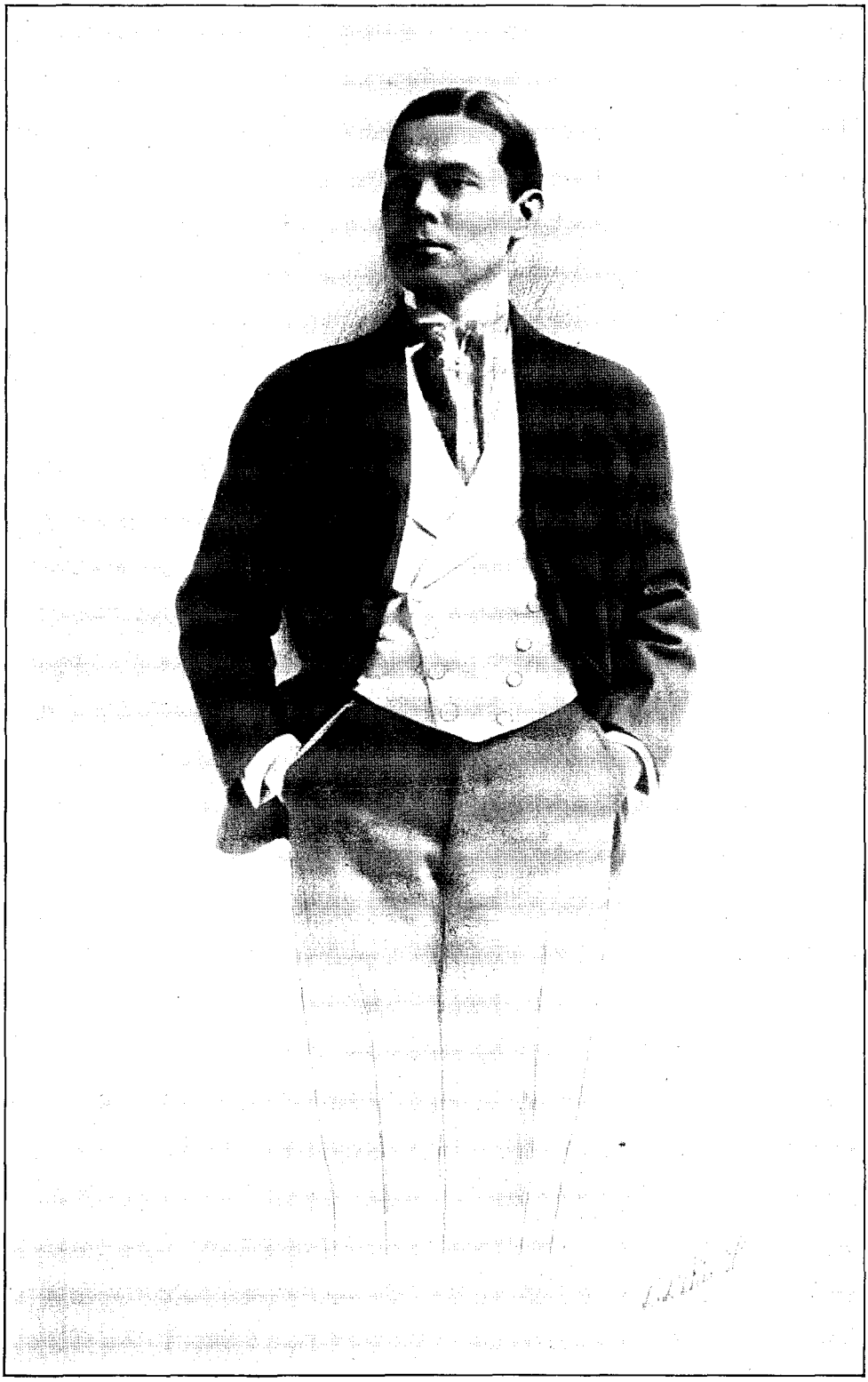

HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.,
Author of the "Yankee Consul" and "Checkers."

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THE GREAT BALCONY SCENE FROM "ERMINIE."

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"THE MIKADO."

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"THE RUNAWAY GIRL."

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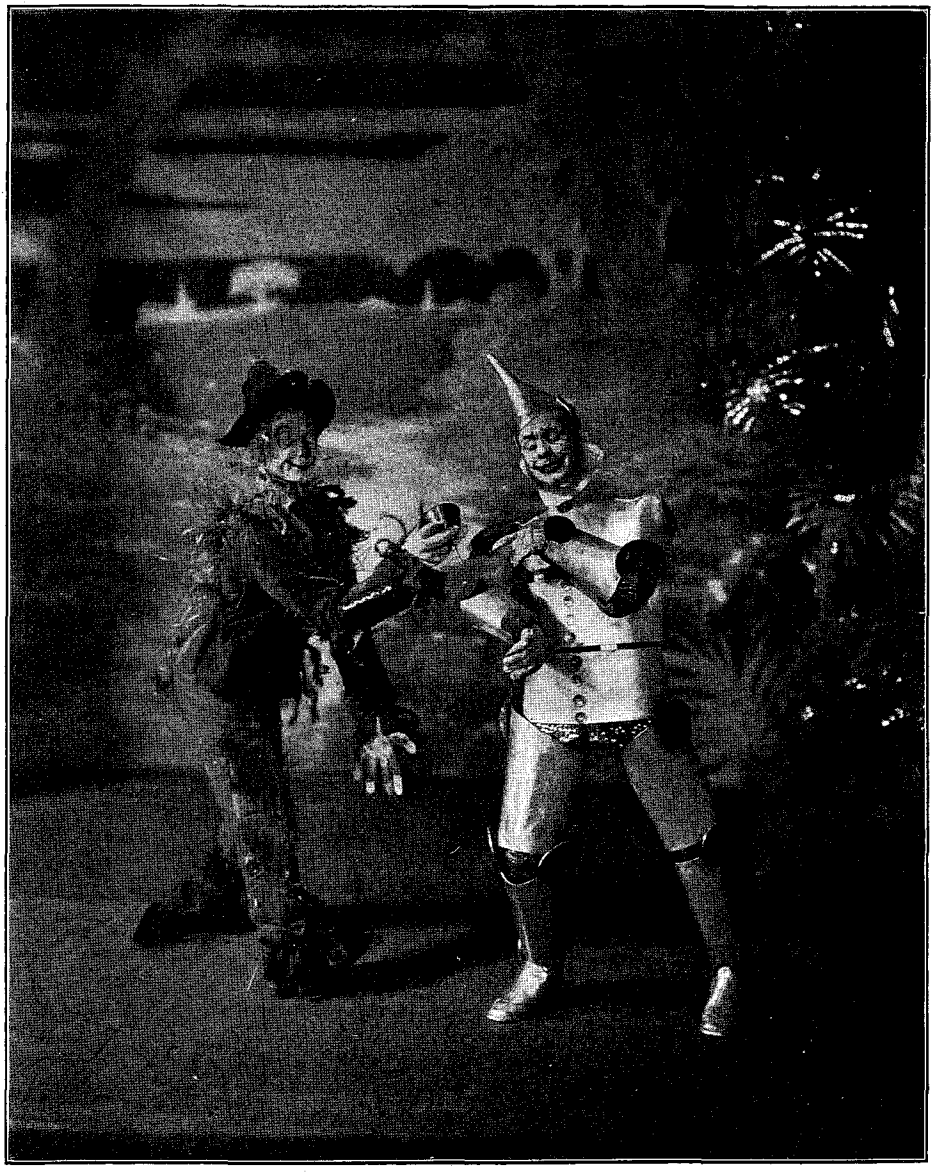
"THE SULTAN OF SULU."

was produced. It was called *My Aunt Hannah.* Mr. Author and wife, all unconscious of what had been done came to town for the dress rehearsal. To say that they were surprised, shocked, angered, outraged, heart-broken, is to put it mildly. It may be imagined that Messrs. Brady, Grismer and Greene had none of them any time or inclination at this particular point of time to take the dear old people quietly aside and carefully explain to them how necessary all this was, so they passed them in turn to each other and then to the stage-manager, who passed them to the stage doorkeeper, who passed them outside. They went back to Cape Cod that night, and a few weeks later the old man died—"of a broken heart," the old lady wrote Clay Greene, though the doctor's certificate read "acute indigestion." It was in this piece that "My Tiger Lily" was first sung and it went far to carry the production towards success, but it failed to



THE SCARECROW AND THE TIN MAN IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

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reach the goal, and doubtless there is still a little old lady "down Cape Cod way" who is firm in the belief that a great play was ruthlessly sacrificed through the fatuous ignorance and obstinacy of another manager who thought he knew more than the author.

NOTES ON THE THEATRE.

THE recent revival in New York of *The Two Orphans* with a particularly strong cast, very naturally led to abundant reminiscence and comment from those who could remember the first production of this play in its English version. To us its chief interest lies in the fact that, take it all in all, *The Two Orphans* is probably the most perfect specimen of the pure melodrama that has ever been put together. It illustrates the undoubted fact that a play as a play may be immensely successful, and deservedly so, without possessing the slightest literary merit whatsoever. Stagecraft, the art of the playwright, will of course, gain much if it be united with the imagination and wit and eloquence of the great literary artist; yet it can perfectly well dispense with these and still attain a veritable triumph. For the purpose of the theatre, indeed, the element of literature in a play is by no means essential to its dramatic value; and so it is that this ingeniously constructed piece by d'Hennery and Cormon has held the stage for thirty years and will doubtless continue to hold it for thirty more, while Tennyson's *Queen Mary, Harold,* and *The Promise of May* never filled any theatre for a single week.

It is easy to mock at *The Two Orphans,* especially in the absurdly stilted English version of Hall Jackson, in which it continues to be acted; it is not by any means so easy to resist the appeal which it makes to certain elemental instincts and emotions. You smile when you listen to such sentences as "Do I dream? Am I mad?" yet it is odd if you do not thrill at the rescue of Henriette by de Vaudrey, and again at the superb climax of the third act, when the cry of Louise is recognised in the street below and soldiers suddenly bar the door to Henriette as she rushes in a frenzy of joy to seek the blind girl. And that is a great scene in La Salpetrière when the nun, Sœur Geneviève, after a moment of intense wrestling with her conscience, sacrifices the lesser morality to the greater and tells the noble lie which saves two souls. Only the coldest nature, jaded by many years of incessant theatre-going can resist the appeal of such a situation, which Dion Boucicault afterward adapted and used with no less effect in *The Shaughraun.* Again the neatness with which a really complicated plot is worked out deserves attention. A distinguished man of letters once said to us that if any one were to write down a description of the plot of *The Two Orphans* he would have to fill a dozen pages; and yet on the stage it is all evolved so lucidly and naturally as to be perfectly clear at every moment. Herein is shown the knack which d'Hennery possessed—the knack of the born playwright who, when he is working sees exactly how the thing is going to affect the spectators. His mind plans and judges from the standpoint of the stage and the auditorium.

It has always been a surprise to us in view of the immense and long-continued popularity of *The Two Orphans* that no manager in England or America has ever had any other of d'Hennery's melodramas translated or adapted. Adolphe d'Hennery resembled the elder Dumas in his ability to take other men's rubbish and in some curiously indescribable way to convert it by a magic touch into excellent material for the stage. Thus, in the case of this particular play, a rough draught of it was brought to d'Hennery by Eugène Cormon, an industrious dramatic hack. D'Hennery looked it over and said that it would be better if certain alterations which he indicated could be made. Cormon went off and carried out the instructions. D'Hennery then suggested other changes and additions, all of which Cormon incorporated into his manuscript. This process went steadily on, until the play assumed a definite form. At last, d'Hennery himself

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CLARA MORRIS AS "SISTER GENEVIÈVE."

ELITA PROCTOR OTIS AS "FROCHARD."
CHARLES WARNER AS "JACQUES."
JAMES O'NEILL AS "PIERRE."
THE REVIVAL OF "THE TWO ORPHANS."

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took it and worked it out into its present shape. He always had one or more collaborators just as Dumas had, and these acted as jackals for him, bringing him ideas for plots and working obediently under his astute direction. Many of his other plays were quite as successful as *The Two Orphans*. Most of them were written along the same lines—the persecuted poor and the oppressive rich—and they made a strong appeal to the average man and woman. He also wrote military dramas, the most popular of these being *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*. Another play which held the stage in Paris for a very long time was *La Grâce de Dieu*.

Of the "all star cast" in the recent reproduction of *The Two Orphans*, the best work was done by Mr. Charles Warner as Jacques Frochard, and by Elita Proctor Otis as the hag, his mother. Mr. Kyrle Bellew is a finished actor and accomplishes with infinite *aplomb* and grace whatever he attempts; but his lack of real sincerity is always against him; so that his de Vaudrey reminded one of the heroes whom Mr. Richard Harding Davis invents to impress his audience of school girls. Mr. Holland as the comic valet was quite preposterous; and the more amusing he was, the greater was his incongruity; since under the old régime in France, a valet of that particular sort would have been soundly cudgelled and turned out into the street with his nose slit. Miss Grace George as Louise was pretty and plaintive, and Miss Margaret Illington as Henriette made a good impression in the more violent scenes. It was pleasant to note the tremendous burst of enthusiasm which greeted Miss Clara Morris in recognition of this unexpected return by her to the scene of her old triumphs.

Mr. James O'Neill, who took the part of Pierre, the cripple, failed to utilise an opportunity for a fine dramatic stroke. The brutal Frochard is menacing Louise, when Pierre, goaded to desperation, flings himself between the two, crying, "I will show you that you were right when you said that we come of a family that kills!" Now Pierre is physically a mere child in the hands of his burly brother, and so the audience is not much impressed by this sudden burst of energy. It expects to see Pierre kicked into the corner, and is therefore apprehensive for him rather than thrilled. Had Mr. O'Neill, however, in the very instant of uttering his defiance, snatched up the knife, the effect would have been instantaneous and stirring. But he waited until the critical moment had passed, and so the whole scene utterly missed fire. It should be remembered that in the French original, Jacques is stabbed by Pierre in this scene and slain in defence of Louise's honour. Just why the American adapter altered this it is hard to see.

Paris has lately found something of a theatrical sensation in a play by Albert Guinon, entitled *Décadence*. This was written some years ago, but was condemned by the Reader of Plays for the Beaux Arts, on the ground that it insulted the Jews, the government, and society in general; but since M. Combes's ministry came in, the restriction was withdrawn and *Décadence* was produced. Possibly some of its success is due to the fact of its having previously been forbidden. The play may be described as a drama of *tapage*. *Tapage* is the name which Parisians give to the sale of social influence by needy nobles who, in return for loans and other financial favours, agree to exploit persons upon whom the world of highest fashion would otherwise look askance. The *tapeur*, or social promoter, has long been known in London; but the English language has not yet found a name for him. *Décadence* shows us a section of the Parisian *monde* where descendants of the Crusaders consort with rich Jews, introduce them to the most aristocratic clubs, and even marry their daughters to them. The central theme of the play is the conflict which goes on in the mind of one of these noble ladies between her passion for a man of her own class and her love of luxury to which the enormous wealth of a distasteful husband is necessary to minister. Cynically enough, the woman in question, after a short amorous escapade, goes back to her husband because he alone can satisfy her craving for the things that wealth commands. Albert Guinon is a somewhat unusual figure among French dramatists. In spite of his fondness for decadent themes he is little of a Parisian, but prefers a simple, open-air life in Brittany, where he works and studies quietly and where he spends much of his time upon the

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water with the hardy fishermen. Having an independent fortune, he writes slowly, and only when the inspiration comes to him; so that in eighteen years he has produced but four plays—*Jobards, Seul, Le Partage,* and *Décadence.* His choice of subjects is said to be due to the fact that he originally studied law in the office of an advocate who made a specialty of divorce cases, and that, while there, Guinon saw at close range the seamy side of social life.

The announcement that Messrs. Weber and Fields are to dissolve their long standing and very successful partnership seems to be a case of history repeating itself. Step by step these two actor-managers have duplicated the career of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. They began by doing knockabout turns in the cheap variety shows, and they gradually came to hold a really unique position in New York; for underneath all the grotesqueness and absurdity of the farces which they produced each year, they and the company which they collected gave a theatrical performance that had a local flavour the subtlety of which could be enjoyed only by a genuine New Yorker. In this respect, no doubt, Messrs. Harrigan and Hart took higher rank than their German-American successors; for they did evolve a sort of local drama comparable to the indigenous comedies of ancient Rome, rich in a sort of rude but genuine wit, and hitting off character types with untaught artistry. Mr. Howells used to write about Edward Harrigan's creations with a sympathetic appreciation of their value as character-studies. No one has ever gone quite so far as to take Messrs. Weber and Fields so seriously; yet, all the same, they made a strong appeal to the humour of Manhattan. The first night of each season at Weber and Fields brought together an extraordinarily varied assemblage of people representing every possible class and kind of New York's variegated population; and the newspapers the next morning filled their dramatic columns with quaint sayings quoted from the lines which Mr. Weber or Mr. Fields or Mr. Peter Dailey had uttered the night before. There existed a sort of tacit comradeship between actors and audience, and the former used to interpolate all sorts of "gags," regarding each other with a sort of side-glance at the spectators as though they, also, had a personal share in the fun. The trouble with the Weber and Fields combination has been the same as that which finally disrupted the combination of Harrigan and Hart. Neither pair of managers knew when they were well off; and they launched out into other enterprises instead of sticking to the good thing which they had created for themselves, allowing also small jealousies and differences of opinion to grow into bickerings and feuds. It is all very much to be regretted, for their little theatre was a very characteristic feature of New York, and there seems to be nothing just now that can fully take its place.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has lately drawn upon himself a sharp fire of very personal criticism because of an interview which he gave to one of the New York newspapers. In this interview, Mr. Bellew, without mentioning any names and in phrases of perfect courtesy, remarked that many American actors seem to be unable to exhibit upon the stage the bearing and the manners of gentlemen. Thus, said Mr. Bellew, gentlemen in drawing-rooms do not sit upon tables nor swagger in the presence of ladies with hands in pockets and puffing a cigarette. They do not enter drawing-rooms with their overcoats on, and there give their hats and coats to a servant; for naturally these things are supposed to be left in the hall. Mr. Bellew's criticism, which was developed in considerable detail, has evidently drawn blood, and we fancy that the attacks upon him are really a tribute to the truth of what he said. It is an absolute fact that most American actors, at any rate upon the stage, do not show any *savoir vivre* or any intimate knowledge of those little niceties of life which distinguish the polished gentleman from the wealthy bounder. We remember that Lester Wallack once called to account an actor in his company for always parting his coat-tails before sitting down. "Your salary is quite sufficient," said Mr. Wallack, "to allow you to forget your coat-tails." We were rather struck, about a year ago, by an instance of stage boorishness in a representation of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune.* It was the more noticeable because Mr. Davis himself poses as such a stickler for good form and because he was understood to have overseen the stage man-

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agement of this particular play. The scene was that in which Alvarez, the President of the Republic, meets Robert Clay and young Langham and the two American girls out of doors in the evening. The President, on meeting the Americans, at once removes his hat and stands with bared head out of deference to the ladies; but the two American "gentlemen" keep their hats firmly on their heads, evidently feeling no obligation of courtesy toward either the ladies or the President of the Republic. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bellew's very just and interesting comments will bear some fruit. We might suggest also that an elementary school be established to teach our actors and actresses the proper pronunciation of some of the most frequently employed French words. Among the cast of *The Two Orphans,* for example, the prevalent pronunciation of the word "Monsieur" seemed to be "Musseer," and no one but Mr. Bellew appeared to know that in French the letter "h" is silent. All these things individually are of no particular consequence; but collectively they are of immense importance. We must confess that we cannot think of a single American actor now on the stage whose acting possesses the rare quality of distinction. An American *jeune premier* may have many gifts, but he invariably gives one the impression that, after all, he is only "something in the City." *Rafford Pyke.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

DANIEL WEBSTER was not only one of the greatest of orators, he was also one of the shrewdest of debaters; and there is perhaps no better instance of his adroitness than the opening passage of his reply to Hayne, "When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are." And then he called for the reading of Foote's Resolutions so that he could "speak to the motion," as the phrase is.

Now that we have come to a period of rest between the publication of the annual reports of college-presidents in the fall and the abundant oratory of college-commencements in the spring, now that the waves of the dispute in regard to the length of the college-course are stilled for a little space, we may follow Webster's example and "refer to the point from which we departed." Such a reference may be even more useful in a debate of this sort, which will stretch over as many months as that in the Senate counted hours. It is the experience of those who have taken part in any protracted discussion, that side-issues are soon brought up and that the central question is often obscured, so that the general public can no longer see clearly what the dispute is about. Let us then call for a reading of the original resolution.

Although the length of the college-course has been a frequent topic of inquiry in the past ten years, especially in connection with the Harvard practice of allowing the A.B. degree to be taken by certain students in three years, the present discussion was brought about by the annual report for 1902 of the president of Columbia, in which he proposed that a college-course of two years only should be arranged for certain students. Instantly the air was filled with tumult and shouting, with loud protestations against any attempt to lay violent hands on the traditional four-year course, with shrill outcries against any proposal to lower the standard of the A.B. degree. Any one standing on the edge of this hubbub would have supposed, first, that there was a complete agreement as to the exact value of the A.B. degree, and second, that the American college with its four-

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year course was a perfect institution, the result of a scientific plan improved by experience. But there was really no warrant for either of these suppositions. There is not now and there never has been any equality between the A.B. degrees granted by different institutions. And the American college, whatever its merits, is not the practical realisation of a scholarly ideal; it represents only an incidental phase of the gradual development of the higher education here in the United States; and it can claim no antiquity and no sanctity of origin to protect it from criticism and from proposals for improvement and transformation.

The oldest American college is Harvard; it began as a high-school; it seized every opportunity for growth and expansion; and at the end of two centuries and a half it had passed through the college stage and developed into a university. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still scarcely more than a high-school; and there is probably little inaccuracy in the assertion that the educational opportunities which Harvard offered to its most illustrious son, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was graduated in 1821, were less than those at the command of a student of the Boston Latin School four score years later. Certainly the education which Columbia College, founded more than a century later than Harvard, was able to give to De Witt Clinton, who was graduated in 1786, was not so broad, not so rich, nor so thorough as that which a New York lad can get in the De Witt Clinton High School in 1904. In Harvard and in Columbia, in Yale and in Princeton, there was from the very beginning a steady upward thrust; the courses of instruction were elevated and they were increased in number. Somewhere in the first quarter of the nineteenth century what had been a high-school was at last evolved into the type which we recognise as that of the American college; and most of the many new institutions which were founded thereafter, from time to time, began as colleges and not as high-schools.

But after the older institutions had developed themselves into colleges they did not stop growing, either in attendance or in educational breadth and depth; and the example they set was followed, sooner or later, by the newer colleges. In the middle fifty years of the nineteenth century, the American college with its four-year course, with its rigid curriculum, and with its single degree of A.B., flourished; and it performed an inestimable service to several generations of American youth. It had no parallel in any other country; and indeed it needed always to be explained to a foreign observer. It was the product of American conditions, and it was exactly suited to American needs. It is the institution as it was during this half-century that most of us have in mind when we think of the American college. Yet this institution was not in any way the result of a definite plan; it represented only a stage in the steady development of our higher education. However powerful an instrument for good, it was little more than a lucky accident in which we found our profit.

Of course, the steady development did not cease when the college had been evolved. It continued; and as the college had developed out of the high-school, so the American college in turn evolved the American university. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the most advanced institution of learning was only a high-school; in the middle of the century there were not only high-schools, but colleges also; and at the end of the century there were high-schools, colleges, and universities, each group occupying a fairly definite field of its own—although the title which the institution chose to assume did not always indicate accurately its true character. At the beginning of the twentieth century the immediate danger of the college lay in its position between the high-school, which is ever growing upward, and the university, which is ever reaching downward. Only a firm grasp of this fact will enable us to understand the reasons which urged the president of Columbia to make the proposal now under discussion. A hasty glance back over the history of the American college in its growth from a high-school into a university will help us to understand, not only how it is that there is not and never has been any uniformity in the value of the A.B. degree as given by different institutions at different times, but also that it is quite unreasonable of us to expect any such uniformity from institutions of widely different traditions and aims, of widely different endowment and opportunity,

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every one of which is standing at its own stage of this steady progression from the earlier high-school to the later university. Not a few of them are scarcely more than high-schools now; while others have blossomed forth as true universities, animated by the true university spirit, and therefore only by an effort retaining the college within the university.

It is these university-colleges that find the present conditions most unsatisfactory; and the problems that they have to confront are unlike those of the independent colleges. The American universities are the creation of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and their expansion is a striking evidence of our adaptability and our energy. The most of them have been evolved out of colleges in or near the larger cities, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago—for it is only where a large population is massed together that the modern university most easily satisfies its need for hospitals and law-courts, for libraries and theatres, for galleries and museums. The semi-rurality which was an advantage to a college so long as it was content to educate only undergraduates, seems to be a decided disadvantage when the college is ambitious to provide graduate-instruction in the various arts and sciences. Some two or three institutions not favourably situated near the large centres of population—Yale, for example, and Cornell—have succeeded in expanding and establishing themselves as universities, fitted to give graduate-instruction, but they have been able to accomplish this only at great cost, by the most strenuous effort, and under disadvantages which will become more and more evident in the future as the true function of a university is more clearly realised.

The development of the American university out of the American college has been almost as accidental as the development of the American college out of what had been no more than a high-school. Certain colleges here and there started schools of law and of medicine, or took over law-schools and medical-schools which already existed as proprietary ventures. To meet the demand for practical teaching in the sciences, they established institutes of technology to train men for mining and engineering and architecture. To satisfy the desire for the advanced instruction, in search of which so many American students had been forced to go to Germany, they organised graduate-schools. At last, these colleges found themselves each the centre of a congeries of accretions, of schools of all sorts, only casually related to the college itself, and sometimes more important than the original college, both in the numbers attending and in the quality of the work accomplished. They set themselves to the task of coördinating these outside bodies and of arranging them in logical relation to the university which has grown into existence. They also had to take the original colleges in hand and to reëstablish these, in some measure, by setting them off sharply from the technological institutes by the side of which they existed and with which they had been more or less commingled and confused. This task of readjustment and reorganisation is not yet wholly completed in all these institutions; but already enough has been done for the type of the future American university to be plainly visible.

While this expansion and this rearrangement had been going on in the half-dozen or half-score institutions which may fairly make claim now to be considered as true universities, the other colleges, without the support of a large city, without the opportunities which a large city proffers, without schools of law, of medicine, and of technology, without proper facilities for giving graduate-instruction, remained simply colleges; and yet they also could not but feel the pressure of the times. In so far as their resources permitted, they also expanded; they introduced the elective system; they increased the number and the variety of their courses; they established new professorships to give instruction in one or another of the subjects for which there was an increasing demand. These independent colleges—for by so terming them they can best be distinguished from the others which we must call the university-colleges—were all of them forced more or less to imitate the example set by the institutions which bulked bigger in the public eye. But their opportunities, their aims, their circumstances were all different; and thus it is that to-day we can find among these independent colleges institutions representing every stage of educational growth from the

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pretentious high-school to the incipient university. Some of these independent colleges, although vaunting themselves as universities, offer in reality less than can be attained in a good high-school. Some of them cherish the best traditions of the American college and give their students in the course of four years not merely instruction but education, the solid training that fits a man for the struggle of life, makes him ripe for the duties of citizenship, and prepares him to enjoy both his work and his leisure.

This glance back over the history of the American college may help to make it plain how it is that there is now no uniformity of standard—how it is that in 1850 the A.B. meant something definite which it no longer meant in 1900—how it is that the four-years' course seems to some students of educational problems not to be as necessary as it was half a century ago. There is no longer any certainty about the content of this four-year course; and when we are informed that a young man has taken his A.B. we no longer know what this stands for, what it is he has studied or how he has studied it. "It is idle to suppose," said one who had had most unusual experience in gauging, "that there is any present uniform significance in the A.B. degree, or any present uniform standard on which it is conferred; or even that the degree represents four years of truly collegiate study when four years have been spent in college residence. Such an assumption is contrary to fact. Not only do the degrees of no two colleges mean the same thing—either in form, content, or adequacy of training; but it often happens that two degrees given in one and the same year by a single college are as far apart, in significance, as are two degrees given by different colleges."

This chaos has had an evil effect inside the colleges themselves—in the university-colleges quite as much as in the independent colleges. There has been here and there a relaxing of the standard of work; and the way of the idler is probably easier than it ought to be. Athletics and other attractions not related to instruction are drawing off the energies of many students, who get out of the habit of hard work. Every college professor who has taken thought about the conditions of college life can understand the prejudice of a certain ward medical school was four months in self-made man against college-graduates, for he knows that there are students slack of will, negligent, and lazy, in whom these defects have been accentuated by four years of easy-going pretence of study. In training the attention, in sustaining a high average of endeavour, in exciting the desire for mastery of a subject, the colleges are now not so successful as the most of the technical schools and as the best of the high-schools.

Perhaps two anecdotes will best illustrate this unfortunate fact. A young friend of mine, who came from one of the foremost of the independent colleges to the law school of Columbia, told me that he did not really know what hard work was until he began to study law, and that he did not profit by his first year's course in the law school as he ought to have done, simply because it was only at the end of the winter that he was able to discard the lax methods of study formed during his undergraduate days. One of the professors in the Columbia law school is a graduate of a certain university-college, and when a son of one of his classmates recently failed to pass the final examination, he sent for the student and told him that he had disgraced himself, his father, and the old college where they had all three graduated. "That's just it, Professor," was the response of the penitent young man. "Where I made my mistake was in going to college. You see, I got out of the habit there of doing any work!"

Of course, these cases are exceptional; and in the independent colleges as in the university-colleges a student can get an excellent education; and most of the students do get a good education, which stands by them in after life. But the fact remains that in most of the colleges there is time wasted; and the pressure of the struggle for existence here in the United States is now so severe that any waste of time may be fatal. It is especially dangerous now that the professional schools are forced to lengthen their terms and to increase the number of years they require. President Eliot has recently recorded that whereas the period of residence in "Judge Story's law school at Harvard" was eighteen months, it is now three years; and whereas, in 1869-70 the period of required residence in the Har-

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each of three years it is now nine months in each of four years. Harvard and Columbia now insist that all those entering the law school or the medical school shall have taken the A.B. degree. A careful investigation has shown that the age at which students receive this degree has risen also; in 1850-59 the favourite age of graduation was between twenty and twenty-one, whereas in 1890-99 it was between twenty-one and twenty-two. That is to say, a young man in 1850 could complete his course in one of the best colleges and take all the teaching that the best medical or law school then had to offer and still be ready to begin the practice of his profession at twenty-two or twenty-three, whereas, in 1900, he was at least twenty-five or twenty-six before he was thus thoroughly equipped to earn his own living.

Now, there is no denying the existence of a feeling that something is wrong in a system which prolongs the state of pupillage until a man is twenty-six. There is waste somewhere, beyond all question. Where is it? The experts now recognise four stages in the education of the individual—the primary-school (which includes the kindergarten); the secondary-school (which includes the high-school); the college; and the professional school. Here in the United States secondary education has been brought to a satisfactory condition of efficiency, and is steadily improving. Satisfactory also is the graduate-work in the universities and the teaching in the technical schools; it is efficient and it is improving. But there is waste of time in the primary-schools, which have not yet been lifted up as the secondary-schools have been elevated; and a boy ought to be able to take the work of this period of his education in at least a year less than he now gives to it. There is no more pressing need in American life than this reform of primary education; and when it shall have been achieved, the age at which a man may begin his life-work will be reduced a year or more. But it will be long before the accomplishment of the gigantic task of making our primary education what it ought to be; and in the meanwhile the college will have to bear the brunt of the attack of those who insist that time must be saved somehow and that the four-year course is wasteful.

This demand was felt to be reasonable and several of the university-colleges tried to respond, each in its own way. At Johns Hopkins, the course had been established from the beginning as one of three years only. At Chicago, the year was divided into quarters, and attendance was required at twelve to be taken in four years or less as the student might prefer. At Columbia, the seniors in the college were allowed to elect the first year's work in any one of the professional schools, this work counting both toward the A.B. and toward the technical degree, thus enabling the students to reduce by one year the total time necessary to acquire both degrees. At Harvard, the requirements of the A.B. were stated quantitatively, and so adjusted that a well-equipped and hard-working student could satisfy them in three years. Each of these devices has its advantages and its disadvantages, which need not be dwelt upon here—except perhaps to suggest that either there is undue pressure put on the student who succeeds in doing four years' work in three years, or else the four years' work is not hard enough to be worth all the time it takes. Perhaps, also, it may be well to note that the indirect benefits of life in a college community, of living in an atmosphere of culture, of associating with a body of picked men, are highly valuable, although not to be measured by any examination; and that the student who graduates in three years must necessarily surrender a fourth part of these indirect benefits.

These attempts to meet the difficulties of the situation, all of them tentative and none of them more than doubtfully satisfactory, have been made only by one or another of the university-colleges; and the independent colleges have looked on and done little or nothing. Yet it is these independent colleges which are most in danger of being crushed out between the high-school, on the one hand, and the professional-school, on the other. The high-schools are very ambitious; they are constantly forging ahead; they are trenching on the ground of the college; and their courses already cover most of the subjects formerly given in the freshman year. As Prof. A. B. Hart has declared in his recent and altogether admirable book on "Actual Government," good high-schools now go

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further than good colleges went fifty years ago "in range of studies, intelligence of method, and thoroughness of work;" and he added that "except for the close personal associations of college life, high-school graduates of to-day are getting a better and more serviceable education than was furnished for any of their grandfathers." To the credit of the high-schools it must be said also that they have the reputation of doing what they undertake better than the colleges are now doing it. The professional schools are also doing the work they undertake better than the colleges. They are steadily raising their standards; they are bettering the instruction they provide; and they are stiffening their entrance requirements. The extreme demand of the A.B. degree from every applicant has been insisted upon by only a few of them, incorporated in two or three of the leading urban universites; and the example set by these schools is not likely to be widely followed. But the high-schools are ready now to prepare men for entrance into the most of the professional schools.

The college is thus in danger of being crowded out, while the professions are in danger of being filled by men who have not had the broad training which only the college can bestow. The danger is not only to the college and to the professions themselves, it is to the country as a whole, and to the character of its citizenship. "It is plain that the future prosperity and progress of modern communities is hereafter going to depend much more than ever before on the large groups of highly trained men which constitute what are called the professions," said the president of Harvard at the installation of Dr. Butler as president of Columbia. "The social and industrial powers, and the moral influences which strengthen and uplift modern society are no longer in the hands of legislatures or political parties or public men. . . . The real incentives and motive powers which impel society forward and upward spring from these bodies of well-trained, alert, and progressive men known as the professions." These are very significant words, of far-reaching importance, revealing the larger peril of the body politic, unless some method is devised to prevent men from passing out of the high-school directly into the professional school and thus failing to receive the broad and solid training they ought to have if they are to perform the duty which Dr. Eliot has laid on them and which it should be the special function of the college to provide.

It was at this stage of the inquiry that Dr. Butler came forward with the stimulating suggestion which has been the chief text of all the recent discussions. In his annual report for 1902 the president of Columbia quoted these words of the president of Harvard, and said that Columbia shrank from admitting to her professional schools "secondary-school graduates, however well taught," because they were necessarily "without the more advanced discipline in the study of the liberal arts and sciences and without that wider outlook upon the world of nature and of man which it is the aim of the college to give." He shared the opinion, however, "that the whole tendency of our present educational system is to postpone unduly the period of self-support," and that for the student who is going to enter a technical school the four-year college-course is too long. And then, instead of advocating any reduction of the college-course to three years, he made an illuminating distinction between the needs of those of the college students who are going to enter a professional school and those of the college students who do not intend to study a profession and whose formal education will end therefore with their college career.

For the men belonging to this second class, for those who are going into business, who intend to devote themselves to affairs, or whose leanings are towards literature or philosophy, the four-year course is none too long, since they can still start in life at twenty-two or thereabouts, and since they will have after graduation no further chance to profit by the opportunities and by the atmosphere of the institution. The four-year course, so far as these men are concerned, should not be curtailed at all; it should in fact be enriched by the exclusion of all purely professional subjects, such as most of the university-colleges now permit their more advanced students to undertake. The four-year course ought to be restored to its position as an instrument for the largest culture.

But for the men belonging to the first class, the men who intend entering the

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professional schools, the four-year course seems to be too long. It can be materially reduced without depriving these students of the potent indirect influences of university life, since they are going to remain in one of the professional schools for three or four years after they have completed their college career. Dr. Butler therefore proposed that for these men Columbia College should offer a two-year course, which should be as "valuable as possible both for intellectual training and for the development of character," and which should have "something of the definitiveness and purpose which in many cases the rapid developments of recent years have removed from undergraduate study." In his address before the National Educational Association in Boston, in July, 1903, the president of Columbia reaffirmed his position and insisted that "there should be a college-course two years in length, carefully constructed as a thing by itself and not merely the first part of a three-years' or four-years' course," so as to enable those who intend to pursue professional studies afterward to spend this preliminary period "as advantageously as possible in purely liberal studies."

It has been attempted here to make clear the fact that the American college is now facing a greater peril than ever before, and that if it is to be preserved, a decisive step must be taken soon. The president of Columbia is in favor of maintaining the four-year course, sustained and enriched by the casting out of purely professional studies which are not in themselves liberalising. What he has proposed is not radical but conservative; it is not to cut the old four-year course down to two years, but to establish a new two-year course, intended especially to train broadly those students who plan to enter the professional schools. Obviously the establishment of such a course would tend to draw into the colleges for two years many a man who is now passing directly from the high-school to the professional school. It would be likely to attract many of those who cannot afford to defer till they are twenty-five or twenty-six the beginning of their professional careers. It would probably in time greatly increase the number of men who have spent the part of their malleable youth under the liberalising influence of the colleges. It would ultimately strengthen the professions to which these men are going to devote themselves; and in so doing it would sustain the small body of those charged with the solemn duty of impelling society "forward and upward"—to use President Eliot's apt phrase once more. When it is established it will, therefore, prove a valuable contribution to the American citizenship of the future, which will have to solve problems far more difficult than any imposed upon the citizenship of the past. And it would leave the old-fashioned four-year course, traditional in our colleges, unimpaired, if not improved and enriched.

Brander Matthews.

THE INTERVENTION OF FATE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN the one brief monograph which Maupassant is known to have consecrated to the art of novel writing, and which serves as an introduction to his *Pierre et Jean,* there is a paragraph which writers of to-day would do well to commit carefully to memory and to repeat diligently to themselves, before putting the closing chapter of a story into its final shape. The paragraph in question is a vigorous protest against the common practice of invoking the aid of fate, in a flood or an earthquake or some other form of sudden death, to put an end to a problem which has got beyond the author's power of solution, instead of being content to let the characters live on and work out their destiny to a logical conclusion. Now, of course, in raising this protest, Maupassant had no desire to banish the element of accident from fiction. If he had had in mind anything so sweeping and so ill-advised, it would not be worth while to quote him here. Chance as a factor in our daily lives plays altogether too important a

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part ever to be wholly disregarded by any writer who aims at giving a truthful picture of life. And the novelist who shows us a world from which casualties and disasters are banished, a world in which no one ever catches cold or sprains an ankle or misses an appointment, in which no thunderstorm ever interrupts a picnic, and in which no fire, collision, or epidemic ever sweeps away hundreds of lives at one deadly stroke—such a novelist is unfitted for the task of grappling with the serious problems of contemporary life.

What Maupassant meant to protest against, of course, was the abuse and not the use of the element of accident; the mistake of regarding it is a means of solution, and not what it really is, a violent interruption to the continuity of a story. If you study Maupassant's own writings carefully, you will find that there is no dearth of casualties and sickness and sudden death. But when he is intent upon some problem involving human souls, he never takes refuge in the cowardly, pitiful makeshift of killing off a character, simply because he fails to see what the outcome will be so long as they all remain alive. No, he prefers rather to cut the story short, just as it is, leaving the sequel to the imagination. There are several of his volumes of which it might be said, as Anatole France said of *Pièrre et Jean,* that he left it without solution, wisely recognising that it was one of those problems which are insoluble."

The average case in which the intervention of fate is invoked is of course that of the "eternal triangle," two men and a woman or two women and a man, as the case may be; and one of the three, a superfluous husband or wife, must be quietly put out of the way, if the story is to end with a marriage timed so as to check a scandal or simplify the laws of inheritance. And so the wronged husband dies suddenly of apoplexy or appendicitis, or the neglected wife steps off backwards from a moving trolley car; and the general public is pleased, while the critic complains that the ending is improbable and unconvincing.

Now, the most exasperating thing about books of this class is that this objection of improbability is the last one which may be justly urged. Sudden and violent death is not improbable; the headlines of the daily papers show us that. Not a day passes without a list of domestic tragedies such as even Zola would hesitate to put into the pages of a book. As a matter of fact, the element of accident is practically the only part of a story about which we are not able to argue that the novelist was wrong. In all other matters, depending upon the volition of his characters, the words they speak and the things they do, he has committed himself in advance; he has presented to us a group of men and women with definite temperaments, and if he makes them act in a way that does violence to our preconceived conception of them, he lays himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But when it comes to accidents, why almost anything is possible. The boat might not have sprung a leak, nor the horse run away, nor the trains collided; but then again they might have, and we cannot prove otherwise. And it is because the novelist has a free hand, in this matter of chance—because he can put in accidents or leave them out at his pleasure, and no one can prove him wrong—that the factor of fate is such a dangerous weapon, and one to be used with great discretion. An author should never be satisfied merely with satisfying the demands of plausibility; he should aim at satisfying the far higher demands of artistic unity.

Supposing an author of some ability has spent upward of three hundred pages in explaining to you patiently and minutely just why a certain married couple are necessarily incompatible, and why the wife, let us say, finds herself quite involuntarily drifting into an infatuation for another man. The whole little drama is sketched so graphically that we cannot have the least doubt in our own minds as to how it all happened or how it will be likely to end, if they are only let alone. And then, all of a sudden, the husband dies. The story is ended, but there is no solution, no definite verdict. It leaves you with the same exasperated feeling you have when you are in the midst of a well-played game of whist or chess, when a chance breath of wind blows the cards from your hand, or a clumsy knock sends king and pawns rolling to the floor. A book like this may not inaptly be compared to a closely contested case in torts, where the decease of the defendant comes just in time to

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prevent a point of law from being adjudicated; or to a typhoid fever case, where the patient's life is hovering in the balance, and the efficacy of a new system of treatment is waiting to be proved, when suddenly down comes the ceiling with crushing force, burying patient, nurse, and system in one general *débâcle*.

Of course, there is an extensive class of stories ending in tragedy that do not justly come under the head of accidents. Murder and suicide, growing out of jealousy and disappointed love, may savour of melodrama; but if the characters are of the type that would naturally resort to violence, there is nothing accidental about their final act; the reader must have seen it foreshadowed a long time in advance. The tragedy in *Jane Eyre* is of this kind. Given a poor, demented creature and a few stray matches, the conflagration which follows is a foregone conclusion. There is no intervention of fate in her death and Rochester's blindness. It is all a logical part of the drama.

But there are cases where the most commonplace, banal sort of death, coming at just the right time to give an erring wife a welcome release, may be turned into an opportunity for a genuine surprise, a rare stroke of psychological intuition. A few years ago a volume appeared in England which did not attract half the attention that it deserved. It was entitled *Voysey*, and its chief claim to recognition was the rare accuracy with which it depicted the details of a group of narrow, sordid, vulgar lives. It was a study of incompatibility; and before you had read through the second chapter, you had a marvellously intimate knowledge of just why life was a daily misery to the underbred and rather ordinary little woman who did duty as heroine. The husband was a middle-class Englishman, dull and lethargic, whose soul never rose above the level of his dinner plate, and whose conversation was largely limited to the toughness of to-day's beef and the excellence of last Sunday's mutton. In the intervals of their daily bickerings, the wife dreamed of better things; and one day she met Voysey. Now Voysey was far from being the gentleman that her inexperience led her to think him; but he had a veneer of culture, and he was not destitute of a sense of honour. And if he invaded the sanctity of his friend's home, he had some excuse; for the woman literally flung herself into his arms. At least, they had the grace to find the situation intolerable, and finally decided to proclaim their secret to the world by boldly leaving England in each other's company. It was just here that fate took a hand in the game. The husband fell seriously ill on the very day planned for the elopement; in common humanity, the wife found herself forced to stay by his side; and a few days later he died, having quite unintentionally changed the whole current of their lives. Here fate has been used, not as a solution but as a further complication. The author was not solicitous about whitewashing a tarnished reputation; he simply wanted to study the woman's character under a new and curious combination of circumstances. And what he found was, that in such a case a woman of this type would not avail herself of her newly acquired freedom. The subtle manner in which we are made to understand the change of feelings that takes place both in her and in Voysey, making any thought of further close relationship repellant, is perhaps the strongest feature of an altogether exceptional book.

Cases, however, where an accident is used to aid rather than avoid the solution of a psychological problem are rare. On the other hand, there has lately been well-nigh an epidemic of stories in which sudden death, in the closing chapter, obviously serves no other purpose than to please that class of readers who insist upon a happy ending. *Henderson*, by Rose E. Young, which appeared several months ago, is one of the most glaring instances of this abuse of the intervention of fate. To be quite frank, the underlying idea in *Henderson* deserved better treatment; it contained the germ of a really strong book. Imagine a man in the prime of life, a man proud of his strength and robust health. And suddenly this man finds himself stricken down by one of those insidious, cancerous growths that baffle the endeavours of the physician. It first attacks him at the wrist, and when checked by the surgeon's knife recurs further up the forearm, requiring a further sacrifice of human flesh. And so the battle is waged between science and disease, while the patient is gradually changed from a healthy young

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giant to a mere pitiful remnant of humanity, crippled physically and morally. And all this while, the man's wife and his faithful doctor know that they love each other, and that nothing stands between them save this poor, useless life, which it would be a kindness to leave to its fate and which conscience commands them to prolong to the utmost limit. To add to the tension of the situation, the malady, having made life a burden, has now come to a standstill, and there is every prospect that the victim may live to a hoary old age. Here is the problem, plainly outlined: will the other two go on indefinitely, wasting their young lives in slavery to a cripple whom they both wished dead, or will youth and passion prove too strong for them? But the problem is never solved. Fate intervenes, in the form of a western cyclone. There are many trees in the cyclone's course, but it carefully picks out the particular tree under which this poor, maimed, armless man is standing, and fells it at just the right angle to catch him squarely beneath the descending trunk. It does not bungle the operation, or torture and bruise him needlessly. It just blots him out at once. It is obviously a well-trained cyclone.

He That Eateth Bread with Me, by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, is a volume to be placed carefully upon the same shelf with *Henderson,* not only because of its ending, but because it also is likely to have a good deal more notice than it deserves. It has been widely heralded as a great divorce novel, a sort of definitive solution of the entire problem of matrimonial infelicity. Superficially, the plot bears a curiously close resemblance to Edouard Rod's well-known *Vie Privée de Michel Teissier.* In both stories; the husband, with no valid ground for complaint against his wife, in fact, no reason at all except that his fancy has strayed elsewhere, seeks his freedom through the divorce courts, and marries the other woman. In both books, the fact that he is a father as well as a husband adds a pang, but does not alter his determination; and in both books, he is no sooner bound to the other woman than he begins to repent and enters upon a long, slow martyrdom. But this mere surface resemblance has little effect upon the relative merits of the two books. M. Rod knows life through and through. He may analyse motives, impulses, sensations, at times to the point of weariness. But he never intentionally exaggerates or distorts the truth. Mrs. Keays, on the contrary, is evidently more concerned with inculcating a lesson than with accurately reproducing life. There are scenes in the book which are simply incredible, such as that in which the divorced wife goes to pay a social call upon her more successful rival, and actually lets her child accompany her. It is not necessary, however, to go into details; the final chapter brands the book more definitely than any amount of criticism could do. Here is the situation: the husband realises his mistake, he knows that he loves his first wife better than ever before, and she loves him; but the second wife is in hopelessly robust health. And here is what happens: wife number two closes an interview with wife number one, with hatred in her heart; she goes away, determined to make the latter's life even more of a burden than it is already; and with her mind full of such thoughts, she absent-mindedly steps in front of a through express, and the car-wheels do the rest.

The Horse-Leech's Daughters, by Margaret Doyle Jackson, is a rather curious mixture of good and bad, of subtlety and downright crudeness. As the title suggests, it is an attempt to study a particular type of woman, the type that knows no higher joy in life than silks and jewels and social prestige, and looks upon man as existing for the sole purpose of gratifying feminine whims—a victim to drain, vampire-like, of his last penny. A study of woman's extravagance, of the luxury that is flaunted daily in the windows of our big department stores, and worn nightly at theatre and opera and ball, with all the coquetry and jealousy and heartache that it represents, would make a theme for a strong novel—but it would have to be done on a big scale. It could not be limited to the lives of two women, or three, or half a dozen. It must give the effect of a vast army of social butterflies, an endless vista of femininity. Now, *The Horse-Leech's Daughters* is not this sort of a story; it is neither strong enough nor comprehensive enough to do justice to its subject. In spite of its plural title, it contains only one woman who really counts; and even she fails to sustain the interest which she

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inspires at the start. She is a small, slender woman, with tawny hair and opaline eyes, and the lithe, undulating movements of a tiger. In place of a heart, she has simply a vast, insatiable craving for money, not for its own sake, but for the mere idle pleasure of frittering it away in mad extravagances. She has a theory that marriage carries with it an implied guarantee that a husband has the means to maintain his wife in the degree of luxury to which she has been accustomed. And so, when her own husband has been brought by her wastefulness to the verge of bankruptcy, and is desperately striving to stave off the final crash from day to day, she refuses to listen to his remonstrances, or even to believe that he is in trouble. Money she still must have, even if by theft; and her mad luxury goes on unabated—the fabulous little dinners, the rare orchids, the sensuous charm of colour and perfume and soft music that have made her home notorious.

But very soon the book, which began with promise, drifts into the commonplace. The lady with the opaline eyes discovers that she has a heart, after all, which has only been waiting for the right man to come along and awaken it. The right man happens to be a stalwart young German, with an unsavoury past—it is hinted that he has even been in prison, in his own country—and just where his power of fascination lies the author fails to make clear. When the husband's business troubles at last leave him time for jealousy, he finds that he not only has good grounds for divorce, but that his wife has forestalled him and already started a suit on the ground of non-support. The husband, however, has a sensitive conscience. He has learned to love another woman, and the freedom which divorce would bring would be welcome. But for this very reason he feels that he must combat his wife's suit. Having got them into this dilemma, the author shirks the responsibility of helping them to work their way out of it. She simply introduces another woman, a crazy girl who loves the German; and when one night she escapes from her keeper, and finding her German lover in company with the other man's wife, she neatly and expeditiously kills them both.

The Yeoman, by Charles Kennett Burrow, ends with a touch of melodrama, but otherwise it is a strong, sane, carefully written book. It is typically English, redolent of hedgerows and thatched roofs and mellow, freshly turned earth. Richard Winstone is a well-drawn type of the conservative British farmer, the hardy descendant of good old yeoman stock. He is intensely narrow, self-repressed, and obstinate to a fault. He loves the soil with a love which approaches fanaticism, and in his secret heart despises the rich and influential county families, because with all their wealth and social prestige these people who consider themselves too good to associate with him are losing the one thing which in his eyes makes life worth living—close fellowship with the earth.

He grudges his daughter her acquaintance with a few of the better families, her one chance to rise in the world. His vocabulary scarcely contains words strong enough to express his contempt for his cousin David, who actually sold his land—good, old Winstone land—and went out to Australia, years ago, to seek his fortune. And when David comes back, prosperous and happy, and showing in speech and dress and manner the subtle touch of refinement, Richard's contempt changes to a hatred that is little less than an obsession. It is easy to see how rich in dramatic possibilities such a situation is, as the months pass and Richard's obstinate adherence to old-fashioned methods results in repeated failures, while David's progressive ideas wring golden harvests from a long-neglected soil. Now David has two sons, one of whom is the man of all others whom fate destined for Richard's daughter; yet it takes the young couple a long time to understand their own hearts. Of course, the chief interest of this mild little romance is the effect which it has upon the old yeoman and his hatred of his cousin. But it is further complicated by the fact that the young woman has another lover, the son of the leading county family, and that for a time she favours him. When at last this other lover learns that his suit is hopeless, he lures the girl into a boat, one stormy afternoon, and takes her far out into the dangerous breakers. It looks for a time as though he were going to duplicate the savage vengeance which makes William Black's *Macleod of Dare* a story not easy to forget. Mr. Burrow, however, varies his denouement

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by saving the woman, and sending the man to his death alone. In one sense, this story scarcely comes under the same head with those already discussed, because, while this particular intervention of fate does not in any way help the development of the plot, on the other hand it is not used by the author as a means of escape from a dilemma—because there was no dilemma to escape from; the conclusion was quite simple and obvious. She would have married the other man, in any case.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

LINCOLN STEFFENS' "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES."*

THE SHAME OF THE CITIES is a collection of articles recently published in *McClure's Magazine* by Mr. Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Steffens describes himself as a journalist, and no doubt he is perfectly within his rights in choosing what label he will; his readers will be perfectly within their rights in wishing that all other journalists possessed Mr. Steffens's gifts for rummaging until he has found the facts, for seeing the facts as they are, and for setting them down without exaggeration. When Mr. Steffens calls himself a journalist in the composition of this book, he must mean that he has employed methods, not the manner, of journalism. He has gone to prominent men in politics and finance in each of the cities in which he was interested—St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York; he has asked them questions about their most intimate financial and personal affairs with the tranquil effrontery of an *enfant terrible* escaped from his nursery; and like the *enfant terrible* he seems to have found amongst all manner of men slaves to the direct question. They have answered him to the limits of indiscretion, and their answers are recorded in these articles.

The result of his investigation on Mr. Steffens's own mind (and probably on the minds of most of his readers) is significant. As a class, newspaper men are amongst the most cynical and disillusioned of mankind; as a newspaper man Mr. Steffens entered upon his inquiry with the idea simply of showing up the professional politician; he believed that it was the professional politician mainly who deceived, betrayed, and preyed upon the people. With all his facts before him he is now of opinion that the professional politician is but a tool in the hands of and a feeble imitator of the man of business. It is the business man who corrupts the politician, uses him as a tool, educates him to receive dishonest dollars and to betray his trust, and not the politician primarily who preys upon the man of business. "The commercial spirit," writes Mr. Steffens, "is the spirit of profit, not patriotism." "The condemned methods of our despised politics are the master methods of our braggart business." "The spirit of graft and of lawlessness is the American spirit." The hopeful aspect of Mr. Steffens's inquiry lies in the fact that except in Philadelphia he found everywhere the townsfolk of the municipalities with which he was dealing willing to have the truth written about themselves; he had been warned that the people would not stand for the truth, and he found, as Mr. Folk has found in Missouri and as Mr. Jerome has found in New York, that the people will not only stand for hearing the shameful truth but welcome the man who brings it to their notice.

As a passionless, unprejudiced statement of facts, set forth in clean, spirited English, the book deserves all praise; and the facts are of the utmost interest and importance, or should be, to every man in the United States who has at heart any wish to be a decent citizen.

Alfred Hodder.

**The Shame of the Cities.* By Lincoln Steffens. McClure, Phillips & Co.

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II.

MISS MICHELSON'S "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE."*

THE picaresque romance has always made a special appeal to a very large number of readers from the time when Lazarillo de Tormes enjoyed his wonderful vogue, down to the very latest appearance of Raffles. A witty, ingenious, and successful rogue, as a character in fiction, is popular even with many very good people, not, we presume, because they have any occult sympathy with roguery in the abstract, but for an entirely different reason. When the Spanish writers of the seventeenth century first set forth the picaresque hero, his shady exploits were applauded because he seemed to personify the downtrodden lower classes. He was an offspring of the hovel or the gutter. He had had no chance in life at all. The hand of every one was against him—nobles, clergy, moneyed magnates, and the whole machinery of the law. So, too, at that time the common people had no chance, and every one, from king to soldiers, trampled on them. Therefore it delighted them to read or to hear read the story of some clever rascal who in the face of the most formidable adversaries and, in fact, against the entire social system, triumphed by sheer force of wit and fertility of resource. It was the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor, the poor against the rich, the unprotected against the privileged. That is why these rogues of early Spanish fiction were so popular and why the tales relating to them were at once translated or adapted in every European country. Even further back, indeed, the mediæval romance of *Reynard the Fox* was an allegorical variation upon the same theme. Reynard represented to the popular mind the common man, while the animals that he outwitted were the great and powerful of the earth.

In our own times the raffish hero does not strike so deep a note as this. If he is popular with us to-day it is only because we have an instinctive sympathy with the under dog, with any man who is fighting against fearful odds and who does it with superb audacity and a blithesome spirit. It is not because he is a sharper that he appeals to us, but because we can not help admiring the sort of courage which is at once both dextrous and debonnair. And if these qualities are exhibited in a woman instead of in a man, then the effect upon our sympathies is irresistible.

Miss Michelson's exceedingly well written novel attracts and fascinates first of all, perhaps, for the reasons that we have just set forth. The heroine is a young woman who has never had a chance in life, who was brought up by the "Cruelty," as she calls it, and was then turned out upon the world to shift for herself as best she might. She has only her wits, her good looks, and the results of her keen observation wherewith to face the world, which is against her as it is against all her kind. When the book opens we find her as the mistress and confederate of a good-looking young burglar, Tom Dorgan; and in the first chapter she manages to "lift" a most delightful dark red jacket with a high chinchilla collar, to impose upon a kindly Bishop so that he takes her for a Bryn Mawr girl and introduces her into the house of a particularly wealthy and luxurious parishioner, and after sundry other adventures which are complicated and exciting, she contrives to get away unsuspected, having previously relieved a somewhat sportive gentleman of a good gold watch.

In this first episode, and for some time further, this light-fingered young lady interests us wholly as a sort of female Raffles. But it would be doing a great injustice to the author if we gave the impression that the book is nothing more than this. Nancy Olden, the tricksy heroine, is something besides a thief and confidence woman. She is both of these, because she has never had an opportunity to be anything else; but within her rather impulsive and wayward heart there exist true generosity, sound instincts, and a genuine womanliness which need only a little encouragement to make them ultimately dominate her nature. As the outcome of one of her most daring adventures she is caught by the owner of an apartment into which she has penetrated and who happens to be a theatrical manager. He

**In the Bishop's Carriage.* By Miriam Michelson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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telephones for a policeman, and in the meantime he talks to her in a sardonic vein, which has after all a good deal of practical philosophy in it, to the effect that the real fools of this world are those who are dishonest. Here is a bit of his discourse:

"Honesty isn't the best policy, it's the only one. The vain fool that gets it into his head—or shall I say her head? No? Well, no offense, I assure you—his head then, that he's smarter than a world full of experience, ought to be put in jail—for his own protection; he's too big a jay to be left out of doors. For five thousand years, more or less, the world has been putting people like him behind bars, where they can't make asses of themselves. Yet each year, and every day and every hour, a new ninny is born who fancies he's cleverer than all his predecessors put together. Talk about suckers! Why, they're giants of intellect compared to the mentally lopsided that five thousand years of experience can't teach. When the criminal-clown's turn comes, he hops, skips and jumps into the ring with the old, old gag. He thinks it's new, because he himself is so fresh and green. 'Here I am again,' he yells, 'the fellow that'll do you up. Others have tried it. They're dead in jail or under jail-yards. But me—just watch me!' We do, and after a little we put him with his mates and a keeper in a barred kindergarten where fools that can't learn, little moral cripples of both sexes, my dear, belong."

In reply to this, Nancy, roused by his sneer, springs to her feet and pours forth a defence of herself and of her kind, picturing in her most vivid vernacular her childhood, her girlhood, and the way in which she and thousands of others are lashed into the ranks of criminals. She blazes with indignation and scarifies with a fierce irony, and then, just as the policeman is at the door, the manager has a quick thought flash through his brain, and he sends the officer away and asks the girl to try the stage. Her dramatic force has made him feel that here is exceptional raw material for an actress.

After that, Nancy slowly rises to a higher level, not without slips, yet still responding always to kindness and getting a firmer grip upon herself as time goes on. She does not fully realise, however, the chasm that is gradually separating her new life from her old, until her burglar lover, who has been in Sing Sing for a year, breaks prison and suddenly forces his way into her room. Then she knows that her old life has been lost to her forever. She knows it as she looks into his convict face, cruel, coarsened, lustful,—the face of a beast and no more the face of a man. From that moment she can not turn back and once more be the shoplifter, the daring thief, the associate of outcasts. And so the rest of her story is the story of her rehabilitation. She is always saucy, and pert, and mischievous, and slangy, but, as she would say, she is always "straight," and her only reversion to her former ways is when she pits herself and her wits against the power and money of the head of the theatrical Trust, who is bent on ruining the man who has given Nancy her first chance in life. This is a most exciting episode and with it and Nancy's marriage the book ends.

We have given but an imperfect notion of the merits of this story. Miss Michelson has a remarkable command of the technical resources of the novelist, a strong dramatic instinct, and the very great merit of knowing just where to stop. There is no sentimentality in the book, yet it is penetrated with true feeling and blends with consummate skill fun, pathos, and extremely clever invention. We should like to quote at length some of the amusing passages and also some other passages which contain a very true philosophy. Here is a bit of rough and ready criticism on certain contemporary actors. Nancy is telling what imitation she has given upon the stage:

"I can do Carter's Du Barry to the Queen's taste, Maggie. That rotten voice of hers, like Mother Douty's, but stronger and surer; that rocky old face pretending to look young and beautiful inside that talented red hair of hers; that whining 'Denny! Denny!' she squawks out every other minute. Oh, I can do Du Barry all right! I gave them Warfield, then; I was always good at taking off the sheenies in the alley behind the Cruelty—remember? I gave them that little pinch-nosed Maude Adams, and dry corking little Mrs. Fiske, and Henry Miller when he smoothes down his white breeches lovingly and sings *Sally in Our Alley*, and strutting old Mansfield, and——"

And the following is very good. Nancy is pleading with her escaped convict to leave her alone in the new life which she has made for herself and which

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is as exciting as the old one, yet wholly harmless.

"I know the world now, Tom Dorgan, the real world of men and women—not the little world of crooks, nor yet the littler one of fairy stories. I've got a glimpse, too, of that other world where all the scheming and lying and cheating is changed as if by magic into something that deceives all right, but doesn't hurt. It's the world of art and artists, Tom Dorgan, where people paint their lies, or write them, or act them; where they lift money all right from men's pockets, but lift their souls and their lives, too, away from the things that trouble and bore and—and degrade."

Altogether this is a book to read and to remember. It should rank with the very best of those which the year has so far given us.

Harry Thurston Peck.

III.

MR. WHITE'S "THE SILENT PLACES."*

IT was only the other day that Mr. White wrote a book into which he distilled the fragrance of the balsam—the very presence of the unbroken forest. It was a book for the man who presumably goes into the woods for the pleasure and the medicine of out-door life. In his new story Mr. White tells about the men to whom the woods are a home and woodcraft a means of livelihood. But he does more; he sets himself the task of picturing the Long Trail into the north—the Long Trail in winter, with its grim terrors and giant vistas of white. It is a deliberate, serious attempt at tragedy, and judged by the impression of intense suffering which it creates it is a successful attempt. But it does not demonstrate essentially new or larger powers; there is quite as much inspiration, vigour, and dramatic force in at least one other book from the same hand, and in the field outside of tragedy is chance for Mr. White to do what he could hardly expect to accomplish in tragedy itself. Assuming that he recognises as much himself, *The Silent Places* may be regarded as a step aside. None the less, it is no ill-considered or experimental step, and it will surely deepen the conviction that its author has potentialities such as are or have been possessed, so far as we now know, by not more than two or three other American writers of fiction in a good many years. How far he will realise upon these potentialities remains a question to be determined to no small extent by the restraint which he places upon an evident tendency to write too much and too rapidly—to draw too readily upon an uncommonly rich fund of experience and observation—to abuse a gift for expression which appears to make writing too easy for his literary welfare.

The present story is of the same genesis as the sketch which was reviewed a year or more ago in these columns under the title *Conjurors' House*. It is from that post of the Hudson Bay Company that the two runners of the Company start on their hunt for Jingoss, the defaulting Indian trapper. He has disappeared: where? in what direction? There are five hundred miles of wilderness on every hand. His trail must be found and he be hunted down and brought back to be punished as an example of what happens to a dishonest Indian. The men who volunteer to find him are a weather-beaten and scarred veteran of the Company's service, and a younger man, Dick Herron, lithe, strong, determined, jaunty, wearing a slanted heron's feather in his hat, a beaded knife-sheath, an excess of ornamentation on his garters and moccasins. In a canoe they paddle away on the great waters of the Moose; the chase is on, and Mr. White's tale is well begun.

But this is the beginning for a narrative rather than a novel; the limitations are obvious. Given two men hunting for a third in an almost immeasurable stretch of wilderness, the opportunities for what is known as plot are not apparent; the factor of human complication seems to be reduced almost to its elements. And Mr. White has planned more than a tale of adventure. Nor is he content with the chance to show the development of character under the stress of physical obstacles. He realises that to maintain interest in the pursuit the reader must be made to feel the overwhelming importance of capture or escape; or else the chase itself must be invested with circumstance which makes of it a little drama. And so he has introduced at the very opening of his story the Ojibway

**The Silent Places.* By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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girl, May-may-gwan (the Butterfly). On her Dick's glance falls with the satisfaction which any man indulges at sight of a pretty face and figure, and in a spirit of fair play he does her a service which ties her fast to him through all that is to follow. From that moment the importance of the interminable chase itself, reflected as it is by the resolution and manœuvres of both pursued and pursuers, fails particularly to impress the reader. The man and the woman are everything—the tragedy is the focussing point of their personal fortunes. The craft, the inflexible will, the energy of the men intensify the terrors of the trail which they tread together. These qualities do not for one moment detach interest from what has become vital—the issue of the contest between the devotion and patient endurance of the girl and the indifference, the rebuffs, and, then, the brutality of the man she loves. This contest is carried through the inevitable and terrible stages imposed by the setting of the story to its logical conclusion, and the heart of the woman is rewarded, or believes it is rewarded, only in the last hour.

The study of character and temperament offered in the persons of May-may-gwan and Dick Herron is about the best thing of the kind that Mr. White has yet done. It is sane, consistent, sincere. With the temptation strong upon him to allow Herron to surrender to the silent pleading of the woman for his love, the novelist has refused to allow the man to be false to his prejudices and ambitions. And the girl never once, unless it be in the last scene, is untrue to that mental habit which the influence of blood and training imposes upon her. The story affords at once a contrast and a comparison of the qualities of two persons representing two races—the white and the Indian. In their outlook upon life the man and woman are not unakin. Each recognises that it is the part of the man to lead, to face danger unflinchingly, to command; the part of the woman to follow, to bear the toil and hardships of her lot patiently and faithfully and to obey. And so May-may-gwan trudges through the snow, silently, ceaselessly, in the footsteps of Herron, because, as she tells Sam Bolton, she had found Herron "good in my sight and he looked on me." Because of this she endures his rebuffs, nurses him alone for three months when his leg is broken, makes his fire, cooks his food, balms her aching heart with hope, even is struck down by his fist in his frenzy at her refusal to leave him —and still follows him till weakness brings her to her knees in the snow. Then he returns, mad with his own loneliness, and she looks up into his face.

"'Do not grieve. I am happy—' she whispers. 'There must be a border. I will be waiting there. I will wait always. I am yours, yours, yours! You are mine.' She half raised herself, and seized his two arms, searching his eyes with terror, trying to reassure herself, to drive off the doubts that suddenly had thronged upon her. 'Tell me,' she shook him by the arm.

"'I am yours,' Dick lied steadily; 'my heart is yours, I love you.' He bent and kissed her on the lips. She quivered and closed her eyes with a deep sigh. And so she died."

But Herron lives on to fulfill his mission and to go back to the post with only a reverent memory of the dead girl's face, his heart unwritten upon, one must believe. She was an Indian. The race line was between them. When all is said and done, Herron's is not an agreeable figure, and yet in his indomitable will and splendid physical power there is something so tremendous as to compel admiration despite his sullenness and brutal fury. He is of a piece with his environment and task, as, in less dramatic sense, is his companion, Bolton. Only the wilderness with its vast distances, its snow, its bleak winds and its icy grip is big enough for his figure.

Of what this wilderness of the North means Mr. White comes nearer to giving us a conception than any one who has yet written of it. It is a thing not to be measured in terms of speech, and the superlatives in which the present book abounds are the least effective of the agencies by which it has been sought to convey a realisation of the immensities of space and of the unrelenting and insidious attack of the cold. It is the effect upon the men of toil and cold which is most impressive. Mr. White's success in recreating the atmosphere of the wilds and especially of the forest has been remarked upon as his strongest claim to permanency as a writer, and, if that power had more gracious expression in other books, it has had no more significant illustration than here. Quota-

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tions almost at random would serve as evidence. The following passage describing the first attack of the polar cold upon the travellers, is perhaps sufficient!

> And now the North increased by ever so little the pressure against them, sharpening the cold by a trifle; adding a few flakes' weight to the snow they must lift on their shoes; throwing into the vista before them, a deeper, chillier tone of gray discouragement; intensifying the loneliness; giving to the winds of desolation a voice. Well the great antagonist knew she could not thus stop these men, but so, little by little, she ground them down, wore away the excess of their vitality, reduced them to grim plodding, so that at the moment she would hold them weakened to her purposes. They made no sign, for they were of the great men of the earth, but they bent to the familiar touch of many little fingers pushing them back.

And always to the North they pursued that invisible fugitive, on, on, until the dense forest was succeeded by low spruce and poplar thickets, and these in turn by the open reaches planted like a park with the pointed firs. "Then came the Land of Little Sticks, and so on out into the vast whiteness of the true North, where the trees are lilliputian and the spaces gigantic beyond the measures of the earth; where living things dwindle to the significance of black specks on a limitless field of white, and the aurora crackles and shoots and spreads and threatens like a great inimical and magnificent spirit."

Presently, Sam Bolton yielded to starvation and exhaustion, and was left to make his fight alone with Death. Herron pressed on with the girl. Then, when he, too, had been stricken down and awaited the end, the girl in his arms, to him, out of the white distances, came a figure of a man, plodding through the snow, mechanically, in a circle—*stone blind from the glare of the white fields.* It was Jingoss, the defaulter, the pursued. Herron put his gun against the man's breast. "Stop!" he commanded. The chase was done.

Churchill Williams.

IV.

M. DE VOGÜÉ'S "THE MASTER OF THE SEA."*

WHEN M. de Vogüé publishes a new book, he never fails to provoke discussion. He has in view invariably the welfare of his country, and the means and schemes which he proposes are never commonplace. For instance, about twenty years ago, when by his now classical articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Russian literature, he revealed Tolstoï to France, and, in fact to the whole civilised world outside of Russia, he had nothing in view but to renew French thought by the inspiration from Eastern writers.

In *Le Maître de la Mer* his scope is even broader than usually. He examines the relation of modern times to the ideals of civilisation in past centuries: are the old aspirations of the Latin world doomed to disappear altogether, or is there room for them besides the new ones? M. de Vogüé concludes by advocating an alliance between America and France, as the chief representative nations to-day of the two races—Anglo-Saxon and Latin—that have brought civilisation to its highest point of development, though both did not work in the same direction. The way in which the subject is treated has not met with the approval of most French critics, which, however, for reasons easy to guess, does not mean at all that Americans would not like it well enough. The argument is presented in the form of a novel; and the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin ideal are impersonated respectively in the two heroes of the story.

Louis de Tournoël is a French officer, jealous of the great future of his country, and who wants to make Africa a centre of Latin civilisation. A constantly growing number of bright young Frenchmen are crowded in government offices in Paris and in other large cities, and waste in this way fine talents. Let them go to Africa and colonise that continent. This, by the way, is a pet idea of M. de Vogüé, as well as of many other good Frenchmen, who are eager to assure to France an honourable rank in the present struggle for world influence. Hugues Le Roux repeatedly advocated it before American audiences when he visited the United States two years ago.

Louis de Tournoël is endowed with all the chivalric virtues of the descendants of the Crusaders and of the heroes of the French Revolution, brave, loyal, fighting for an idea with absolutely no other purpose in mind but the honour attached to a good cause and his disinterested love for France. He belongs to this class of

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people who are utterly shocked at the thought of the British Parliament voting several million pounds to reward the soldiers fighting in South Africa. He will accept crosses and medals of honour, but no money for his deeds.

Against him is Archbald Robinson, a self-made American, owner of an immense fortune, who is given to great dreams of expansion. His ambitions will not be satisfied until he has succeeded in involving the whole world in his plans, "il pense par planétes." But he uses other means than Tournoël. Military honour, he does not understand; he is the business man of Imperialism. Everything has yielded to his money, and therefore in it he sees the irresistible force. He has just formed a gigantic "Sea Trust"; he is the master of the seas.

When the story opens Robinson is contemplating the annexation of Africa, and in this way meets Tournoël. The latter is trying in vain to persuade his government to help him so that he may complete the task which has already had a beginning of realisation in a glorious campaign at the door of the Soudan. Robinson finds that the young officer is the man he wants and offers him all the money needed for the expedition he has planned. Tournoël refuses, and in a conversation which is the central scene of the book, the two men develop their standpoints and their conceptions of life, of honour, of greatness. For the first time Robinson sees a man who resists the power of his banknotes, he is surprised, he threatens, while Tournoël persists in his refusal, and they part bitter enemies.

The scene of the second part of the novel is laid in Egypt, and the struggle is complicated by a new element that nearly makes us forget all about Anglo-Saxon or Latin supremacy, a woman. Both Robinson and Tournoël fall in love with Miss Millicent Fianona. Robinson at first does not realise, or refuses to acknowledge his passion, and even tries to take advantage of the lady in order to foster his business plans and to persuade Tournoël by her to enter upon an agreement. In fact, she loves Tournoël, and finally turns to Robinson in order to ask him to aid the plans of Tournoël. He generously consents. This is the miracle of love, and the book ends with the reconciliation; the Anglo-Saxon sings the praise of the Frenchman and vice-versa: "You and I," Robinson says, "we represent two powers. Yours is the older one, very noble. I respect it. But money also can be brave, intelligent, and generous." "Certainly," replies Tournoël, "gold bullion or steel blade, all toils become ennobled when they are made to serve an idea—and if we might express a wish for the future of this world, it must be that a lasting alliance be sealed between your young energies and our old ideal."

* * *

French critics did not like this book very much. The reasons for it are now obvious. The chief one, or rather the best one, is that after all the chivalric ideal of an army officer is no longer representative of the ideal of the majority of Frenchmen, no more than it is of that of most Americans. Had M. de Vogüé chosen an ambitious man of an intellectual order, a scholar, an artist, a philosopher—well and good; the cultivated public in France might have approved, while they see in a perfect soldier a mere ornament in modern society, interesting from a historical point of view, but not at all a characteristic, a necessary element of the civilisation of the twentieth century.

Or, again, if the author had shown in Robinson a dishonest business man, and contrasted him with a thoroughly honest Frenchman, this would have rendered the novel possible—but still more ridiculous than in the other alternative. And M. de Vogüé knew it well enough, he knew it so well that in fact his Robinson is both rich and honest. More than this, Robinson, as well as Tournoël, is fighting for an idea, for the idea of imperialism. He does not want to get richer. No amount of money will make life more comfortable for him personally; he is presented to us as a man acting for the greatness of his country; thus, even this greatest quality of Tournoël is found also in the ideal Anglo-Saxon.

Every one can see, even from a mere summary of the story of *Le Maître de la Mer* that M. de Vogüé, after having explained very well the elements of the problem in the first part of the book, suddenly seems to forget all about it and starts on telling a romantic adventure. Probably no one is as well aware of this great technical defect than the author himself; but there seems to lie an interesting psychological case behind this. The author no doubt speaks himself

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through Tournoël, and in him as well as in his hero some change has taken place after the interview with Robinson. The two rivals part enemies, it is true, but of the two Tournoël is shaken in his opinions. Before that eventful conversation he used to boast of his ignorance of the modern conception of civilisation, but now as soon as he is left alone, he goes over the whole argument again and cannot help acknowledging that he was prejudiced and that the American ideal is well worth considering and admiring. Now what remains to be done for an author who had started his book with the evident purpose of making Tournoël remain true to his soldier ideal, and who now feels unable to do so without compromising with his conscience? Just what M. de Vogüé has done; namely, to sidetrack the whole discussion by some means or other; for instance, some extremely charming lady who makes us lose sight of the real world and enter the land of dream and love. Thus, when it comes to reach a conclusion, Cupido has slyly taken the place of Minerva.

A confirmation to our suggestion may be found in the conversation of the old general, Nuiron, with Tournoël, the first representing the ideal of the French officer of the past, and the second that of an officer converted to the new conceptions of life. This scene, interrupting the action, placed in the background, as if the author had felt reluctant to write it at all, but considered it a duty for the sake of honesty, is very significant. Tournoël converted—what does it mean but the officer of yore converted into a modern and peaceful explorer; a conqueror of the world that reminds one very little of the Knights of the Crusaders who killed enemies to obtain the forgiveness of their sins? *Albert Schinz.*

V.

MISS WILLIAMS'S "THE PRICE OF YOUTH."*

THIS novel by Miss Williams is a story of everyday American life, containing two qualities which raise it very much above the level of the usual. The first of these qualities is the artistic effectiveness by which we are made to receive an extremely intimate impression of place and people. The atmosphere of the book—and it has a good deal of atmosphere—is actual and subtly true. When we lay the book down, Matehocken, New Jersey, has ceased to be the creation of a fiction writer and has acquired an objective existence, with its scrubby pines, its sandy roads, its glimpses of the sea and its quaintly narrow, suspicious and yet not unkindly people. The other quality of which we speak is the quality of suggestiveness, which gives us all sorts of half glimpses into human lives, their secrets, their sacrifices, and perhaps their shame, yet leaves us in the end to guess at much of what we may suspect, but cannot know.

The story in itself is commonplace enough—a man and a girl live in the same house at Matehocken for three months. The girl, Fan Tasker, the daughter of a person who keeps a solitary drinking place in the woods, is rather unpleasantly shifty and sometimes omits to wear her stockings. The man, Willis King, imagines himself to be clever. They talk. In the first part of the book they talk altogether too much. No doubt the author fondly fancies that here she has produced some rather brilliant bits of *persiflage,* and it is fairly certain that she has made a profound study of George Meredith with something more than a glance into *Concerning Isabel Carnaby.* After a number of solitary adventures, the two fall in love—the man complacently, the girl very truly and intensely. But he comes to know, through bits of village gossip, of other solitary adventures of hers before he ever met her. Upon these the scandal-mongers put the worst construction. Fan has been seen strolling about in the evening with a private soldier. Only the summer before, she was the almost inseparable companion of an artist who spent a few months in her father's house and for whom the tongue of scandal alleged that she had posed. Moreover, at the present time, there is a family mystery due to the presence in the house of a woman whose relations to Fan and to Fan's father are obviously unusual. Therefore, King is tormented by retrospective jealousy and by a feeling that perhaps after all he does not really know the girl with whom the power of propinquity has made

**The Price of Youth.* By Margery Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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him fall in love. And so at last he questions her, and she answers him in the language of outraged love in all ages the world over.

"You don't care, boy. If you cared for me a tenth as much as I care for you, you'd know I was telling you the truth when I said I was. I never thought I would speak to any man in my life as I have spoken to you. I'd believe anything that you say, I'd do anything that you told me, if you dragged me down to hell with you. Do you suppose I weigh this and consider that where you are concerned? Do you suppose I'd listen to what any one in the world said about you? You don't love me. You'd rather go by other people's opinion of me than your own. Now I've told you the truth, and you can go. I'd let you go if it killed me, sooner than keep you, knowing that you feel the way you do about me! Only—I wish to God I'd never met you!"

It is the old tragedy that comes into so many lives—the tragedy of the man who doubts and questions, and of the woman who is tortured by this doubt and questioning, yet whose past is not quite clear nor wholly clean, so that in her heart of hearts she has not that inner comfort which might have come to her from perfect innocence. Yet one cannot refrain from pitying Fan. Everything has been against her from her birth and everything goes against her in the crisis of her womanhood. She is beaten and baffled and cast aside and left to sullenness and the anger of despair. Miss Williams has worked out the theme with undoubted power, and the book is one not merely to read but to think about and to remember.

The episode of Phemy Martin, one of the minor characters, is told with an audacity which in these days one looks for only in the writing of a young girl who does fully realise just what may and what may not be said. Thus, certain physiological details in this particular episode rather take one's breath away, and we are certain that an author of more experience would not have ventured to present them to the reader. None the less this sketch of a weakly sentimental, yielding, ignorant, and untruthful country girl is most unpleasantly true and (putting aside any question of taste) it forms an interesting pendant to the dominating theme.

Miss Williams writes in a style which at first is forced, monotonous and almost irritating, but which improves in naturalness as she goes on. Some of her phrases are good and some are doubtful and still others are at once peculiar and unintelligible. Thus the "woven murmur" of the pines, the "greenish twilight" and "the wine-coloured water" are genuinely expressive; yet while a few of these trick phrases are rather happy, what are we to make of "a decorative blackguard," and "a conflictive surface?" The idiom of New Jersey is admirably reproduced—a remarkable feat for an English writer; but we have never yet found a Briton, male or female, who could write many pages without perpetrating some unconscious Briticism, and Miss Williams is no exception to the rule. Though she has wrought with the greatest cunning, her speech at times bewrayeth her, as in such expressions and sentences as "different *to*," "getting on for supper time," and "Mrs. Martin *was by way of taking pride* in her front garden." A Bryn Mawr girl does not get "a first in Euclid" but an "excellent in geometry"; and although the people of Jersey "guess" as industriously as Miss Williams makes them do, her Philadelphia hero, in actual life, would not. *B. H.*

VI.

ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN.*

ELIZABETH has left her garden, her babies, and her Man of Wrath for a few days. Accompanied by her maid Gertrud she has set out in her own carriage to drive round the island of Rügen: and you are sure when you have read her Adventures that no one ever did anything quite so amusing and delightful before. That is Elizabeth's secret. She talks sometimes of life's dry, dusty days, but she persuades you that the greyest day and the most cross-grained circumstances would turn golden and pleasant in her company. If she has an egg for supper she can make that egg more entertaining than some writers can make a pirate; and her descriptions of the seas and forests and flowers and brown sails of Rügen rejoice the reader as vividly as memories. The book is all sunshine and laughter; the little misadventures of travel and its abounding compensations. It gives some

**The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen.* By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. Macmillan. $1.50.

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solid information, too, about roads and pathways and hotels; tells you which places are crowded and which quiet; where you may be in the shade of forests or sun-baked and sea-blown on a flowery plain. She begins her wanderings with an adventure that would have put most people out of humour. Her maid and she jump from the carriage to avoid a motor car, and her coachman August never misses them, but drives on for miles. They have to trudge through the dust, hot and tired and hungry, and finally jolt into Putbus in a cart. "Poor August had the worst of it," says Elizabeth when her remorseful coachman finds her again. At Lauterbach she had a bad supper in "the loveliest nook in the world." Next day she hires "a fishing smack with golden sails and a fisherman with a golden beard," and sails to the islet of Vilm. "If you love out-of-door beauty, wide stretches of sea and sky, mighty beeches, dense bracken, meadows radiant with flowers, chalky levels purple with gentians, solitude, and economy, go and spend a summer at Vilm." She goes on to Göhren and finds it crowded. In the hotel restaurant "all the children of Germany" are "putting knives into their artless mouths," and "devouring their soup with a passionate enthusiasm." The only bedroom she can have here has eight beds in it, and one small iron washstand containing a basin and a water-bottle. She can only have this one night because next day eight people are coming to occupy the beds and share the washstand for six weeks. This will surprise English readers until they get further on in the book and come to the eminent professor who travels with his night attire under his clothes and a spare pair of socks in his pocket.

When Elizabeth leaves Göhren she goes to Thiessow, and there the thing she dreads befalls her. She meets some one she knows. Her silent maid and her coachman have not disturbed her. For three days she has journeyed in the peace and solitude her soul desires. But from the bathing hut at Thiessow she slips from a wet plank into the very arms of her cousin Charlotte, the young wife of the celebrated Professor Nieberlein. Charlotte is strenuous and emancipated. She has not seen her husband for a year, she talks like her pamphlets, which are all about the wrongs of women, and she asks Elizabeth "what she done with her life." Elizabeth mentions "a row of babies," and Charlotte observes that "a cat achieves exactly the same thing." But next day she thrusts her company on Elizabeth, and when the ladies get to Binz they meet the Harvey-Brownes. Mrs. Harvey-Browne is an English clergywoman, the wife of a bishop, and she pursues Charlotte for the sake of the celebrated Professor. The Harvey-Brownes are forever talking about the Professor. They spent a whole winter in Bonn hunting him. But Mrs. Harvey-Browne avoids all contact with obscurer foreigners, and when an old man in a waterproof and a green felt hat takes a seat at her table she sends him on. Of course, he turns out to be the Professor, and of course he is amusing and lifelike as every one else in this delightful book. He puts one arm round Elizabeth, and one arm round his wife, and makes love to both. He comes near making love to Mrs. Harvey-Browne's maid, whom he takes for her daughter. All he asks of women is that they should be "little and round and soft," and he absolutely refuses to take any woman seriously. Perhaps it is not surprising that his wife was dissatisfied. But Elizabeth seems to like the little old rosy Professor, and with her usual insight she wishes her cousin could laugh at her husband instead of taking him seriously. But to Charlotte the rift is very serious, and the rest of Elizabeth's adventures turn on her efforts to bring the husband and wife together. She does not get rid of them, or of the Harvey-Brownes, until the eleventh day, when she has to return home. She was happiest, she says, at Lauterbach and Wiek. She was most wretched at Göhren. But she makes her readers happy from the beginning to the end.

Cecily Sidgwick.

VII.

MRS. ATHERTON'S "RULERS OF KINGS."*

WE have never been among those who profess to regard Mrs. Atherton's novels as unworthy of serious attention. From the time when we first read *Hermia Suydam* we have always admired her very

* *Rulers of Kings.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper Brothers.

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real gift for portraying certain types of character and for delineating certain definite aspects of life. She has the real story-teller's talent; and while some of her books are naturally better than others, she has never published anything that was immature or dull. She knows her California intimately and she is very much at home in New York and Washington; while in at least two of her novels her Adirondack setting is superb. Likewise, she has got below the surface of English life, so that one of her most popular books has a sort of international character. Her chief success so far is represented by *Senator North,* a very powerful and moving novel.

But Mrs. Atherton's talent, like many another's, requires its own proper *milieu* in order to produce the best results. Her latest book is unfortunately a good example of what may happen even to the most experienced author when this *milieu* is not taken into account. *Rulers of Kings* begins most admirably and fastens at once upon your attention. This first part—the American part—is as good as anything that Mrs. Atherton has ever done; and especially interesting is her story of the calf-love of an inexperienced youth for a pretty, anæmic, foolish girl, common and cheap and incapable of any real sentiment, yet one who, just because she is a girl, and because the young man meets her at what is both the psychological and the physiological moment, is idealised by him into a creature of wondrous charm. This little episode is one thing in the book which remains with us after we have laid it down, and another is this bit of philosophy with regard to the nature of early and evanescent love:

> Nothing in the vagaries of nature is more inexplicable than nine-tenths of what, for want of a better name, is called love. It is a wanton waste of good energy and a lamentable waste of spiritual forces; for the passion moves the victim to all sorts of unselfish impulses, exalted emotion, and even religion, all of which, in the reaction when delusion is over, are finely scorned. That love which is composed of an instinct for companionship, and a complete honesty of emotions, and is lacking in sentimentalism and the tragic note, delays its arrival, to people of ardent imagination, until so late that they must have much richness of nature and large recuperative powers to dismiss into the past the memory of all they have spent. The theory that the blind passion of youth springs from the relentless instinct of reproduction is true only in part, for some of the maddest passions are inspired by anæmic and useless women, and the earth has its full measure of sickly children. If Nature has any well-defined plan she has as yet hesitated to reveal it, and it is probable that she is still amusing herself in her laboratory. Most love would appear to be a momentary fever of the imagination to which the body responds, and the soul, always struggling for utterance, tries its wings, flies a little span, and flatters the brain: when a man is in love then is he most pleased with himself; he never imagined that for heights and depths, within an apparently trite exterior, he was so remarkable a being; and until the wave recedes he bestows a like approval on the chance object who, in the prettiness of her hour, or by some trick of manner, bulged his ego into grander proportions.

As for the rest of the book, however, we can only say that in it the author seems to have lost her bearings altogether. A young American, one Fessenden Abbott, frequently spoken of as "Fess," inherits four or five hundred million dollars and certainly lives up to his income. He boards the yacht of the German Emperor, tells him that he must not hope to secure a foothold in South America, offers to let him subdue all Europe, and in general parcels out the world with the most magnificent *insouciance.* Later "Fess" gets control of all South America himself, thus forestalling the Kaiser. He also benevolently raises the wages of labour all over the United States, and then goes to Europe to seek for diversions of a more tender nature. His sister is an intimate friend of the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, and "Fess" falls in love with this imperial Princess, not in a weak, ineffectual sort of way, but just as a man naturally would who had offered the Kaiser to lend him the money with which to conquer Russia. When Mrs. Atherton gets to this point she really loses all sense of proportion whatsoever, and becomes absolutely extravagant, dropping, moreover, her sense of humour. We like the scene where the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, Fessenden Abbott, and Fessenden's father sit down together to decide the fate of nations. Fessenden was quite at his ease, but his father was not. He wore a frock coat, and sank down in a rather crumpled way in his chair, being tortured with dyspepsia and having to take tabloids all through the

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interview. We don't remember the details of the interview, but the tabloids we shall never forget.

There is no particular satisfaction, however, in guying Mrs. Atherton's book. It is, of course, quite preposterous, combining the gaudiness of Ouida with the hysteria of Marie Corelli. But, as we said at the beginning, Mrs. Atherton simply made a mistake in forgetting her *milieu*. Should she live in Hungary for a dozen years or so, until the place became as familiar to her as Lake Placid or Piccadilly, she could write about it without perpetrating the absurdities which we find in *Rulers of Kings*. She would not then represent an Austrian Grand Duchess as seating an ordinary American on her left at an official dinner, nor would her Hungarian and German names be spelled with quite so much inconsistency.

H. T. P.

VIII.

TOKUTOMI'S "NAMI-KO."*

KENJIRO TOKUTOMI is not a dreamer, idealist or merely a "fiction writer," but a social observer, and a historian in the true sense. He made use of fiction to advantage to express the social current and the turn of humanity. His novel will be remembered as a true history in the future, and as a human document. *Nami-ko* is his protest against Orientalism—especially the Japanese old mother's attitude toward her daughter-in-law, which originated in Confucius' teaching. His protest is the strongest one ever known in Japanese literature. There is no other country under the sun like modern Japan to attract a student of social tendencies. Therefore, Japan is a great field for Tokutomi. And he is spreading his own wings to the four winds successfully. For many a year past the mighty battle between the old Japanism and modernity (which is Americanism) has raged in Japan, and it will rage for many more years. *Nami-ko* is nothing but the collision of Orientalism and modernity. And the old Japanism doesn't seem to be losing ground. Both sides suffer as in any battle. Japan is the country of eternal tragedy spiritually. So, Nami-ko, of course, the old Baroness Kawashima and the young Baron all suffered terribly. But only the Baroness should have done so.

The book is also a great demonstration of our Japanese gentleman's truest soul. It is an eloquent protest against the foreign misconception that no Jap would be able to love woman divinely. I often heard such a denunciation. Is there in the world any greater love than Takeo's?

We are different countries. Americans will not understand things Japanese as we do. There is much trouble for a translator. However, I am impatient at the change in the title of the book. Its original name was *Hototogisu*. To us that title means the whole thing. This one change spoiled half the value of the book. Hototogisu, cuckoo! "Cuckoo" is regarded as a synonym of tear or pathetic death, since it is said in Japan that the bird will die after singing eight hundred and eight songs and spitting blood. (So Nami-ko spat blood and died.) If only the American readers had the same thought! I never heard of any more pitiful heroine in any literature than this little Nami-ko. Perhaps the author got a hint from *Camille*. Her heart was full of Japanese tenderness and tearful temperament. She was a victim of circumstances as any Japanese woman is more or less. And the Japanese woman should bend under them. To try to oppose them is for her—well, some years off, I should say. Real life is far more appealing than fiction. Tokutomi was only a photographer—an artistic photographer—in his book. He chose a splendid subject, so there was a strong story. However, I could wish it were one of his happier stories, since it is his first introduction to English-speaking readers. I should like to see one who will not cry after reading *Nami-ko*.

The picture is undoubtedly a little overdrawn. I think that Takeo's mother would not be so black as she was painted. As a whole the story is most carefully constructed. The author tried hard to introduce some brighter atmosphere here and there. The contrast of the characters is splendid, Nami-ko with her loyal old servant, the general with his wife, Takeo with his blackguard cousin. Yamamoto is funny, like Polonius in *Hamlet*.

And is it a worthy translation? It was done remarkably well, fairly loyal to the

**Nami-Ko.* By Kenjiro Tokutomi. Boston: Messrs. H. B. Turner & Company.

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original. But when I compared them, I am sorry to say that our Japanese expressions which are interesting and characteristic at once, are missed in the translation. The American gentleman who went over it with a certain Yale student made it too American, that is to say, replaced the Japanese wild cherry blossom with a green-house rose. I noticed it even turned to a common stone in many a place. The book lost the freshness of writing as I see it in the original. It would be a delightful gift to American literature, if the book also showed a fanciful turn of Japanese phraseology.

Yone Noguchi.

IX.

MR. SEVERY'S "THE DARROW ENIGMA."*

PEOPLE who have made the stage their business will tell you that very often the man who is fitted to write the best book on the technique of playwrighting is the man who has himself never been able to write a successful play, and who never will write one. The very knowledge which enables him to lay down the law, which gives him the authority to speak positively about all the details of construction, has been won through this continual lack of success. So, often after each new failure has he gone back to the master playwrights for the purpose of finding out just where some hapless act or situation of his own has been inadequate. Scribe, Augier, Dumas fils, Sardou, Pinero, Shaw, Jones—he has them all at his finger tips. He can analyse *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* or *Denise* or *Le Demi-Monde* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* down to the last line of dialogue; he can fill page after page with the inevitable logic of business and exposition and change of theme; he can tell you all the means that have been used since the days of Menander for the purpose of getting the puppets on and off the stage. Yet when he sits down to the task of building a play of his own all this specific and labouriously acquired knowledge seems to avail him nothing. He was not born to write a play.

And what is true of the play is true of the detective story. One may have spent years in taking apart the very best fiction that has to do with crime and its detection, may have sought out industriously everything that is outré in act and motive, may know to the last detail all the tricks for diverting the reader's suspicions and for the introduction of false clues—in a word, may have reduced what was meant to be a pleasure-giving art to a mathematical science, and still lacked the spark, the spontaneity, the certain something, which is needed to write the story that will thrill and entertain.

Yet in the making of a detective story as in the building of a play, while the knowledge of technique, no matter how thorough, does not assure success, ignorance of it is almost inevitably certain to ensure failure. The dramatist goes to a manager with the manuscript of a tragedy or a farce that would need three nights to perform. The author goes to the public with a narrative of detection in which he has allowed the guilt of the real assassin to be patent from the first chapter. The manager and the public will have neither one nor the other. Like the dramatist, the author of the detective story has responsibilities which he cannot or should not hope to evade. He must be essentially logical; he must pile up his effects; he has his climaxes to be carefully studied and arranged. He himself starts out with a knowledge of certain positive facts. For instance, the real murderer of Smith is Robinson, the soft-spoken, kindly appearing Robinson, who is so anxious that the crime be brought to justice. But his business is to screen Robinson from your curious eyes and never even let you guess at the truth until the very end of Act IV. He builds downward or works backward, so to speak. In Act I. he takes you to the scene of the crime, shows you the bloody handprint on the doorknob, and the charred fragments in the open fireplace, and at the end leaves you sniffing suspiciously when you think of the very peculiar attitude of Brown. In Act II. your distrust of Brown increases until his innocence is conclusively proved, and the author must see to it that your attention is transferred to Jones. When at the end of Act III. Jones is apparently hopelessly enmeshed and walks off to durance vile between two stalwart police officers, you

**The Darrow Enigma.* By Melvin Severy. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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are for the moment quite convinced and only wonder what the use is of the two remaining acts. It is not until the very end of Act IV. that you condescend to pay any attention to the smiling Robinson, who finally stands forth, a monster unmasked, while the author with a kind of well-bred derision goes back over the book pointing out a line here, a circumstance there, by which he proves to you triumphantly that you should have seen from the first that Robinson and Robinson alone could have been guilty of the crime.

In all but a few details, which are of minor importance, this is the method that Mr. Melvin L. Severy has followed very successfully in *The Darrow Enigma,* a tale which undoubtedly will be very widely read and enjoyed by all those who share the feeling of Thomas B. Reed and George F. Hoar and the distinguished statesman of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *In the Fog* towards this particular kind of fiction. For *The Darrow Enigma,* despite a number of evident crudities, is an exceptional story, exceptionally well done. Before beginning the narrative you get a certain thrill and suggestion of mystery in noting the parts or Episodes into which the tale is divided:

I. The Episode of the Darkened Room.
II. The Episode of the Sealed Document.
III. The Episode of Rama Ragobah.
IV. The Episode of the Parallel Readers.
V. The Episode of the Telltale Thumb.

In the course of these Episodes the author brings in not only most of the good old stock contrivances of detective fiction, but a number that are, so far as the present reviewer knows, entirely new. He shows you John Darrow struck down by the assassin's hand and defies you even to guess at the method of the crime or its motive. Then he tantalises you into distrusting nearly every one of the characters in turn, and draws the net around one of them until there seems not a loophole of doubt, only to rend it asunder at the end of Act III. A dozen pages before "Finis" you are still groping about vaguely in search of the guilty person, although this person appeared on the scene in the first episode and has been the subject of continual allusion ever since. These are the reasons, and they are good reasons, why *The Darrow Enigma,* despite its flaws—and it has flaws—is an unusual story.

Had the raw material out of which *The Darrow Enigma* has been made been taken over by a workman of the first order—such a man as Conan Doyle or Emile Gaboriau, we should undoubtedly have had a book that would hold a place on library shelves for many years to come. Not the story itself, but the working out of it would have been more mathematical. Less would have to be taken for granted. Motives would have been clearer and more convincing; the climaxes would have been more telling and dramatic. The sentimental chapters of the story remind one occasionally of Anna Katherine Green's books where "stately" heroines with "marble brows" and "sun-kissed hair" are always being addressed by their lovers as "My beauty! My queen!" Mr. Severy is certainly not a workman of the first order. But that is not reason enough to justify any one in refusing to give him credit for having written a story of considerable merit and of unusual interest. This he has done, and it is something, nowadays. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

DR. HOLMES AND OLD IRONSIDES.

ONE of my last visits to the poet who, as long ago as 1830, was credited as being chiefly instrumental in saving the famous frigate *Constitution,* was made in company with his classmate, "Tom" Amory. In some way the topic of conversation drifted to *Old Ironsides.* Of the many interesting incidents relating to the always lucky ship and her fortunate commanders, Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, but a few have remained in my memory. Two of them are as follows: Amory mentioned that when Hull returned to

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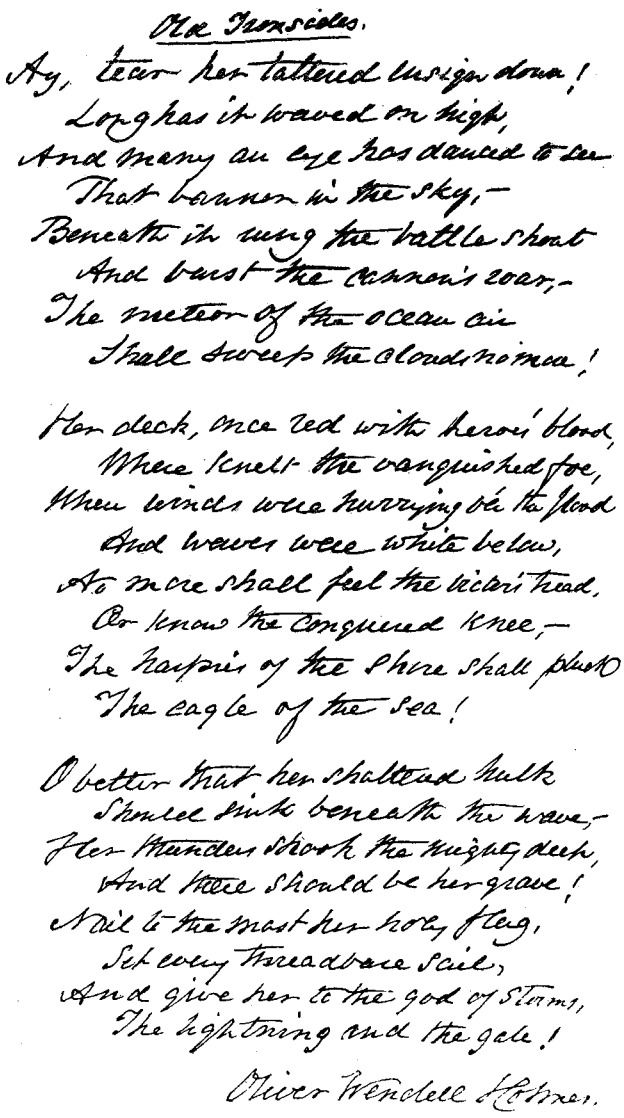

Old Ironsides.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;—
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall plead
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave!
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of Storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston in 1812, with the astonishing news of his capture of an English frigate, and her captain a prisoner, his father, one of the great merchants of that day, gave a grand party in honour of the hero. Amory, then but three years old, distinctly remembered looking down from the head of the stairs at the great crowd which included ex-President John Adams.

Dr. Holmes, who knew Hull, related the story of his meeting Captain Dacres in 1811, and of their having some conversation in regard to the merits of their respective navies. Professional pride operating on both, led them from generalities to particulars, and at length to speak of what would happen, if in the event of expected war, their frigates, the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, should come into collision. Hull, who was lively and good-natured, laughingly said to the English captain: Take care of that ship of yours, if ever I catch her in the *Constitution*. Dacres smiled and offered to wager a handsome sum that if they ever did meet as antagonists, his friend would find out his mistake. Hull refused to bet money, but said he would wager a hat on the issue. When Dacres, who was wounded in the action, came up the side of the *Constitution* as a prisoner of war, the kind-hearted Hull exclaimed, as if addressing a shipmate: "Dacres, give

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me your hand, I know that you are hurt," and when the captain offered his sword, Hull added: "No, no, I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it—but—I'll trouble you for *that hat!*"

In sending me an autograph copy of his celebrated poem, the Autocrat favoured me with the following note:

"No. 296 Beacon Street, Boston,
"February 14, 1876.

"My Dear General:—The stanzas you refer to were written, to the best of my remembrance, in the year 1830 or thereabouts, and printed in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. I have never looked them up, however, and may possibly be wrong about the date. I printed them in my Φ B K poem delivered in the year 1836, I think with the alteration of one or two words from the original as I first wrote it. I am afraid it was

"'Ay, *pull* her tattered ensign down,'

instead of *tear*, as I afterwards put it. I think there was another word changed also, otherwise it was as written, and the verses as I remember writing them were pretty near impromptu.

"If I had more leisure I would glady run over a file of the *Advertiser*, but I happen to be very busy at this time."

Writing to me from Washington in April, 1890, Admiral Porter says: "In answer to yours of April 4th in regard to the statements that the flag of *Old Ironsides* was used to cover the coffin of our friend Vice-Admiral Rowan, I beg leave to state that the flag in question was that of the *New Ironsides*, a vessel built during the late Civil War, and the first ironclad in our navy. She was the ship commanded so successfully at Charleston by the Vice-Admiral, and was struck by shot some four hundred and eighty times without serious damage. So you will see, my dear General, that she was a different vessel from the *Old Ironsides*, concerning whose flag nothing is now known."

James Grant Wilson.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX.

SPRING is here, yet we still defer our annual hegira from urban turmoil to rural quietude. This is not because we have lost our interest in seeing how things grow, nor because we are less eager to revert once more to the pages of Conan Doyle. It is because we have grown a little cautious with regard to the Junior Editor. At this season of the year he always becomes more or less irresponsible, and we have just learned from a sure source that he has in mind a scheme which we hesitate to characterise as it deserves. He has got it into his head that it would be an amusing thing to take advantage of our absence by publishing a fictitious and wholly unauthorised Letter Box of his own devising—expressing such opinions and advocating such grammatical heresies as would take us years to straighten out. We don't know whether when it actually came to the point he would go quite so far as this; but we wish to warn our readers that if there ever appears a Letter Box full of split infinitives, retained objects, and misplaced onlys, any communications relating to it should be addressed, not to us, but to the Junior Editor.

I.

A critical mind, working out in Toledo, Ohio, has produced the following:

Looking over some back numbers of THE BOOKMAN I find that you use the expression "the California lady." Ought you not to have said "the Californian lady?"

Well, not necessarily. Would you say, for instance, "the New Yorker lady"?

II.

A correspondent in Haverhill, Massachusetts, has found the word "milean" used four times in an article which we published last November and wants to know what it means. We fancy that before the printer got hold of it, it was *milieu*.

III.

Here is a defence of our serials which were attacked so sharply last month:

Editor of the LETTER BOX:

DEAR SIR.—Please to thank the Reader from Cincinnati for his very capable and entirely

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correct analysis of *Fuel of Fire* and *The Revelation of Herself*. But attack the Editors for catering to the taste of the seventeen-year-olds! Did he suppose that people out of their teens were expected to read either of these serials? THE BOOKMAN is literary, but it has also that somewhat elusive quality of sympathy which makes it attractive to all ages. Why discriminate against the seventeen-year-olds?

On the whole, we are not so sure that this is very much of a defence after all.

IV.

Some one who signs her name "Jessica" indulges in speculation with regard to the cover on our Easter number.

What does that cover mean? Is it a pictorial representation of the schism in the Church in the time of Luther? Or hasn't it anything to do with any church, or cathedral, or schism? Or do the faces represent the traditional Easter joy from your standpoint? Or is it only one of the popular puzzle-pictures which may be seen in certain magazines for the weak-minded?

We should advise Jessica to guess some more.

V.

The gentleman who signed himself "A Soul with Here and There a Polka Dot," and who wrote mysteriously in the March number, has succeeded in bringing two letters to us. We print this one first, because it isn't so nice as the second:

To the Editors, Senior and Junior:

Since the letter from A Soul with Polka Dots, sympathy with said soul has stirred within me and now boils over on the April issue. I am an old fellow whose summers have been too agreeable for his winters now to be those of discontent; but, quoth I, after reading A. A. H., here are two heroic opportunities; one to see myself in print once, and die happy; the other, to speak the whole truth. Therefore, Little Brothers, first to that Gooseberry business. I respect friend Polka Dot's temerity and wish to assure him that I also (and not I alone) chaperoned THE BOOKMAN until under the monotony of the attitude I became gooseberry tart. Then, shortly before he broke the crust, the affair appeared to cool. I, with a few other silent partners, supposed it to have been killed by the so-called poem that had appeared in October's issue from the lady's typewriter. At least, we hoped so. To devote a page to a stanza of doggerel, such as could be gotten off by the most unpromising kindergärtner in an asylum, was the last stage of art's degradation. There was also a page of illustration which I can aver resembled nothing so much as a basket of bibulous crabs.

Now the sacrifice of literary principles to the name of an adored object could go no further than this proof in October's issue. It was a crucial test and your public caught on to it—for, in the words of Pope, Dryden, and a few other humourists, you can't fool everyone all the time.

THE BOOKMAN, from its age down to its present youth, has filled a whole corner-stone in my affections, and its latter-day personal note has jarred me sorely. Hence this courageous outbreak. Because—

The personal note is distinctly that of the amateur.

The amateur is never the accepted authority.

A review of letters, a critical organ of such excellence, must *be* an authority.

Its interests are the universal interests, literary and artistic.

Therefore, even as the reader has no right to inflict his favourite breakfast food upon the columns of the magazine—so the editorial pastimes, personalities, and prejudices, have no right of intrusion there. Nay, not though their tastes be golfstickian, Sherlockian, or, well—Carolinian.

With a salaam to friend Polka Dot, I am respectfully, yours with regard,

A SOUL WITH SEVERAL STRIPES.

The second letter has naturally delighted us. We give it from beginning to end precisely as it was written:

RAHWAY, N. J., April 1, 1904.
(and indeed, on what other day could one write to the Letter Box?).

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

DEAR SIR.—As your other correspondents seem quite able to take care of the opinions of the Lady in Hatboro, I wish, from a purely personal and utilitarian motive, to question her facts. Would she mind sending me a list of those thousands of periodicals for children? I would be so very glad to have it, for my restricted experience has shown me only two—*St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*—and when my juvenile classics are rejected by both of these estimable periodicals, I am obliged to waste-basket them—(or save them up for THE BOOKMAN'S Christmas number).

And while I'm writing, I want to ask you to help me with a point in grammar. In the classic quatrain "The Purple Cow" (vide, if you can't find it anywhere else; *A Nonsense Anthology*, by Carolyn Wells, Scribners, 1902), please parse the last word—"one."

I had a lot of other things to say, but I've forgotten them—except that I'm glad you cut THE BOOKMAN'S pages, and do you think the

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new Sherlock Holmes series as good as the old one—and *is* that man's name Potiphar Potts? I *can't* get away from a conviction that it is. Yours as ever,

CAROLYN WELLS.

Miss Wells appends the following poem, which she calls

THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNKNOWN WESTERNER.

'Twas not much more than a month ago,
In one of those Western spots,
That a gentleman lived whom you may know
As the Soul with the Polka Dots.
His name has never been told to me—
But I *feel* it is Potiphar Potts.

I am occult, and he is occult,
Or so it seems to me;
And I'm sure that in spirit we've met before,
I and that Potiphar P.
And that is the reason, as you may guess,
I'm writing this ode to he.

They tell me his name may be Percy De Vere,
Or it may be Sir Willoughby Watts;
Or Wilberforce Warburton Watts;
But neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the imps in Plutonian grots
Can ever dissever my soul from belief
That his true name is Potiphar Potts.

Though my data be slim, I've identified him—
The mysterious Potiphar Potts.
And I'm sure he has claim to no other name
Than plain Mr. Potiphar Potts.
With my Sherlock Holmes mind I easily find
Obscure little clues that are just the right kind
To deduce Mr. Potiphar Potts
From his Soul with the Polka Dots.

The grammatical point raised by Miss Wells relates to the last line of "The Purple Cow"—

I'd rather see than be one.

The word "one" is, of course, in the predicate nominative after the neuter verb "be." After the verb "see" it is necessary to supply "one" in the objective case. Of course, the line could not have been written in its present shape had not the objective case of "one" had the same form as the nominative. For instance, one couldn't correctly say

I'd rather see than be her.

And one would hardly wish to say

I'd rather see than be she.

VI.

The following letter from Evansville, Indiana, is rather long for us to print, but it may interest those who have had experiences similar to that described here:

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

MY DEAR SIR.—In an article which appeared in the March issue of THE BOOKMAN, I noticed that among a number of literary parasites, the Correspondence School was mentioned. I have had a slight experience with this particular parasite, and I am writing to you for advice.

I received some circulars from one of these schools, advertising not only to teach story writing, but also to dispose of stories. Fortunately, I was not green enough to become a pupil, but unfortunately I was simple enough to send them a story to sell. In their circulars, they mentioned a syndicate sheet which they edited; and this method of disposing of a story, they declared, would prove the most remunerative to the author, although it was more expensive, as the authors would be compelled to pay the expense of publishing their manuscript.

Well, to make a long story short, my manuscript appeared in this syndicate sheet, and I waited several months without hearing further from the people who publish this sheet. At last I wrote to them, asking if my story was not accepted by any of the editors to whom it was sent, and I received a reply saying that they had not been advised that any one had accepted it, also stating that it was necessary that one's name become familiar to the publishers by appearing often in their syndicate sheet, and that success would be the reward of this perseverance. Of course the last statement brands them as rogues.

What I wish to arrive at is this. My story has not to my knowledge been accepted by any of the editors to whom the syndicate sheet was mailed. Under the circumstances can I send it to a magazine, or would it not be acceptable after appearing in this sheet? I would not like to lose my work, and I understand that under ordinary circumstances the manuscript has enough literary merit to make it acceptable. I have really been much distressed about this. If you will kindly advise me in the "Letter Box" of THE BOOKMAN, I will esteem it a great favour.

Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain,
Respectfully yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Unless the story was copyrighted by the publishers of the syndicate sheet you have a perfect right to offer it to any magazine, only you should mention the fact that it has already been printed, as you could not now yourself copyright it in any case. We gladly give space to

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this letter in the hope that it may prevent many persons from being victimized in a similar way.

VII.

In March we published two letters from subscribers who complained of the way in which they had been treated by editors. A very frank correspondent in St. Louis takes a much more materialistic view of the question:

What's the use of throwing bricks at the eidtor? The editor is a pretty fair sort of a chap. That's what he is, and he's got the toughest job on earth. I wouldn't be an editor even for an editor's salary! Just to think of the criticisms that are being hurled at him by the bushel measure! Not a man in his precinct but can edit the paper better than he can. If he is good he lacks force, and if he's bad he's demoralising. If his paper or magazine does not sell, then he should have gone to farming instead of newspaper work, and if he's a moneyed success they say he's bought up. That's the truth now. The editor has my respect and he has my sympathy.

I don't figure it out that I've got any business, either, criticising his way of doing business. He's got a right to change any manuscript of mine that he doesn't send back. He may twist it inside out and upside down and turn the hose on it. He has my permission to grind it into sausage meat or to work it into street car ads. I have no sentiment about anything I write. Just so the check is forthcoming, I'm sure I'll be satisfied. I'm a whole lot like that popular young actor, who upon being questioned as to what part of his profession interested him most, replied "The box-office receipts." B. L. R.

VIII.

A reader in Wilmington, Delaware, writes:

I remember reading some years ago a story by Conan Doyle in *Harper's*. It was about Sherlock Holmes, and was called "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box." I do not find that this story was republished in book form when the "Adventures" were collected. Can you tell me anything about it?

Yes; the story appeared in *Harper's* in this country and in the London *Strand*. Its author was not sufficiently pleased with it, however, to give it a permanent place among the *Adventures*. It contained, however, at the beginning, an account of how Holmes followed Watson's train of silent thought by a process of deduction, and surprised him very much by breaking in with precisely the right exclamation at the right moment. This part of the story Dr. Doyle thought worth preserving and he therefore transferred it to the story of *The Resident Patient*, which you will find in the *Memoirs*.

IX.

A note from Tonawanda, Pennsylvania:

When I was younger I used to be a teacher of Latin, and I still keep up my classics. Let me say that I was very much surprised to find in a review by the Senior Editor the following: *seu 'Jake' libentius audit.* Surely the verb here should be *auditur* instead of *audit!*

If there is anything wrong about this Latin the blame must fall, not upon our head, but upon the head of Q. Horatius Flaccus, late of Venusia and Rome, from whom we ventured to adapt the quotation. The issue, therefore, lies between Augustan usage and that of the Tonawanda school of Latinity.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FLORILEGIO DE POESIAS CASTELLANAS DEL SIGLO XIX: con introducción y notas biográficas y críticas por Juan Valera. 5 volumes. Madrid, 1902-04.

We are often inclined to think that the brilliant period of Spain's literature is gone and that in these latter years there is produced in the land of Seneca, Martial, Cervantes, and Calderon nothing that is of more than ephemeral or local interest. This opinion the anthology of Juan Valera will do much to correct, for poems are given from no less than one hundred and fifty-two poets, and the author has, with excessive modesty, omitted himself from the list. The volumes before us are divided up as follows: The first two hundred and fifty-three pages of volume one contain a sketch of Spanish lyric and epic poetry in the nineteenth century. The last hundred and twenty-five pages of this volume and all of the next three volumes are given up to the poems that Valera has chosen to present to us. The fifth, and last, volume contains the biographical and critical notes concerning the first sixty-one poets, of whose works extracts are given. Valera promises an appendix in which he will treat the remaining ninety-one poets. The promise is made conditionally, however,

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for Valera's health is at present anything but robust, and he is almost totally blind.

The interest of such a collection as this, the value of the sketch of the development of lyric poetry in the nineteenth century, and the importance of the biographical and critical notes will be better appreciated when we recall that Valera was born in 1827 and that he has thus lived through nearly the whole period of which he treats and has known personally nearly all the poets whom he mentions. This to a man of less catholicity of taste and independence of judgment would prove a handicap, but to Valera, who is the recognised *elegantiarum arbiter* in matters stylistic and literary in Spain, such knowledge and acquaintance can but be an important help. Furthermore, Valera is not merely a critic, but a creative genius. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has said of him:

"Valera, like the rest of the world, is entitled to be judged at his best, and his best will be read as long as Spanish literature endures; for he is not simply a dexterous craftsman using one of the noblest of languages with an exquisite delicacy and illimitable variety of means, nor a clever novelist exercising a superficial talent, nor even (though he is that in a very special sense) the leader of a national revival. He is something far rarer and more potent than an accomplished man of letters; a great creative artist, and the embodiment of a people's genius."

Such a man could have but one rule to govern him in the writing of such a work as this and in the selection of the poems to be included in it. That rule, Valera himself tells us, was absolute impartiality. And we may consult the work without the least fear that prejudice of any kind whatsoever has influenced a single part thereof.

J. D. Fitz-Gerald.

EIGHTY YEARS OF UNION (1783-1865). By James Schouler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There are two possible methods of abridging a book, which, if we grant the need of such an abridgment, we must regard as equally legitimate. One of these methods is to reproduce the substance of the original book; the other, to reproduce, so to speak, the author himself. Obviously, the latter plan has difficulties, since the particular form of words and progression of ideas adopted by the author in any given work are ordinarily themselves the best expression of his personality. The condensation into one volume of Mr. James Schouler's six-volume history of the United States has been made according to this second method. Selected passages from the original history have been put together for the purpose of making, as nearly as possible, a "consecutive narration, in the historian's own words." The extracts chosen are undeniably characteristic. Sympathetic descriptions of places, persons, and motives, brief general views of momentous or final situations, lively pictures, reverent apologies—all these are in the fluent, vivid, careless style of the original work. Foot-notes, sparingly used even in the longer history, minute discussions of events and policies, such as we are accustomed to regard as the fibre of history, and careful studies of political feeling in its continual shifts and changes—these things have been omitted. No deliberate alterations have been made in the selected portions of the text, save correction of a few false or inaccurate statements in the light of more recent knowledge. Consistently with the letter of the programme, no attempt has been made to connect the extracts one with another, either by rearrangement or by the introduction of newly-written passages.

The result, naturally, is not precisely a consecutive narrative. It is an interesting collection of political and military information, enthusiastic patriotism, and historical sympathy, with a number of appreciative character sketches and effective summaries piled together, but not always clearly articulated. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, and Webster are put before one in an intensely pictorial style, and each in his most becoming light. Philadelphia is described, Jackson's two inaugurations are described, and William Lloyd Garrison is described; but Jackson's National Bank policy, with its important lesson on the origin and significance of political motives, receives only a few words somewhere in a paragraph devoted to something else. This, however, is only one of several occurrences possessing a deep historical meaning which here receive not even so much explanation as might serve to make intelligible the lively characterisations and brilliant tableaux with which the book is filled. Many a passage has lost its full meaning by the omission of its context. Moreover, the paragraphing, which might conceivably bring about an appearance of cohesion among such fragments as these, is so curiously managed that, if each sentence stood by itself, the effect could hardly be more disjointed. In fact, the book would be in many places extremely puzzling to a person unfamiliar with the subject or with the older history.

For these reasons this abridgment, in whatever spirit it has been done, is somewhat unfair to the author of the original work. The scholarly character of the latter is gone, although its literary merit has been little injured. Order and proportion are lost; intelligent arrangement of material, certainly not less important in historical writing than the other two admitted requisites, knowledge and imagination, has in this work been ignored. The good qualities of *Eighty Years of Union* are those which belong to its original; the defects are those of the abridgment itself.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Alliance Publishing Company:

Living Counterparts. By Minnie S. Davis.

A study of vibrations, with chapters on "The Unity of Things," "The Unity of Vibration," "The Method of Nature," and "The Fountain in the Sky."

American Book Company:

Mycenæan Troy. By Herbert Cushing Tolman and Gilbert Campbell Scoggin.

A small volume belonging to the Vanderbilt Oriental Series. Dr. Tolman is Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University and he has very kindly sent to the Editors a personal copy of his book.

Appleton and Company:

The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes.

THE BOOKMAN for April contained a review of this novel.

Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

By reading these pages we may see ourselves as another sees us. The author in a friendly vein criticises and comments on American social and public life as they impressed him during a recent visit to this country.

The Life of an Actor. By Pierce Egan.

This is uniform with the other rare and famous books which the Messrs. Appleton have been bringing out from time to time. The present volume contains poetical descriptions to T. Greenwood, coloured illustrations by Theodore Lane, and several designs on wood, and is founded on the first edition published by C. S. Arnold in 1825.

I.

A novel published anonymously, in which a woman is supposed to tell the absolute truth about herself.

Baker and Taylor Company:

God's Living Oracles. By Arthur T. Pierson.

The lectures which Dr. Pierson delivered at Exeter Hall, London, in the spring of 1903 form the basis of this volume. Dr. Pierson appeals to the everyday reader and not to the scholar only.

Moses Brown. Captain, U. S. N. By Edgar Stanton Maclay.

Moses Brown was one of the privateer captains in the days of the Revolution, afterwards serving as captain of the first "Merrimack." Mr. Maclay, who is one of the well-known naval historians, discovered the material for his book in his researches among English historical documents.

Golf for Women. By Genevieve Hecker (*Mrs. Charles T. Stout*).

All these books which have grown out of American interest in golfing during the last seven or eight years, those by Mr. Travis and others, and the present one by Mrs. Stout, suffer much in comparison with a book such as that of Horace G. Hutchinson, simply because they are so obviously written for serial publication. Apart from this criticism, Mrs. Stout's book is fully up to the average, and deserves a fair share of success.

How to Get the Best Out of Books. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A popular guide for reading which eliminates the books that are not accessible to the busy man. "The aim of these simple pages," writes Mr. Le Gallienne in a short introduction, "has been to convince him (the business man) that literature is a living thing, and that the relation of books to life is close and vital—and by no means merely ornamental." The six chapter headings are as follows: "How to Get the Best Out of Books," "What We Look For Nowadays in Books," "What's the Use of Poetry?" "What an Unread Man Should Read," "How to Form a Library," and "The Novel and Novelists of To-day."

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Barnes and Company:

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland.

A new story by the author of "Sea Scamps," in which Mr. Rowland does not get entirely away from the sea. It is, however, a somewhat metropolitan story, and a city hospital plays almost as important a part as a yacht.

Running the River. By George Cary Eggleston.

A story of adventure and success on the Mississippi River which, written with Mr. Eggleston's characteristic enthusiasm and kindly feeling, should prove of interest to adults as well as to the boys and girls for whom it is primarily intended.

Bell:

Tales of Mystery and Imagination. By Edgar Allan Poe.

Tales of Mystery. By Edgar Allan Poe.

Prue and I. By George William Curtis.

The gist of the Unit System, under which these books are published, is that the books are sold at prices based on the length of the book and the actual cost of production. One other respect in which these books differ from most published in this country and England is that the Table of Contents is placed at the end, as they do in France.

Century Company:

My Air Ships. By A. Santos-Dumont.

An account of the struggle with the problem of aerial navigation. The author was born in Brazil in 1873, and at the age of seven drove steam-traction engines. In 1891 he went to Paris, and became actively interested in ballooning.

Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

A picture of life in the border counties before, during, and after the Civil War. Order No. 11 was a command issued by a Union general to abandon the homes in a certain section of Missouri.

Crowell and Company:

The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. By his son, Reginald Farrar.

An authorised biography of the late Dean of Canterbury. "In writing my father's life," says Reginald Farrar, "I have aimed at producing rather a memoir of such length as should be within the compass of the general reader, than a complete and exhaustive biography. I have adopted the method of inviting friends and colleagues, who were associated with my father at different periods of his life, to contribute reminiscences of those periods." The volume contains a number of illustrations and a photogravure frontispiece of the Dean.

A Bachelor in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

A quiet, nature-loving book, with a love story running through it. The bachelor's Arcady is a small farm by the side of a river, where he works and hunts and fishes and considers himself free from women. Mr. Sutcliffe preaches the doctrine of happiness and a simple life.

Minute Marvels of Nature. By John J. Ward.

A book of interest to the amateur naturalist. Through photo-micrographs taken by Mr. Ward, many revelations of the microscope are exhibited.

Ruskin Relics. By W. G. Collingwood.

A large volume with fifty illustrations by John Ruskin and others. The "relics" consist of chapters upon incidents and objects connected with the life of Ruskin, compiled by his friend and official biographer, Mr. Collingwood.

The Merchant of Venice. By William Shakespeare.

A new volume in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's work. This series is intended to reproduce in handy volume style and modern typography the original text of 1623. The edition is edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Dillingham:

The Theatrical Primer. By H. A. Vivian.

This is one of those books which some persons find very funny. The actor, the critic, the playwright, the water boy, and other personages of the theatre are touched upon.

Twisted History. By Frank C. Voorhies.

"The main guy to be considered by the historian," facetiously remarks Mr. Voorhies, "is Christopher Columbus, the real boy who fired the pistol that gave the New World its start." It is in this vein that the twisted history is written.

Quintus Oakes. By Charles Ross Jackson.

A detective story by the author of "The Third Degree." Quintus Oakes, the detective, figures in both books.

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The Middle Wall. By Edward Marshall.

This book may be summed up as a romantic tale of adventure in London, at sea, in South Africa, and on Cape Cod. Mr. Marshall's name became prominent as a war correspondent during the Spanish War. He has since then written "The Story of the Rough Riders" and "Lizette."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Darrow Enigma. By Melvin L. Severy.

A new detective story by a new author. A review of it appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, also a photograph of Mr. Severy.

The Day of the Dog. By George Barr McCutcheon.

A bright and entertaining story by the author of "Graustark" and "The Sherrods." The publishers have given it an attractive binding, while the text is embellished with decorations by Margaret Armstrong and illustrations in colour by Harrison Fisher. The book is commented on in another part of this number.

When a Maid Marries. By Lavinia Hart.

A series of talks on the rights of daughters, the eligibility of man, the question of marriage, on managing a husband, on forming the club habit, etc. In the chapter entitled "Keep Husbands Home Nights," the author gives a number of excellent "Don'ts."

Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett.

A new novel by the author of "Joan of the Sword Hand." There is plenty of incident in the story, and the love element is not lacking. The hero, Roy McCulloch, is the son of a landed proprietor in Galloway.

Sure. By Edward W. Townsend.

A collection of new "Chimmie Fadden" stories, in which the old favourites reappear to amuse the old friends of Chimmie as well as a vast number of new ones. In another part of the magazine may be found a further mention of the book.

The Stolen Emperor. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

A novel of the Japan of three hundred years ago. Mrs. Fraser's long residence in Japan has especially fitted her to write sympathetically as well as entertainingly of the Japanese peoples. The story of "The Stolen Emperor" deals with the intrigues and the dangers which befall the Empress when she tries to save her son from a usurper.

A Daughter of the States. By Max Pemberton.

A novel of adventures. In going to London to marry a lord, the daughter of the "States" is shipwrecked and carried off on a disreputable steamer bound for Venezuela. Mr. Pemberton introduces the eruption of Mount Pelee at a dramatic moment.

Isopel Berners. By George Borrow.

The Text edited with Introductions and Notes by Thomas Seccombe.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. With a Commentary by L. Morell, LL.D.

The above are small volumes, of convenient size, in uniform binding.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Great Adventurer. By Robert Shackleton.

Newbury Linn is "the great adventurer" and his gigantic schemes make the Standard Oil or Steel Trusts look pale beside them. In spite of his adventures, however, he finds time to enter into a most absorbing love story.

The Gordon Elopement. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Parsons Taber.

"'Bob,' said Grace Gordon, as she reads the telegram, 'I'm going to elope.' 'All right, go ahead,' said her husband, as he unfolded his evening paper." After reading the above opening paragraphs of this story of "a short vacation," one will surely go on to the end, thereby deriving much amusement from its pages. The April BOOKMAN contained a photograph of Miss Wells.

In the Red Hills. By Elliott Crayton McCants.

A novel of the Carolina hills by the author of a number of short stories dealing with that locality. The story opens at the close of the Civil War, when the young hero tries his luck as a lawyer in a small village.

Eaton and Mains:

Simon Peter, Fisherman. By "Thomas."

As the title indicates, this book is of a religious nature. The story of the Apostle is told as the author's fancy chooses to tell it.

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Eckler:

Twentieth Century Money Law. By Timothy Wright.

This complaint was written during the years 1897-99, and is dedicated to "all labourers."

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Practical Track and Field Athletics. By John Graham and Ellery H. Clark.

A great deal can be said in criticism of this very little book. It is in no way what its title professes, "Practical Track and Field Athletics." Its authors have written from their own particular points of view and not for the benefit of people at large who are honestly interested in this form of sport. Mr. Graham is the athletic instructor at Harvard; Mr. Clark is the all-round athletic champion, and a Harvard man also. Consequently, we have Harvard pictures and discussions of events which would have absolutely no place anywhere but in an all-round championship. Chapters on the Half-Mile Walk and Mr. Clark's Records may be in themselves entertaining, but we fail to see what they have to do with practical track and field athletics.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Standard Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk and Montrose J. Moses.

This reader has been most carefully prepared and illustrated. Two of the important features are an attempt to give clear enunciation by training the pupil to detect and produce the forty sounds that make up the language, and to teach words in connection with thought, as by conversation.

The Trouble Woman. By Clara Morris.

A short story, quaint in its character, which tells of the coming and going of the gaunt, sad-eyed figure known as the "trouble woman."

Parsifal. By H. R. Haweis.

In a brief space, Mr. Haweis gives the story and analysis of Wagner's great opera. These two volumes belong to Funk and Wagnalls Hour-Glass Series of booklets.

Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk and Montrose J. Moses.

The material in this small-sized manual is intended to be suggestive and to supplement the lessons in the Second Reader mentioned above.

Grafton Press:

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation. By Ely Van De Warker, M.D.

This book is to be reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. Dr. Van De Warker is a commissioner of Schools at Syracuse.

Harper:

The Memoirs of a Baby. By Josephine Daskam.

A mirth-provoking biography which appeared serially in the pages of "Harper's Bazaar." Mrs. Bacon records the home life of an American couple, young and inexperienced in the care of babies, and persons who like to laugh should indulge in a hearty one over the pages of this volume.

Captured by the Navajos. By Captain Charles A. Curtis, U.S.A.

Captain Curtis has been an Indian fighter, and his story is crowded with the exciting adventures of two boys who accompany a regiment in New Mexico in an attack against the Navajo Indians.

Greater America. By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

An attempt is made in this volume to present American evolution as a whole, "to treat her history from the standpoint of its wide national significance, to show to what point she has progressed, to indicate what her future may be." It records the beginning, growth, and progress of America's territorial expansion.

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston.

Miss Johnston's new novel is a romance of Elizabethan days. Miss Johnston sprang into prominence some half dozen years ago through the publication of "Prisoners of Hope." Since then her books have enjoyed a large sale.

The Easter Story. By Hannah Warner.

A little story for children, appropriate to the Easter season.

Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's new novel is reviewed elsewhere in this number, and her photograph appears under Chronicle and Comment.

Heath and Company:

Eastward Ho. By Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, and Jonson's "The Alchemist." Edited by Felix E. Schelling, Litt. D.

The Good Natur'd Man, and She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith.

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The introduction and biographical and critical material by Austin Dobson, LL.D.

Two volumes in the Belles-Lettres series, edited by George P. Baker.

Hobart Company:

A Knight of Columbia. By General Charles King.

A story of the Civil War written in General King's usual happy vein. "A Knight of Columbia" refers to a young graduate of Columbia University.

Holt and Company:

Geology. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. Volume I.

This work is to be published in two volumes, classified as the American Science Series—Advanced Course. The present volume deals with geologic processes and their results.

Lane:

A Handbook on Sailing. By Clove Hitch.

A book intended to help the sailor of small boats who is in almost every case his own skipper and without professional help. Mr. Arthur Briscoe has illustrated the text.

Henry J. Wood. Edited by Rosa Newmarch.

Volume I. in a series of monographs entitled "Living Masters of Music." This series will deal with contemporary musical life, and will also include representatives of all branches of the art.

A Broken Rosary. By Edward Peple.

A novel of the France of Louis XV., which tells of the struggle of a woman's love and a priest's will. Mr. Scotson Clark has made the illustrations, which are in colour.

Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles. Being Sidelights on the Reign of Terror. Translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour, with an Introduction by George K. Fortescue.

The first edition of this book was published in 1843, under the title, "Quelque Années de ma Vie, par Alexandrine des Echerolles." The English translation first appeared in 1900 and was called "Side-Lights on the Reign of Terror." Mademoiselle des Echerolles witnessed the revolutionary torrent which swept over Lyons, from the murder of the officers of the Royal Polish Regiment in 1792 to the end of the period of judicial murder in 1794.

Juniper Hall. By Constance Hill.

Juniper Hall is between the village of Mickelham and Burfordbridge, and herein met a number of celebrated personages during the French Revolution, among them Alexandre D'Arblay and Fanny Burney. The story of these meetings is gracefully told. The volume is illustrated by portraits and sketches in black and white.

How Tyson Came Home. By William H. Rideing.

Tyson's home was in England, and at the opening of the story, just as he had turned thirty, he was returning there. The two heroines which Mr. Rideing introduces in the story make matters somewhat complicated for Mr. Tyson.

The Yeoman. By Charles Kennett Burrow.

A strong story of a son of the earth and a girl living in a narrow world. It is reviewed in this number.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited and Annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Two Volumes.

This correspondence is a sequel to the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," published a number of years ago under the editorship of Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

The Rat-Trap. By Dolf Wyllarde.

Just why Mr. Wyllarde has chosen such a title for a story of men, women, and emotions, is difficult to imagine. The author's earlier tropical novel, "The Story of Eden," received considerable favourable mention.

Old Shropshire Life. By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell.

A collection of short stories of Shropshire life and people, with a number of illustrations of that part of the country.

An Elegy. By Vivian Locke Ellis.

Poems. By Rachel Annand Taylor.

New Poems. by Ronald Campbell Macfie.

The above are volumes of verse, published in uniform bindings.

Macmillan Company:

Christ. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D.

A study of the life of Christ, by the rector of All Souls' Church, New York, dedicated to Dr. Rainsford. The principal note of the book is critical of the various stumbling blocks found in organised Christianity.

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The Hour-Glass and Other Plays. By W. B. Yeats.

This is the second volume of plays for an Irish theatre. Besides "The Hour-Glass," which was first performed in Dublin in March, 1903, the book contains "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" and "A Pot of Broth," both of which were first enacted in Dublin, in October, 1902.

The Making of English. By Henry Bradley.

An account of the origin and growth of the English vocabulary, told in a popular way. It could be used in college work or for general reading. The author is one of the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Volume III. H-M.

A new edition, profusely illustrated, revised and enlarged under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. Among the artists whose lives appear in this volume are Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Du Maurier, Charles Keene, Phil May, Stacy Marks, Albert Moore, J. W. Inchbold, and Edward Lear.

The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée. By Margaret Sherwood.

An idyllic love story of primitive fairy-like people. Miss Sherwood is pleasantly recalled as the author of "Daphne." THE BOOKMAN publishes her photograph in the current number.

Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul.

An important volume of letters written by Lord Acton to Mrs. Drew. The idea of publishing these letters arose in 1898, but the publication was postponed, as it was thought that this volume might trespass upon the domain of Mr. Morley. The first letter is dated at Mentone, October 31, 1879. After 1885 Lord Acton touched upon questions which are still matters of controversy; the selection, therefore, closes with that year.

McClure, Phillips:

The Red Leaguers. By Shan F. Bullock.

A tale of Ireland at war with England. The hero is Captain Shaw, a reckless young Irishman, the heroine an Irish peasant girl.

Charles Dudley Warner. By Mrs. James T. Fields.

This belongs to the "Contemporary Men of Letters Series," edited by William Aspenwall Bradley. This series was planned before the death of Mr. Warner, and it was at once proposed that his name should head the list.

Trusts of To-day. By Gilbert Holland Montague.

A concise history of facts relating to trusts, their promotion, financial management, and attempts at State control. The author is associated with the department of economics at Harvard University.

The Shame of the Cities. By Lincoln Steffens.

A collection of articles on municipal corruption in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and Minneapolis. The book is reviewed in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Admirable Tinker. By Edgar Jepson.

A story of escapades. Mr. Jepson calls his hero a "child of the world," and the publishers say that he is a Twentieth Century edition of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. At any rate, his adventures are many; he runs away with a flying machine, kidnaps a child, commands a steam yacht, manages an automobile, and does a number of other things to amuse his readers.

By the Fireside. By Charles Wagner.

A new book by the author of "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way." THE BOOKMAN for this month contains an article on these three books.

Daughters of Desperation. By Hildegard Brooks.

These desperate daughters are rather charming young women who become amateur anarchists. The plot is lively, and the humour is abundant.

Susannah and One Other. By E. Maria Albanesi.

A novel which has already appeared in London under the title "Susannah and One Elder." There seems to be a diversity of opinion about the story itself.

Heart of My Heart. By Ellis Meredith.

A romance of married life which portrays an intimate study of maternity. The author is a Denver newspaper woman who has made quite a name for herself as a political reporter.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White.

Mr. White's new book is reviewed in this number and a photograph with some comment appear under Chronicle.

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Pott and Company:

Flower of the Fort. By Charles Hemstreet.

A romantic novel of old New York which is already being dramatised. Mr. Hemstreet, as the author of "Nooks and Corners of Old New York" and "Literary New York" is especially adapted to write a story such as this.

Impressions of Japan. By George H. Rittner.

The author's purpose in writing this book has been not merely to describe his journeys through Japan, but to record his impressions of the development of the Japanese people. The illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Rittner and his friends.

Putnam's Sons:

Matthew Arnold. By William Harbutt Dawson.

In the preface to his book, which is described as an appreciation and a criticism, Mr. Dawson says: "There is today a cult of Matthew Arnold. . . . To show that this cult is and why it must prevail is the purpose of this book."

Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods. By H. Irving Hancock.

The author has endeavoured to show in this volume the principles of athletic work that has resulted in making the Japanese women both strong and cheerful. The illustrations are from photographs by A. B. Phelan.

The Rise of English Culture. By Edwin Johnson, M.A.

As this is the first volume of the author's works to be published since his death, it has been thought fitting to publish an introduction of his life and writings. This introduction adds much to the value of the work now before us.

Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Remains, as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume III.

The third and last volume in this massive and elaborate work. The volume is in three parts: The Personality of Columbus, Tracing the Remains of Columbus, and the Family Tree with its blood-lines allianced to royalty. An appendix contains the will and a number of miscellaneous documents.

Ritchie:

The Bride of Glendearg. By Allan McIvor.

A novel. Donald Glendearg is a young man interested in a railway enterprise of the British Northwest.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Bessie Bell. By Martha Young.

A little story for little girls which is attractively illustrated by Ida Dougherty.

Scribner's Sons:

Korea. By Angus Hamilton.

An interesting book which is especially *à propos* at this time. In his introduction, Mr. Hamilton describes the position of Russia in Manchuria, and gives comparative estimates of naval and military resources of Russia, Japan, and Korea. There are a number of maps and illustrations accompanying the text.

Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell.

The initial volume in the series of "Literary Lives," edited by Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. It was Matthew Arnold's express wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography. Mr. Russell, however, edited the two volumes of "Letters" which were published in 1895. There are but six chapters in the volume: the Introduction, Method, Education, Society, Conduct, and Theology.

Peace and the Vices. By Anna A. Rogers.

A new novel by the author of "Sweethearts and Wives." Japan is the scene of the story, although it deals primarily with American naval life.

Overtones. By James Huneker.

In a sub-title, Mr. Huneker calls his volume "A Book of Temperaments."

The Life of Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Wright. Two Volumes.

Two large illustrated volumes on the life of Fitzgerald, which contain much new information about him, his particular friends, and his works.

John Addington Symonds. By H. F. Brown.

A biography compiled from the papers and correspondence of John Addington Symonds. In his preface to the first edition, Mr. Brown says: "I imagine that few men of letters have left behind them, in addition to some thirty pub-

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lished volumes, such a mass of letters, diaries, note-books, and memoranda as that which has passed through my hands." The present volume, the second edition, contains a frontispiece photograph of Symonds and his daughter in 1891.

John Constable, R.A. By Lord Windsor.

A biography of John Constable and his paintings, profusely illustrated. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of himself which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The volume is an imported one.

Prayers. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

In this small volume may be found the prayers which Stevenson wrote at Vailima. Mrs. Stevenson has written an introduction to them, in which she explains the custom of family prayers in Samoan social life.

Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories. By Henry Seton Merriman.

A volume of short stories by the late Hugh Scott, known to the world of fiction as Henry Seton Merriman. The tales are dramatic and varied in theme, one scene laid in a Spanish café, another in a hospital in India, and so on.

Cardinal Newman. By William Barry.

The second book in the series of "Literary Lives," edited by Robertson Nicoll. The series is intended to furnish biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries.

Letters from England. By Mrs. George Bancroft.

These are a collection of letters written by the wife of the historian during his ministry to the Court of St. James's from 1846 to 1849.

Byron's Works. Poetry. Volume VII.

A new, revised, and enlarged edition of Byron's works, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. The present volume contains a portrait of Ada Byron (Countess of Lovelace).

The Test. By Mary Tappin Wright.

A novel of American life of to-day, by the author of some short stories, and a novel of the South, entitled "Aliens."

Italy Handbook for Travellers. By K. Baedeker. Second Part: Central Italy and Rome. Fourteenth Revised Edition.

Northern Germany as Far as the Bavarian and Austrian Frontiers. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Fourteenth Revised Edition.

The June BOOKMAN will contain an article by Dr. Robert Arrowsmith on the Baedeker Guide-Books.

Caleb Williams, or Things as They Are. By William Godwin.

Tennyson's Poems. 1830-1859.

New England Romances. The Scarlet Letter. The House of the Seven Gables. The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The above three volumes belong to the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics," which are imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

Thomas Middleton. Two Volumes. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

There are five of Middleton's dramas in this volume, and the introduction goes at length into the study of these plays. "A Trick to Catch the Old One" was first published in 1868.

Philip Massinger. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Symons.

This also contains five plays, all of them being founded directly on the original editions. Mr. Symons presents his thanks to Mr. S. W. Orson, who collated the plays from the copies in the British Museum.

Webster and Tournier. With an Introduction and Notes by John Addington Symonds.

Four plays may be found herein. In his introduction Mr. Symonds says that nothing is known about the lives of these writers, when they were born, and when they died. This volume, with the plays of Middleton and Massinger, belong to the "Mermaid Series," all of which are imported.

Smart Set:

Araby. By Baroness Von Hutten.

A "little novel" which gives an amusing account of certain fellow-passengers on an ocean voyage. Araby herself had deep-set grey-blue, tiger eyes, with violet marks under them. Everybody else looked cheerful.

A Naturalist in the Guianas. By Eugène André, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., M.S.A.

A large, illustrated volume of travel by Mr. André, naturalist and geographer.

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He has made many valuable additions to the knowledge of bird life of the Venezuelan forests and he has written entertainingly of the tropical forests and streams of this part of the South American continent.

Bartolozzi and His Pupils in England. By Selwyn Brinton.

This belongs to the Langham series of Art Monographs. It contains an abridged list of Bartolozzi's more important prints in line and stipple.

Stokes Company:

Around the World with a King. By William N. Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong was a member of the cabinet of Kalakaua, the last king of Hawaii, and when that king decided to take a trip around the world in 1881 Mr. Armstrong accompanied him. The story of this journey makes a very readable book.

Denis Dent. By Ernest W. Hornung.

Mr. Hornung's new novel received notice in the Chronicle and Comment of the April BOOKMAN.

Taylor and Company:

The Commuters. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

A story which, in a way, is a sequel to Mr. Paine's "The Van Dwellers." Mr. Paine himself describes the tale as "the story of a little hearth and garden." It is rather a pity to waste such a good title on such a slight book.

Boston.

Badger:

The Rose of Old Seville. By Elizabeth Minot.

"The Rose of Old Seville" is a poetic drama in a prologue and three acts. The volume also contains a number of short poems.

Poems. By Pauline Frances Camp.

There are quite a number of short poems in this volume touching upon varied subjects.

Introduction to Dante's Inferno. By Adolphus T. Ennis.

The purpose of this book, says the author in his preface to it, is "to fill, in a manner, the office of a mentor, the duty of a guide, standing, as it were, by the side of the reader who has determined to follow Vergil and Dante step by step in the journey through the dark regions of the city of woe."

Friends Hither and Yon. By L. F. S. Barnard.

There are fifteen poems in this little volume.

The Radiant Road. By Ethelwyn Wetherwald.

A collection of short poems, by the author of "Tangled in Stars."

Hezekiah's Kortship. By Hezekiah Jones's Wife (Frank A. Van Denburg).

In order to understand this book, the author suggests that the reader bear in mind that it is not a tale written by some outside person, but that the work has embodied in it the tales as told directly by Mrs. Hezekiah Jones herself.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Kwaidan. By Lafcadio Hearn.

A collection of stories and studies of Japan by the well-known writer and lecturer. THE BOOKMAN publishes a review of this book by Mr. Noguchi in the present issue.

The Frontiersman. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

There are six short stories in this book, all of them dealing with the early pioneers in the State of Tennessee.

The Views About Hamlet, and Other Essays. By Albert H. Tolman.

Besides expressing his views about Hamlet, the author comments on "Vanity Fair," the style of Anglo-Saxon poetry, Natural Science in a Literary Education, and devotes a chapter to questioning the Accuracy of Poe.

The Fire-Bringer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A dramatic poem, the first of a trilogy on the Promethean theme. The second in this trilogy, entitled "The Masque of Judgment," has already appeared. Mr. Moody has attained considerable reputation as a poet.

The Horse-Leech's Daughters. By Margaret Doyle Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson's new novel is utterly unlike its predecessor, "The Daughter of the Pit," which was a story of interest. "The Horse-Leech's Daughter" depicts the extravagance of a certain type of American wife and it reflects the mood of New York at the present time. A review appears in this number.

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Memoirs of Henry Villard. Journalist and Financier. Two Volumes. 1835-1900.

Mr. Villard was born in 1835 in Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria, and came to this country in 1853. He entered the field of journalism, and achieved success as a correspondent on various New York papers during the Civil War. Later he devoted himself to railroad finance and construction and was instrumental in carrying to completion the Northern Pacific Railroad.

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden.

A new life of Prescott which is published in the "American Men of Letters."

Lee and Shepard:

Young Explorers of the Amazon, or American Boys in Brazil. By Edward Stratemeyer.

This is the fourth volume of the Pan-American series by the well-known author of books for boys. The young explorers visit Brazil and journey up the mighty Amazon.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Rainbow Chasers. By John H. Whitson.

A novel of Western life on the plains, in which the thirst for speculation plays a dramatic part. Mr. Whitson is the author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West," published last year.

The Viking's Skull. By John R. Carling.

A melodramatic story of love and adventure. In recovering a treasure hidden by a Viking of the ninth century—one of his ancestors—the Earl of Ormsby clears the memory of his father, who had been wrongfully convicted of murder. "The Shadow of the Czar" is also by Mr. Carling.

A Woman's Will. By Anne Warner.

The woman in question is a young widow, whose summer abroad is the cause of an entertaining story, which is told almost entirely in dialogue.

Where the Tide Comes In. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

A love story of American people and places, by the author of "Mistress Brent," "A Girl of Virginia," and a boy's book, entitled "Jack and His Island."

Robinson, Luce Company:

Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father. By Charles Eustace Merriman.

These "Letters," as every one knows, are supposed to be the replies made to the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," written by Mr. George Horace Lorimer. The book seems to be enjoying a large sale.

Turner and Company:

Nami-Ko. By Kenjiro Tokutomi. Translated from the Japanese by Sakae Shioya and E. F. Edgett.

Mr. Yone Noguchi has reviewed this realistic novel of Japan in another part of the current issue.

West Company:

Young America in the Hands of His Friends. By Arthur W. Sanborn.

It is the aim of the author, in this little volume, to present a parody on American imperialism, and in his drama, which, by the way, is written in the form of blank verse, may be found John Bull, Mr. Monopoly, War Correspondent, Senators, Colonels, and Soldiers.

Buffalo.

White-Evans-Penfield Company:

Violet Verses. By Lillian Hopwood Ward.

A collection of verse published by the author, and bound in violet tinted paper.

Cleveland, O.

Clark Company:

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Volume I.

This work is to contain a series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel during the period of early American settlement. The volume herewith contains journals of Conrad Weiser (1748), George Croghan (1750-1765), Christian Frederick Post (1758), and Thomas Morris (1764).

The Philippine Islands. Five Volumes.

This work is to cover a period from 1493 to 1803, the present volumes carrying it up to 1583. The volumes are edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with

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historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. The material has been translated from original documents and manuscripts.

Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

Braddock's Road and Three Relative Papers.

Old Glade Road.

Boone's Wilderness.

The fourth, fifth, and six volumes in the series of "Historic Highways," being monographs on the "History of America," as depicted in its highways of war, commerce, and social expansion. The work will be complete in sixteen volumes.

Chicago.

Kerr and Company:

The Socialisation of Humanity. By Charles Kendall Franklin.

"The object of this investigation," says Mr. Franklin, "is to trace physical, organic and social phenomena to their sources in order to discover their laws, so that the subsequent expenditure of energy in nature, life, mind and society may be determined for human welfare." The volume is a large one.

McClurg and Company:

The Evolution of the Soul. By Thomas Jay Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D.

A collection of lectures and essays dealing with Man's Psychic Powers, Spiritism and Telepathy, Hypnotism, and kindred subjects of which Dr. Hudson has made a study.

Robert Cavelier. By William Dana Orcutt.

A romance of the Sieur de La Salle and his discovery of the Mississippi River. The book is handsomely bound and attractively illustrated in colour by Charlotte Weber. In the Chronicle and Comment of the April BOOKMAN may be found a portrait of Mr. Orcutt.

University of Chicago Press:

The Code of Hammurabi. King of Babylon. About 2250 B.C. By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D.

In December, 1901, an expedition sent out by the French Government discovered the monument on which the Code of Hammurabi is engraved. The volume contains autographed text, translations, glossary index of subjects, and illustrations. The author is professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the University of Chicago.

Winona Publishing Company:

American Problems. By Joseph A. Vance.

Some of the problems which the Rev. Mr. Vance discusses in this volume are the Negro, the Labour Question, the Liquor Problem, Municipal Government, and the Problem of Vice.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

In the Bishop's Carriage. By Miriam Michelson.

An unusually bright and original story, which is reviewed in the current number of THE BOOKMAN. The publishers have brought out the book between glowing red covers, with illustrations by Mrs. Harrison Fisher. A photograph of Miss Michelson appears under Chronicle and Comment.

Philadelphia.

Lippincott Company:

Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. Three volumes.

The object of this work is to depict the civilisation of the Moorish race, whose achievements in science, literature, and the arts "have been the inspiration of the marvellous progress of the present age." The author has devoted twenty years to this extensive work.

The Twelve Apostles. By George Milligan, B.D.

The Post-Exilic Prophets. By Reverend J. Wilson Harper, D.D.

The two latest volumes in the Temple Series of Bible characters and Scripture handbooks published in London by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Company, and in this country by the Lippincott Company.

Forward. By Lina Boegli.

A collection of letters written during the author's trip around the world.

Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring. By W. C. Sawyer, Ph.D.

A presentation of the legends which underlie the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring. They are almost entirely free from technical terms. Professor

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Fritz Schultze of Dresden, Germany, has written an introductory essay.

Heart of Lynn. By Mary Stewart Cutting.

Mrs. Cutting is agreeably recalled as the author of "Little Stories of Married Life." "The Heart of Lynn" is a refreshing story of young hearts and young lives.

Cadets of Gascony. By Burton E. Stevenson.

A romantic story of Old France, by the author of "At Odds with the Regent." The pages ring with love-making and swashbuckling, and in the dashing cadets the reader will find two heroes instead of one.

The Issue. By George Morgan.

A new novel by the author of "John Littlejohn, of J." The story opens in the South in the year 1831, and love and matters of national interest struggle for supremacy.

Philadelphia.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Voice of America on Kishineff. Edited by Cyrus Adler.

A collection of sermons, editorial articles, accounts of meetings, and resolutions relating to the Kishineff outrages. At the end of the volume may be found an index to the cities and towns in which the meetings were held and the sermons preached.

Princeton, N. J.

Library Book Store:

Writings on American History, 1902. By Ernest Cushing Richardson and Anson Ely Morse.

A bibliographer of books and articles on United States History published during 1902. The volume also contains some memoranda on other portions of America.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between March and April, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
6. The Little Garrison. Bilse. (Stokes.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 1.25.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Breaking Into Society. Ade. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Heart of Lynn. Cutting. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Boston, Mass.

1. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Woodhouse Correspondence. Russell and Sichel. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
6. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

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2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
4. Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. Riis. (Outlook.) $2.00 net.
5. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Denis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. Pikeman. Kaghtlay. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Web. Hill. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guards. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Letters of a Son to his Self-Made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Evolution of a Soul. T. J. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.20 net.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
4. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Henderson. Young. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
6. Reminiscences. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00 net.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

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2. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Booklovers' Press.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Roosevelt the Citizen. Riis. (Outlook.) $2.50 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. An American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Shutters of Silence. Burgin. (Smart Set.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
5. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Repetti.) 50c.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Booklovers' Press.) $1.50.
4. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Tillie. Martin. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Betty Zane. Grey. (Chas. Francis Press.) $1.50.
4. A Country Interlude. Hawthorne. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Fugitive. Brudno. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 1.25.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Yellow Van. Whiteing. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Sally of Missouri. Young. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan). $1.50.
3. A Corner in Coffee. Brady. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. An American Prisoner. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

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2. Hoot of the Owl. Behr. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
3. Fairy Tales to Now. Irwin. (Elder.) 25c.
4. The Little Garrison. Bilse. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Her Infinite Variety. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (Briggs.) 75c. and $125.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Thusson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. The Duke Decides. Hill. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.

Tucson, Ariz.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. The Yellow Holly. Hume. (Dillingham.) $1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Gordon's Reminiscences. Gordon. (Scribner.) $3.00 net.
4. Korea. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
5. Violett. Von Hutten. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Maizie of the Lower Ranch. Parker. (Clark.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	181
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50	155
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25	149
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50	141
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	98
6. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	66

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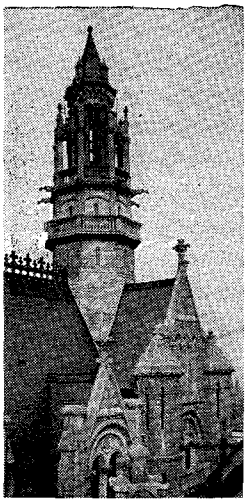
THE STORY OF AMERICA'S GIBRALTAR.

By Herbert S. Houston.

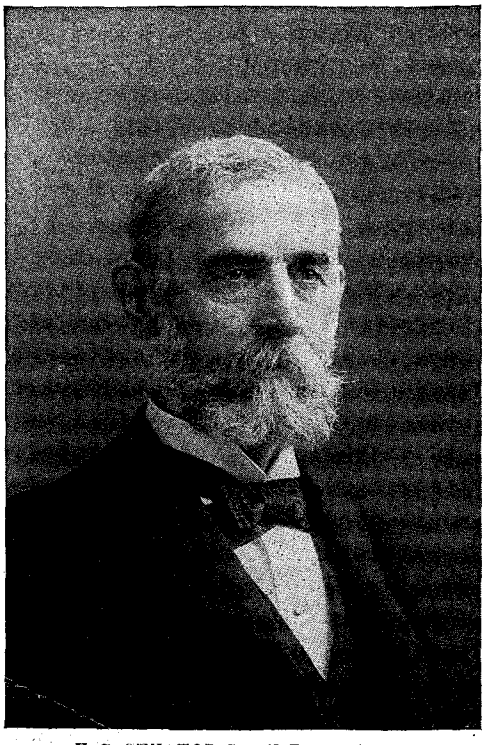
(Photographically Illustrated by Arthur Hewitt.)



Antonio and the other merchants of Venice would surely wonder if they could see Gibraltar turned into a business force as tangible as one of their ships. They knew the great rock as Cálpe, one of the pillars of Hercules, but it had no definite commercial value on the Rialto. So far is medieval Italy from modern America. But out from the former went a young Genoese to Spain and, later, on into the unknown west to find a new continent, and there, in time, grew up a republic, full of an abounding life. In it was freedom of opportunity, a real democracy of worth. It became a country of big things, of enterprises that amazed the world. One of these, desiring an impressive symbol of strength, reached across the Atlantic and grasped Gibraltar, one of the Pillars of Hercules.

Before millions of people that great symbol has been presented in the leading magazines and newspapers until Gibraltar has come to be almost a synonym for the Prudential. And the Prudential has grown steadily in strength and greatness up to its symbol. The Venetian merchants, or those from the Genoa of Columbus, would not wonder, if they could read this record of growth, why Gibraltar and Prudential have come to be interchangeable terms. In fact, that record is one of such achievement that even twentieth-century Americans, wonder-proof as they are, get a genuine thrill of surprise in hearing it. Let it be told in as dry a chronicle as that of the venerable Bede, and still it will command attention.

Ten years after the close of the Civil War—a period so recent that its history has scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if foreknowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York *Herald* by Bennett, the elder, in a basement on Ann Street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than that—nothing else than the bed-rock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President of the Prudential.

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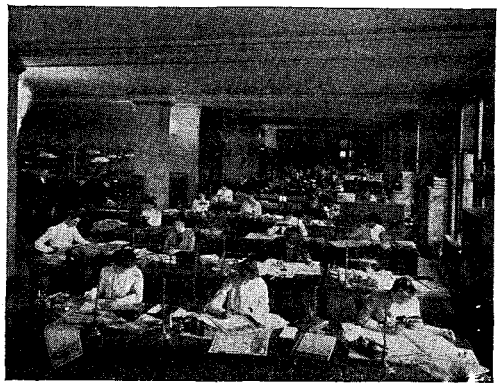
most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly among the masses the idea of life insurance protection. To

them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection, and a higher life."

And what has been the result of the democratic American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5,447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were $2,232, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or $72,712,435.44, the liabilities at the same time being $62,578,410.81. This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the Middle West, and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than $9,000,000 a year to more than $39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based, it becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful and expansive.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis, consistent with strength and safety.

Just as Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kouropatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is esentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the centre of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When



WHERE THE ORDINARY POLICIES AR E WRITTEN.

seen, it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way, its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds at the Government experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy holders. And all the time the company

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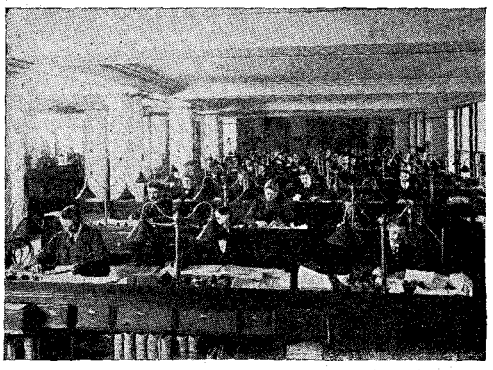
was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea. But each time a more liberal policy was offered, it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growth—the results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the end of ten years of this method of growth, the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premiums payable on any plan, either in weekly installments or at longer periods. Within the five years 1886 to 1890 inclusive, the company's assets increased nearly five-fold, from $1,040,816 to $5,084,895, and the amount of insurance in force from $40,266,445 to $139,163,654.

The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun. At that time insurance advertising was a sea as unknown as the Atlantic when Columbus set sail from Palos. But, with a map of the United States for chart and a live idea for compass, the Prudential took passage in nearly every important magazine in the country, and thus, safely made port in millions of homes. As the insurance idea was carried broadcast in this wide publicity, it was followed up by the well-drilled army of Prudential agents.

Again it was vision and prudence and again the result was "Progress with strength." The Prudential grew into a place of foremost importance, known in every part of the world. The printed announcement—always attractive and suggestive—had never gone ahead of men bearing the insurance message until sent by the Prudential, and this conjunction marked the epoch in business in which advertising and personal endeavor should be used as complementary forces.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over 12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a wonderful esprit de corps. Wise direction and constant encouragement come from the home office, and then the company's agents are



SECTION OF ONE OF THE DIVISIONS.

grouped in districts, under superintendents and assistant superintendents, managers, general agents and special agents, and in each district a strong spirit of emulation is developed by human contact and co-operation. Weekly meetings are held, and the problems of wisely presenting insurance are discussed. Comparative records of the men are kept in many districts, and prizes are offered for those writing the largest volume of business, for those making the greatest individual increase, and for many other contests. This wholesome rivalry produces an alertness and industry which are to the company an invaluable asset in human efficiency. A few weeks after this magazine appears, probably 2,000 agents of the Prudential—those who have made the best records for the year—will be brought to Newark from all parts of the country. They will, of course, visit the home offices and come in contact with the directing centre of their wonderful organization.

And, after all, there is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy

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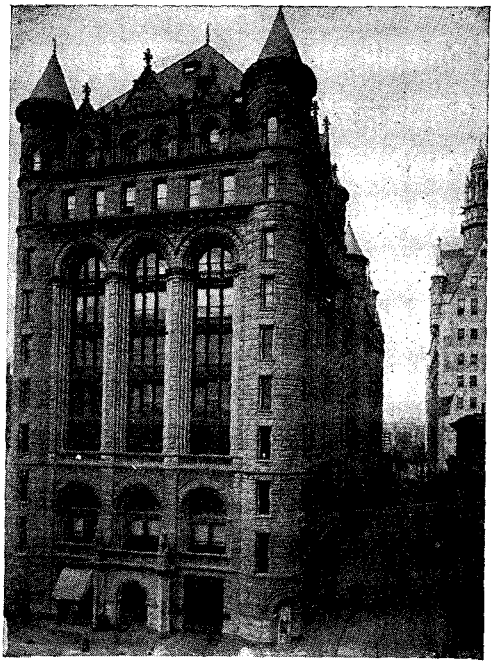
holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company. In one of them is the Prudential's publishing plant, which, in equipment, surprising as this may seem, is equal to that of almost any publishing house in the country. Millions of booklets, two publications for the company—one, "The Prudential," with a circulation of more than two millions—and the policies are all printed here, besides no end of commercial printing for the home office and for the district agencies. The big composing room, the pressroom with its eighteen presses, the bindery with its



HOME OFFICES PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO., NEWARK, N. J.

folding, cutting, sewing and numbering machines, are models of cleanliness and light. But, for that matter, all the buildings are as spick and span as a man-o'-war. There are subways, well-lighted, under the streets, connecting the different buildings. In every way there has been, in the arrangements, a conservation of energy and time to produce economy and efficiency in carrying on the company's vast business. As indicating how vast that is, the mail coming to and going from the Prudential is nearly as large as for all the rest of Newark, a city with more than 250,000 population and of great industrial importance. The mailing department is really a big city post-office. And in all the departments one gets the feeling of size that comes in the enormous government buildings at Washington. And it is as a national institution that the Prudential always fixes itself on the mind—its fundamental idea of democracy in insurance, its nation-wide organization for spreading the idea, its essentially American spirit throughout, all make the company worthy of its name, the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

To-day the Prudential is paying over 300 claims a day, or about forty each working hour. On many policies settlement is made within a few hours by the superintendent of the district; on the large policies a report is sent immediately to the home office and settlement authorized by telegraph. And on over 45 per cent. of the claims more money is paid than the policy calls for. From the beginning the Prudential has followed lines of great liberality, whether in dealing with the family where the policy is kept in the bureau drawer, or with the estate of the millionaire.

It would be interesting to describe the broad activities that hum in the great buildings at Newark, but they would more than require an entire article themselves. So, too, with the equipment and furnishings of the buildings which, in the way of complete adjustment to their particular work, are probably unequaled in the world. For example, in the actuarial department is a card machine, invented by the actuary of the company, which can do all but think. But many of these things, in miniature, will be seen by the thousands who go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. They will find in the Prudential's exhibit in the Palace of Education a fine model of all the buildings, and also the fullest data concerning life insurance that have ever been brought together.

But the last word about the Prudential is not told at any Exposition. It is found in the 5,500,000 policies which form a stupendous exhibit on the value of life insurance in developing thrift, safe investment, and home protection in a nation. Of course, such an exhibit could never have been possible if the Prudential had not worked out safe policies that would meet the broad needs of the American people.

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